Dec. 12, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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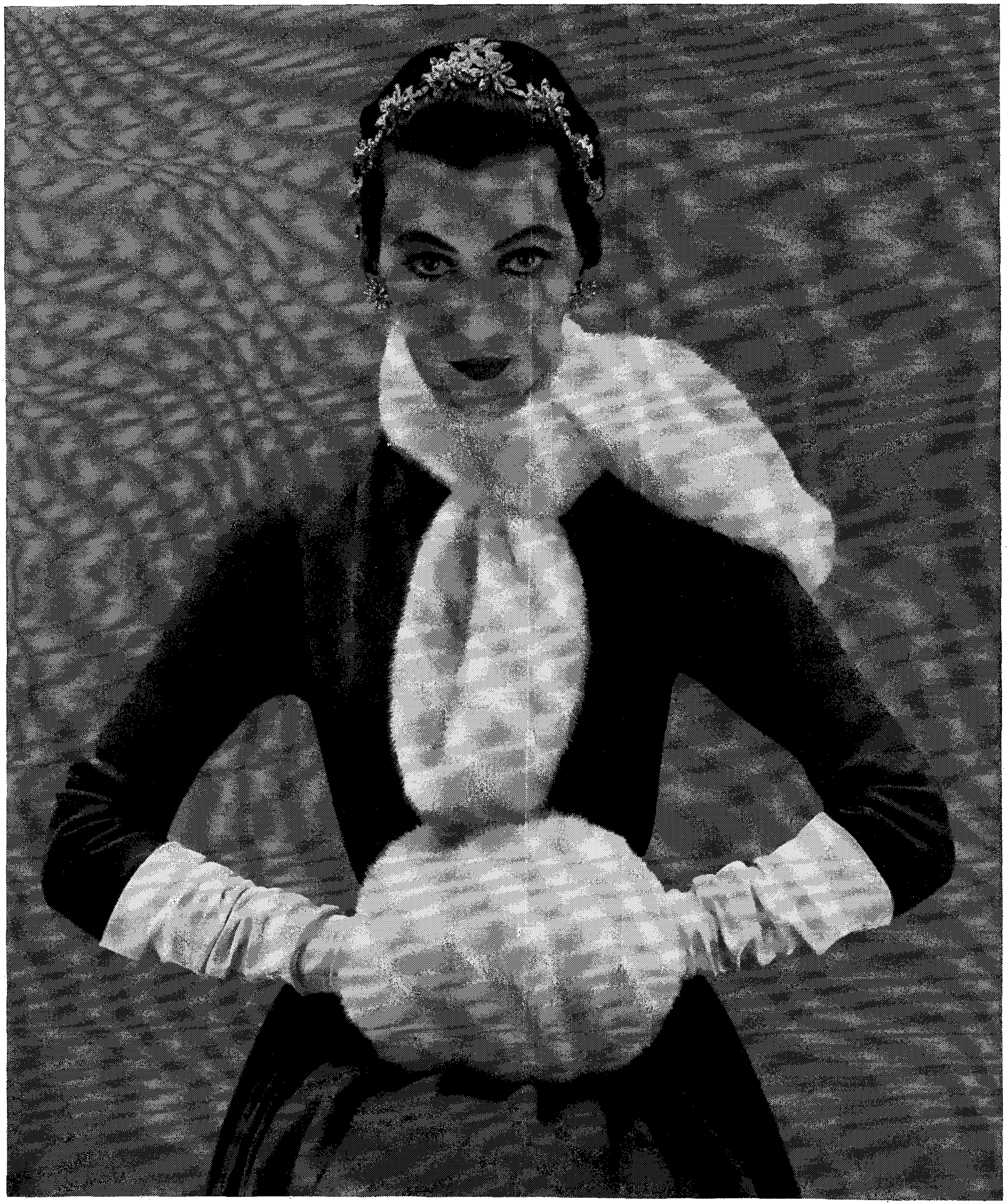

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

End As a Man—Ben Gazzara scores a notable personal triumph in this bitterly effective play by Calder Willingham about life in a Southern military college. Albert Salmi and Paul Richards are also on hand. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Scheduled to move to another theatre—unidentified at press time—on Monday, Dec. 14.)

A Girl Can Tell—A comedy by F. Hugh Herbert dealing with a mother who is so entranced by recollections of her youthful amours that she talks her daughter's ear off about them. Janet Blair is the non-stop talker, and Paul McGrath, Tod Andrews, and Joan Wetmore are also occasionally audible. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kind Sir—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer do their best with an empty-headed comedy about sex in exalted circles, but nothing much comes of it. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Late Love—Despite the valiant struggles of Arlene Francis, Lucile Watson, and Neil Hamilton, Rosemary Casey's comedy about two tangled romances and a ferocious old lady is a conspicuous bore. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Theatre Company—Shakespeare's "Richard III," with José Ferrer, Vincent Price, Florence Reed, Jessie Royce Landis, and Maureen Stapleton. The third in a series of four plays to be presented by the company. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Sabrina Fair—Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten, as a chauffeur's daughter and a young millionaire, in Samuel Taylor's not very substantial comedy having to do with life on the North Shore of Long Island. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins are in the talented supporting cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull is her own sweet self in a very funny comedy about some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann are the authors, and others in the irreproachable cast are Loring Smith, Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., W. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Spanish Theatre—"La Otra Honra," in Spanish, with Alejandro Ulloa, is tentatively scheduled to be the final presentation of a four-week repertory. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Tea and Sympathy—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Unfortunately, Robert Anderson's play, often affecting, doesn't quite come off, though Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles. The cast, which was directed by Elia Kazan, also includes Leif Erickson, John McGovern, and Richard York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MEATS AND VEGETABLES
TREES FOR XMAS
EICKE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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The Teahouse of the August Moon—David Wayne has a field day in John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, and there are other good performances by John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. Robert Lewis directed the memorable proceedings. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**dial "m" for murder:** An English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man (Maurice Evans) who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the fifth season:** Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **my 3 angels:** A comedy, derived by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French original, concerning some convicts in Cayenne. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **picnic:** Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Can-Can—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are chiefly responsible for the appeal of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—This adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama is very handsome and spirited, and Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are excellent as a vagabond poet and his beautiful daughter. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin and equipped it with lyrics, Charles Lederer and Luther Davis revamped the book, Jack Cole did the choreography, and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and the sets. With Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—That favorite theme, backstage life, has now been given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. The best things about the result are the breezy choreography by Robert Alton and the inventive settings by Jo Mielziner, a busy man around town these days. With Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King; Constance Carpenter is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Went over big with the Druids. Now with Martha Wright and George Britton. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town:** "My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein and with Rosalind Russell in the leading role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—Hermione Gingold, Billy De Wolfe, Harry Belafonté, and Polly Bergen in a revue with sketches by Jean Kerr, Sumner Locke-Elliott, and a number of others, and songs principally by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. The over-all production was staged by Mr. Anderson, and Cyril Ritchard directed the sketches and Donald Saddler the dances and musical numbers. Presented by Michael Grace, Stanley Gilkey, and Harry Rigby. Opens Thursday, Dec. 10. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Prescott Proposals—A new play by Howard

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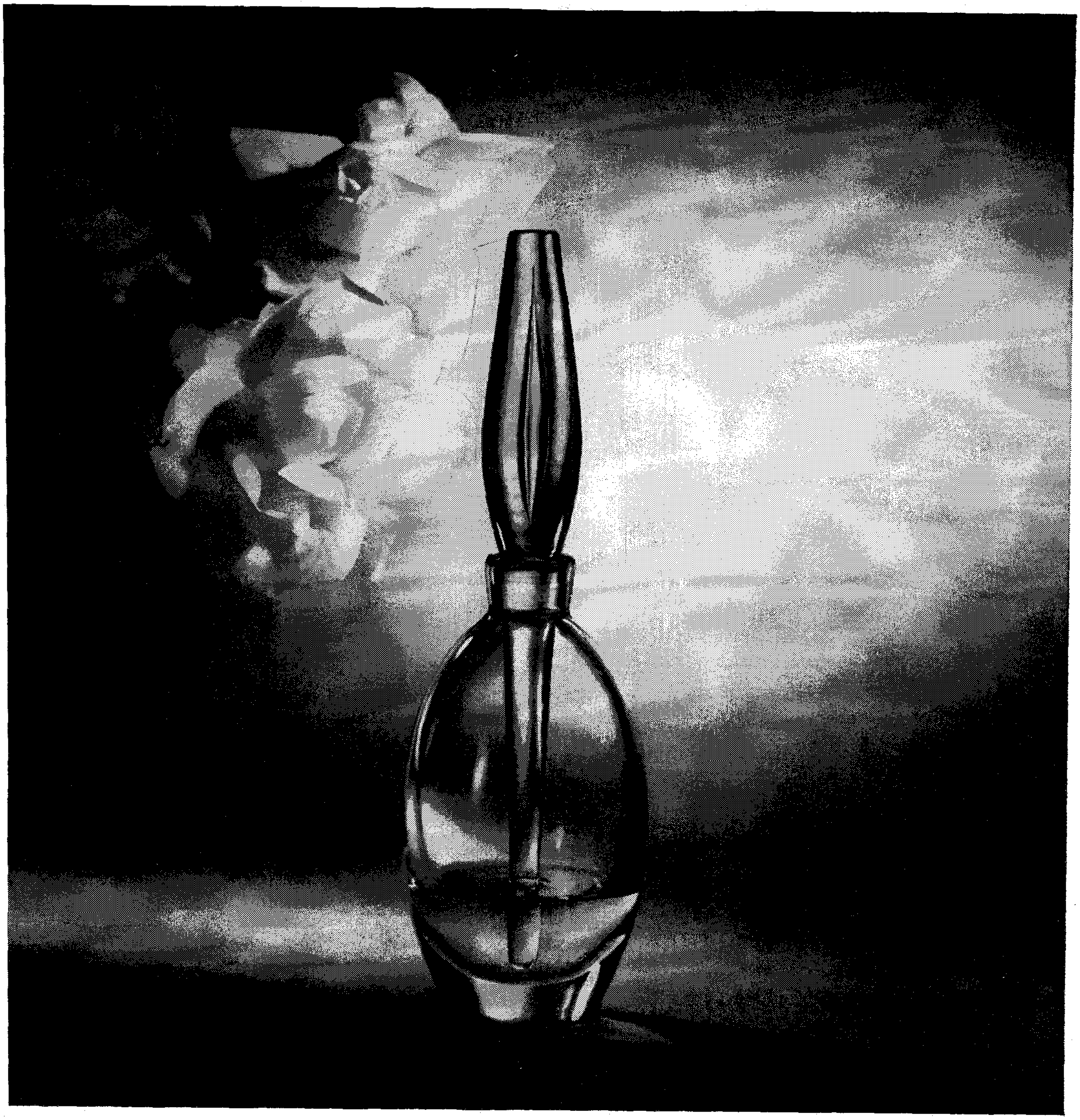

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Lindsay and Russel Crouse starring Katharine Cornell, and also with Felix Aylmer and Lorne Greene. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director Mr. Lindsay. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 16. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Franchot Tone, Gig Young, and Betsy von Furstenberg in a comedy by Edward Chodorov. Produced by Cheryl Crawford in association with Anderson Lawler, and directed by the author. Opens Thursday, Dec. 17. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Benefit Recital—Janet Collins, Daniel Nagrin, Lucas Hoving, Lavina Nielsen, and others. A benefit for the Merry-Go-Rounders, a group that presents dance programs for children. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:40.)

Paul Draper—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:40.)

Royal Festival Company of Greece—A group of dancers, singers, and instrumentalists. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Through Sunday, Dec. 27.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—"American Gothic," Victor Wolfson's dramatization of his novel "The Lonely Steeple" has a lot in common with plays like "Ethan Frome" and "Desire Under the Elms" but hardly their force. José Quintero handled the central staging, and Clarice Blackburn heads the able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in "Madam, Will You Walk," a fantasy by the late Sidney Howard that, unfortunately, very seldom gets off the ground. Norman Lloyd, Robert Emmett, Edwin Jerome, and Leon Janney are in the supporting cast. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. GR 7-0713. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 27.)

Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Othello." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-5480. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Arthur Treacher—A program of readings and commentary called "A Little of This, Something of That—Mostly Humor." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Princeton University Triangle Club—This year's undergraduate production is a musical called "Malice in Wonderland." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30, and Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The circumspect dance music of Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band can be heard at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin swoons at cocktail time. Silence in both rooms on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his ensemble are burbling, as of old, in the Palm Court at cocktails every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The permanent iceberg in the middle of the Terrace Room is graced by the electrifying footwork of Arnold Shoda. An adequate array of deft and delicate female underpinnings is also on view. Ernie Rudy's orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Hildegarde, a past mistress of the tricks of coquetry, an artful singer of not particularly artful songs, and a pianist who doesn't always let her right hand know what her left hand is doing. As is customary, Stanley Melba's orchestra (augmented by a string section) and Chico-Relli's band emit the dance music. On Tuesday, Dec. 15, another show will be checking in. It involves Lucille and Eddie Roberts, who probe customers' minds, and Toni Arden, one of those recording singers. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Mary McCarty, a well-remembered and bumptious humorist, is back in town, and Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander are demonstrating what ballroom dancing should look like. The scene is the Persian Room, where the band of the eminent Ted Straeter, who sings, plays piano, and conducts an exhilarating brand of dance music, also holds forth. Other music is made by Mark Monte's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old-fashioned way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Lombardo family, the hoariest dynasty in the world of dance music, is singing and trumpeting away in its winter quarters, the Grill, every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble play nonstop dance music except when, at dinner and supper, Rosalind Courtright sings about the practically invisible problems of the worldly world. On Thursday, Dec. 17, Mary Meade will take over the vocal assignment. Closed Sundays.

THEATRICAL COSTUMES
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Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a small and jovial triumph of the lily painter's art, has almost continuous dance music and, at dinner and supper, the songs of Juliana Larson, a fashionable young lady who's fallen in love with show business. She departs on Saturday, Dec. 12. On Tuesday, Dec. 15, James Symington, man-about-town, will start doing the chirping. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—It's Reunion Month in the Café Rouge, where the Dorsey boys, Tommy and Jimmy, are at last in double harness again. Their joint and jovial band operates at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing, even though the customers would rather stare at each other.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Some splendid roustabouts, notably Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, Lou Nelson, and Don Liberto, plus some very luscious young ladies, notably Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, are mixed up in a George White miniature musical comedy that sometimes has trouble putting two and two together. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Robert Maxwell plays quiet but effective jazz on his fairly astonished harp, and Estelita, a noticeably female singer from Cuba, declaims with girlish vigor. Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano, to say nothing of running one of the best of the big hotel bands. Mischa Borr's orchestra plays, too. Closed Sundays. On Thursday, Dec. 17, the floor will be surrendered to José Greco and his troupe of dancers. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the new and felicitous Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra alternates with him after eight-thirty, except Sundays, when the Borr band does the honors.

Note—The Rainbow Room, an Alp with a remarkably rapid funicular railway, offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, as much of an American milestone as Plymouth Rock, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) in the days of the Ignoble Experiment. However, the piano music by Johnny Mehegan at both dinner and supper (except Sundays) is definitely late 1953 in style. Ernie Warren plays piano, too, during the smaller hours. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A dignified but attractive sliver of indoor garden that makes a neat setting for Cy Walter, a very great man at a piano, who performs from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after ten in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney begins his nightly piano recital of the good show tunes, past and present, except Mondays, when Harold Cooke sits in. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey caresses the piano

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at cocktails and during dinner and supper except Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night.... **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): For most of the evening, Norbert Faconi, a worldly practitioner of the prowler violin, moves with stately mien about his business, and Lisa Chickering sings her lovelorn ballads. The rest of the amusement is so family-style that the management often chucks in a few basso-profundo solos. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty and Jane Kean, two pretty young things without an ounce of respect for their elders, do a thumping job of mocking a few celebrities; the Dunhills and Jonathan Lucas are dancers with their best foot forward; and the Copa corps de ballet goes its own sweet and incomprehensible way.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): A slightly abbreviated edition of Madison Square Garden, peopled by the same spectator sportsmen. Onstage, through Sunday, Dec. 13, there'll be the King Cole Trio, whose music is as lush as the urban life it sings about, and Dick Shawn, a comic and personable youngster who seems fascinated by the bright lights of Broadway. Dancing if there's room.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pat Carroll, clear-eyed and fresh as a daisy, sings her blithe songs about the glorious misadventures of youth; Rose Murphy rewrites the current popular ballads in her teasing manner; and Anita Ellis brings her limpid, lyric soprano to bear on some out-of-the-ordinary carols. Stan Freeman is a pianist and parodist of a superior grade, but a couple of his jokes were culled from the writings of back-fence poets. Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio are also in evidence. On Thursday, Dec. 17, Tom Lehrer, a young Harvard mathematical physicist and atomic scientist turned composer, will replace Miss Carroll.... ¶ Charles De Forest, owner of a pleasant voice, is at the piano in the lounge after midnight, except Saturdays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A brand-new décor and two old favorites—Sylvia Syms, a queen among blues singers, and Irwin Corey, an extemporaneous speaker on a weird variety of subjects or on no subject at all. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' band, which has Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bibi Osterwald, a sturdy foghorn, blares forth happy-go-lucky ditties in no uncertain terms every evening but Sunday. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies on Sundays; amateur nights on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her salon is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The whole damn shooting match—the barrelhouse songs of Mae Barnes, the Lewis Carroll patter of Kirkwood and Goodman, the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines), the ostensibly nostalgic refrains of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby—takes a couple of hours, and then it's repeated for the benefit of those who come in late. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A playful reproduction of a New Orleans Bourbon Street strip-tease parlor in which the chassis of Lily Christine, who seems thoroughly indigenous, presents a wildly moving target, egged on by the music of Buck Clayton's new quartet and Eddie Shu's jazz band. Dancing.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): In an amazingly accurate replica of Dante's Inferno, Nancy Andrews is tossing her playboys-will-be-playboys lyrics about the premises. Dancing.

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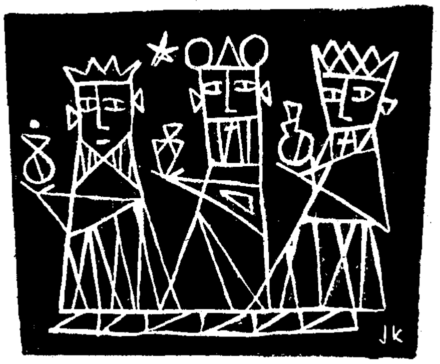
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The top brass here is Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with glittering support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The crisp, clean, galvanic music of Joe Bushkin's quartet (Cozy Cole, Johnny Smith, and Clyde Lombardi are his side men) and the steady but soothing beat of Eddie Heywood's trio pervade this temple of fine arts after nine. There's also cocktail and dinner piano by Ronnie Selby, no slouch either. Sundays, the evening star is the delectable Barbara Carroll, who imparts an unwonted glamour to the technique of modernist piano. Her trio (Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman) is on duty from nine to three.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are happily shivering the timbers of their old homestead. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Sidney de Paris and Omer Simeon, is putting out just about the finest and most traditional jazz to be heard on this onetime street of dreams. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): It's often full of birds of unexpected passage, but with any luck you should find Duke Ellington's big, ornate band and the trio of Bud Powell, a very great progressive pianist, on hand. Mondays, when the regular crews are off, are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Riotous music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis and his tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, Dec. 13, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which a posse led by Jimmy McPartland will supply first aid to the local group. Dancing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a splendid broth of a girl, plays real pretty up-to-date piano at the head of her trio. They're around except Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Dec. 11, this ancient *Brauhaus* should be host to Wingy Manone, Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Buster Bailey, Miff Mole, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, the loud but wholesome hullabaloo will probably be made by Benny Morton, Sonny Greer, Willie the Lion Smith, Jimmy Archey, Charlie Shavers, Red Allen, and Freddy Moore. Dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA—The fortieth annual of oils, water colors, and sculptures; through Dec. 20. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6. On Sunday, Dec. 13, admission will be charged for the benefit of the Camping Fund of the Greater New York Councils of the Boy Scouts of America.)

AMERICAN DRAWING—An exhibition, put together by the late John Taylor Arms and others and held in his memory, which compares the work of George Bellows, William Glackens, Winslow Homer, and Abbott Handerson Thayer with that of seventy-three contemporaries, among them James Thurber and Ben Shahn; through Dec. 23. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

PEGGY BACON—A group of pastels, gouaches, drawings, and prints, many of them completed within the last couple of years on Martha's Vineyard; through Dec. 19. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

CARROLL CLOAR AND ROBERT KNIPSCHILD—Paintings, vaguely Surrealist in their suggestion, by the first; abstractions, sensitive in color, if somewhat drab in design, by the second; through Dec. 24. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

ROBERT COOK—New metal sculptures, full of movement and animation, done in a variation of the cire-perdue process; through Dec. 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

ANDRÉ GIRARD—Four models of paint-on-glass windows in a California church, stained-glass panels done in a new technique, and several canvases executed in Italy and France; through Dec. 31. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

MORRIS GRAVES—New paintings, still principally of birds, but so carefully Oriental in manner as to cramp the artist's own originality; through Dec. 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—Twenty of his new abstractions, none of which have been exhibited before; through Dec. 12. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

LEONID—Effective, if a little monotonous, beach and sea subjects in his established flat, neo-romantic style; through Dec. 12. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Recent oils, showing a new tendency toward heavier paint application and a generally broader treatment; through Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—New paintings, mostly marines, very strong in design and yet showing great sensitivity; through Dec. 12. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Oils, sculptures, ceramics, lithographs, and other works, all but one dated 1950-53, in a revealing exhibition of his latest stylistic innovations; through Dec. 19. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROSENBERG COLLECTION—Close to a hundred paintings and drawings, predominantly by contemporary French masters, among them Picasso, Matisse, and Braque; for the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind; through Dec. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ZOLTAN SEPESHY—Paintings in gouache, tempera, oil, and water colors of Lake Michigan and

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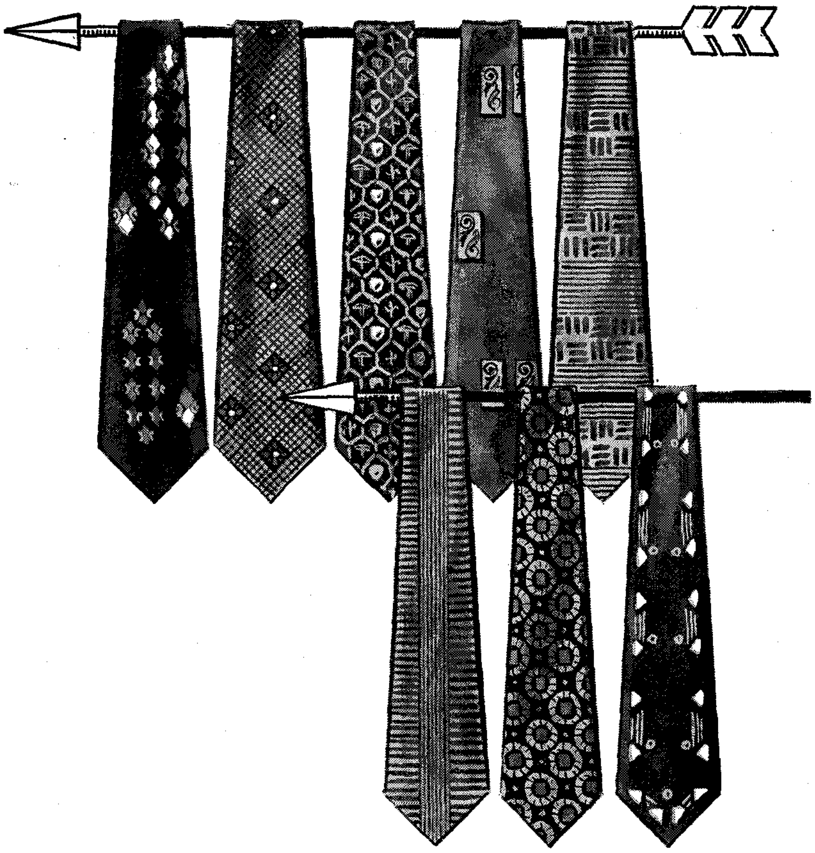

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

its environs; through Dec. 12. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Seurat and His Friends—A loan exhibition focussing attention on a number of lesser-known Pointillists, in addition to the Master himself; for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund of L'Alliance Française de New York; through Dec. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

United Nations Art Club—The fourth annual exhibition of works by members of the Secretariat and various delegations; through Dec. 16. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Group Shows—At the **babcock**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings, small in size, by Americans, ranging from Ryder and Whistler to Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Dec. 31. . . . **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: A Christmas group show of prints, paintings, and sculptures by Stanley Tawardowiez, Edward Betts, George Peter, and others; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Jan Le Witt; through Dec. 24. . . . **fried**, 6 E. 65th St.: Marcel Duchamp and Francis Picabia; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **jacobi**, 46 W. 52nd St.: Coulton Waugh; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, noon to 5.) . . . **little studio**, 680 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Clark Bailey; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 11.) . . . **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.: Sidney Laufman; through Dec. 24. . . . **de nagy**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Larry Rivers; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **parsons**, 15 E. 57th St.: Alfonso Ossorio; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 2. **perdalma**, 110 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.) **perls**, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 2. **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special exhibition until Dec. 18, when a show of American painting from 1754 to the present will open. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

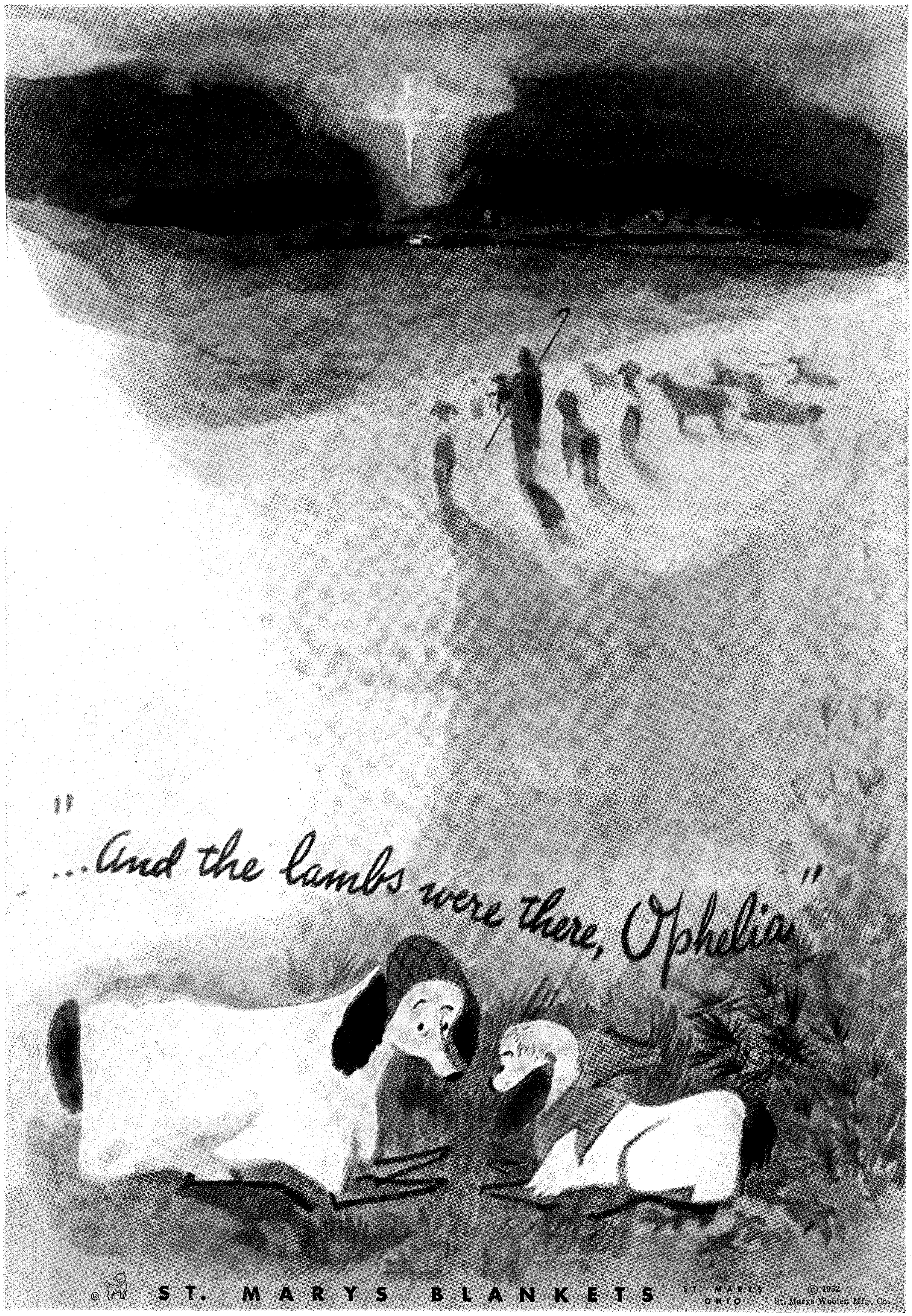
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An extensive, well-organized, and very illuminating retrospective showing of works by the modern French painter Fernand Léger; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Jacques Villon, Henry Moore, and Marino Marini are among the contemporary Europeans represented here in an exhibit of woodcuts, engravings, lithographs, and other prints; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Recent work in ceramics, wood, metal, leather, glass, and other mediums by American craftsmen throughout the country; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Wooden religious figures, or *santos*, carved by Puerto Rican natives and dating from the sixteenth century to the present. The collection of about two hundred pieces has been loaned to the Museum by Dr. Fernando Monserrate, of the University of Puerto Rico. Through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's exhibition "Sixty Years of Living Architecture," which has been extended through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ A collection of paintings by Jean Bazaine, Alfred Manessier, Georges Mathieu, and twenty-seven other young European artists; through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Open until 10 Saturday, Dec. 12.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibit of about thirty works by William Sidney Mount, one of the founders of the American school of genre painting. "Dancing on the Barn Floor"


"...And the lambs were there, Ophelia"
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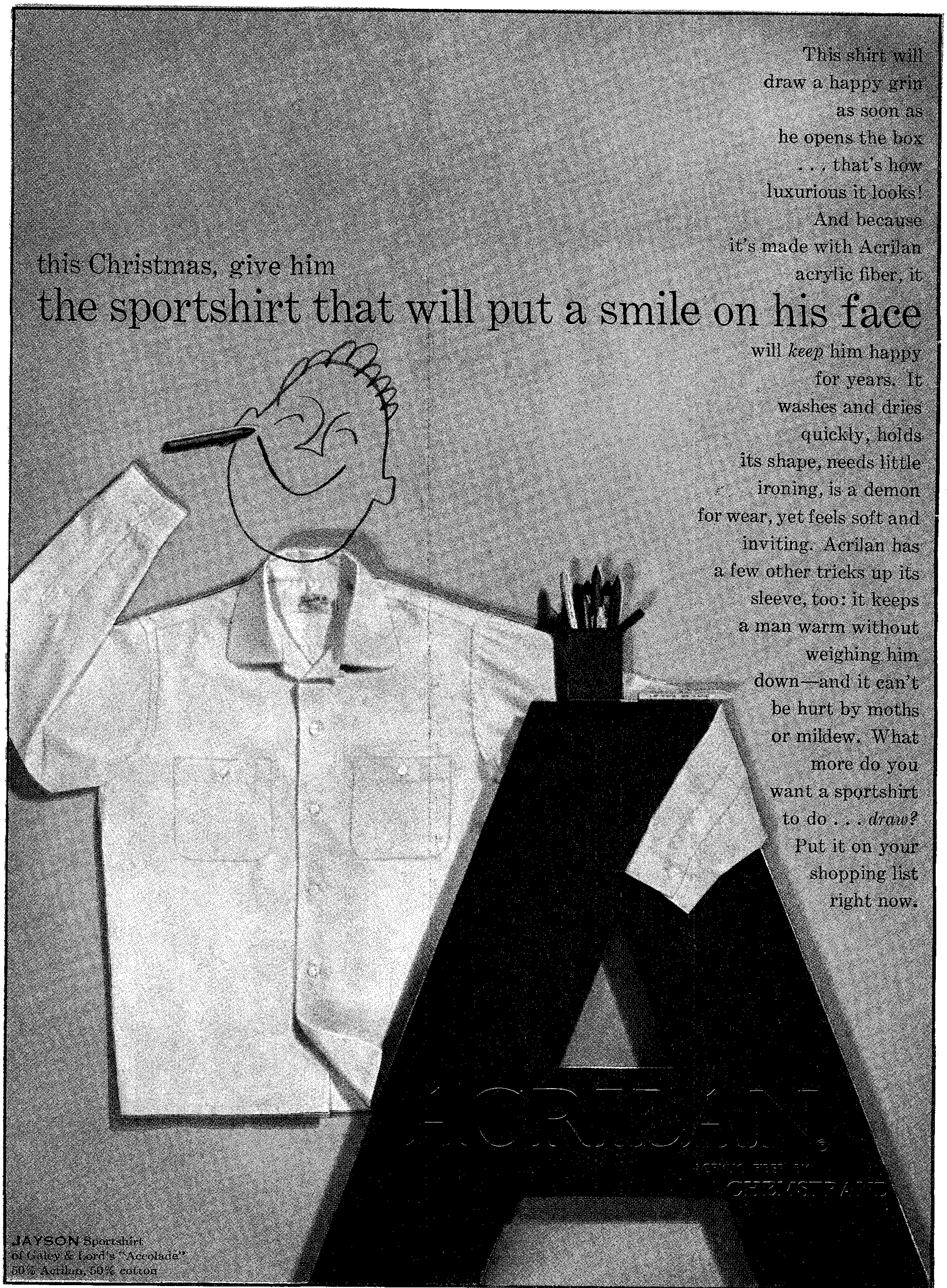

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(1831), "The Banjoe Player" (1856), and "Bargaining for a Horse" (1835) are included. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's collection, among them examples by Jack Levine, Richard Pousette-Dart, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Eleanor Steber, Roberta Peters, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, and Cesare Valletti.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Eugene Conley, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Jean Madeira, Robert Merrill, and Jussi Bjoerling.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 14, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Josef Metternich, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Irmgard Seefried, Erich Kunz, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, and Giuseppe Valdengo.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2: "La Bohème," with Hilde Gueden, Jean Fenn, Eugene Conley, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Lisa Della Casa, George London, and Cesare Valletti. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization; for tickets, call CO 5-5519.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 11, at 2:30 (both with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano); and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:45, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).... ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: All-Brahms concerts, Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 (both with Erica Morini, violin).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, duo piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.) ... ¶ Mr. Scherman directing a performance of the Berlioz opera "L'Enfance du Christ," in concert form, with Mary Davenport, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Martial Singher, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Choral Art Society. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Band of the Garde Républicaine of Paris—François-Julien Brun directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Radcliffe Choral Society and New York University Glee Club—A joint concert, with G. Wallace Woodworth and Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Chorus—Jacob Avshalomoff directing the first performance in this country of Handel's last oratorio, "The Triumph of Time and Truth," with a chamber orchestra and vocal soloists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

De Paur's Infantry Chorus—Leonard de Paur directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Vienna Academy Chorus—Ferdinand Gross-

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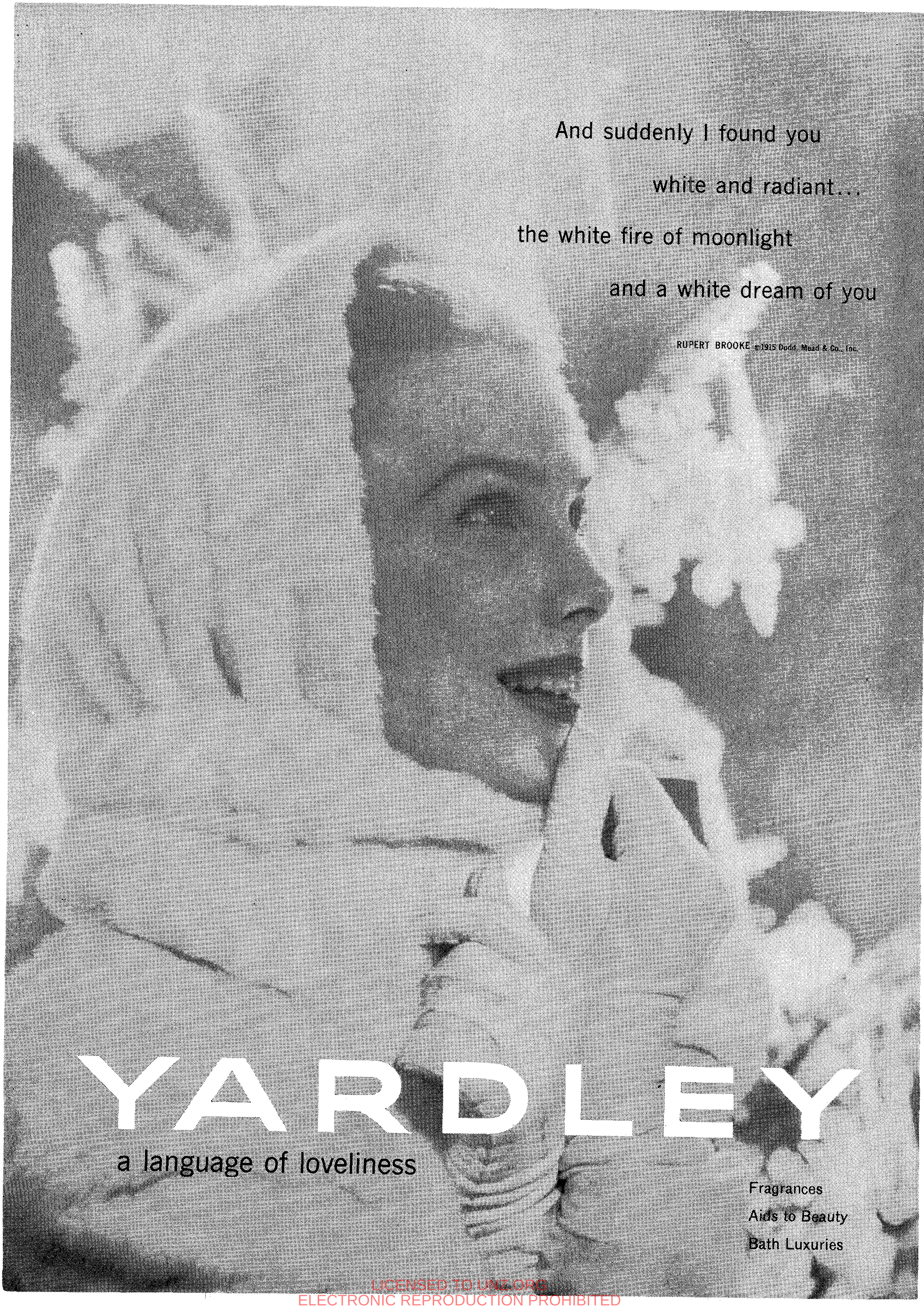
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white and radiant...
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and a white dream of you
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mann directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Shaw directing. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing an all-Bach program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Belva Kibler, alto; William Hess, tenor; Paul Matthen, bass; and a chamber orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:40. For tickets, call JU 6-2910.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing. For the benefit of the college scholarship fund. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:45.)

Trapp Family Singers—Two Christmas-carol concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 5:30, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah," with an orchestra and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—The last in a series of seven programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 3.)

Budapest String Quartet—The second of two programs. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.) . . . ¶ The last in a series of five recitals. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:40.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Concert Society of New York—Renato Fasano conducting the Virtuosi di Roma, a string ensemble from Rome. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 5:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of five programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's sixteen quartets. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8:15. Tickets at the box office on the night of the performance.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Harpsichord Quartet—Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Claude Monteux, flute; Harry Shulman, oboe; and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. The second in a series of three recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

New Music String Quartet—A program sponsored by the Chamber Music Associates. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—Carlos Salzedo, harp; the Columbia University Chorus; and others, in a program of music by various composers, among them Sidney Homer, Henry Hadley, and Mr. Salzedo. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Juilliard Festival of British Music—Ralph Hunter directing the Juilliard Chorus; Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra; and Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord. The program, which is the last in a series of five, will include a seventeenth-century masque, "Britannia Triumphans," by the Juilliard Opera Theatre and Dance Department, under the over-all direction of Frederic Cohen. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. A

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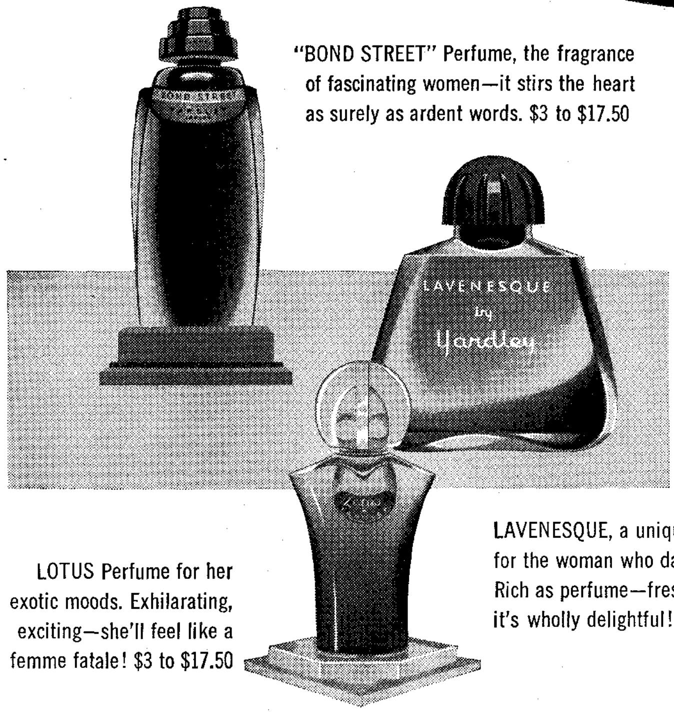

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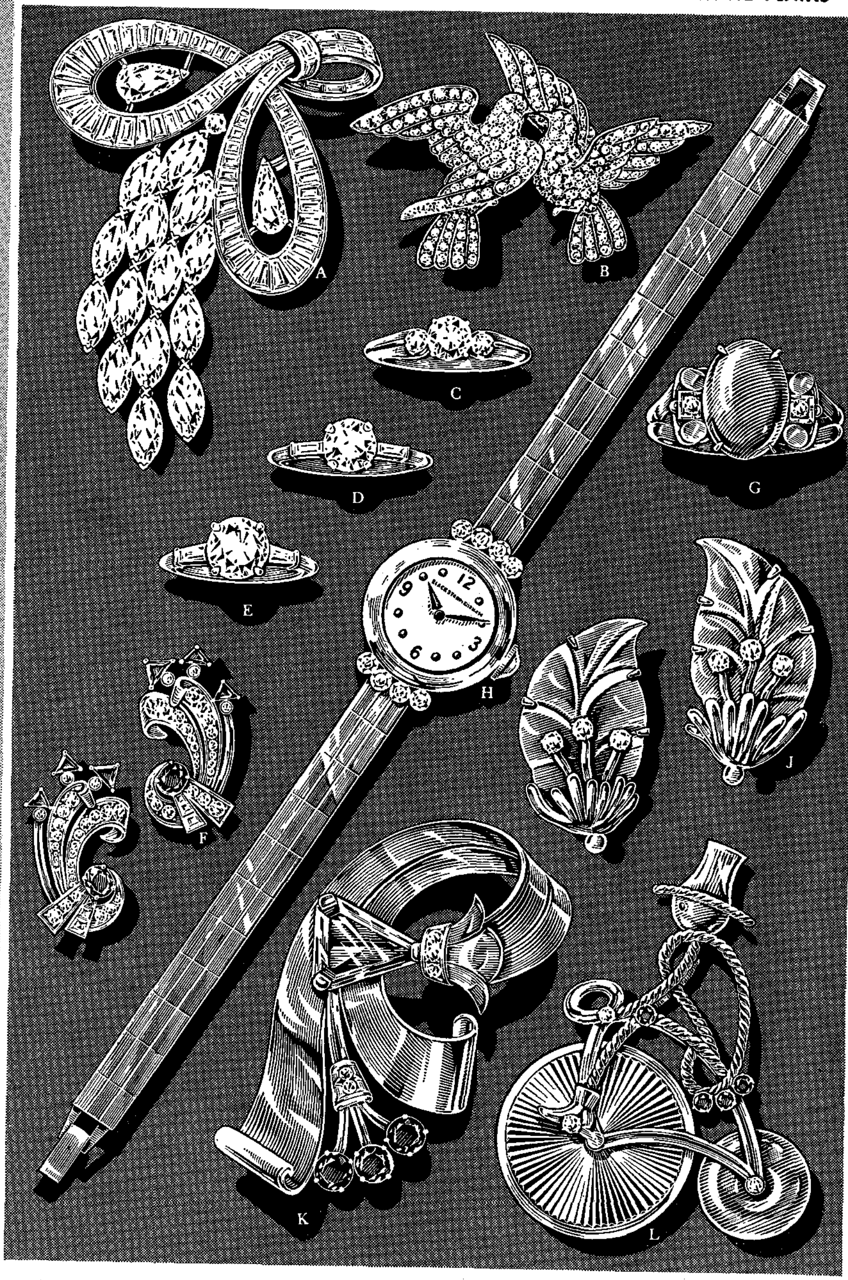

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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 11: Bud Smith vs. Orlando Zulueta, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18: Paddy Young vs. Billy Graham, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 19.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Detroit Lions. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 13: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY:** Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with William Ellis, boy soprano, and Stephen Manes, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 11.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Ayla Erduran, violin, and Frank Paris and his puppets. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 11.)

Recital—Suzanne Bloch singing, and playing virginals, recorders, and a lute. (New York College of Music, 114 E. 85th St. RE 7-5751. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3:30.)

Plays—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Christmas Festival," starting Sunday, Dec. 13. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

Dance Recital—Pearl Primus and her company. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Time, once again, for the little ones (aged four to eight) to try their hand, under supervision, at painting and making collages and constructions in a small workshop, and to examine the works of art and specially designed toys in a miniature gallery. Starting Monday, Dec. 14, hour-long sessions will be held weekdays at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Education Department. Through Sunday, Jan. 17.

Exhibits—Electric trains, the great common denominators, with all the trimmings. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Weekdays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ More trains, plus Erector models, ranging from a truck to a parachute jump, and numerous scientific displays that young visitors can set in motion by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "State Fair," with Jeanne Crain. A benefit for the Parents League of New York. (Plaza Theatre, 42 E. 58th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 10. For tickets, call PL 3-3610.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under on Saturdays from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly is now tentatively scheduled to adjourn Thursday, Dec. 10, or Friday, Dec. 11. Thereafter, the organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until early February; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS—Eighteen miniatures of religious, urban, rural, and court life, illustrating manuscripts that date from the twelfth through the sixteenth centuries, among them Froissart's "Chronicles" and "The Life of Saint Edmund." Through Jan. 16. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

KNICKERBOCKER SANTA CLAUS—Manuscripts, books, and paintings in a show depicting the transition of our American Santa Claus from a dwarf, as suggested by Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York" (1809) and Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (1823), to the rotund version of today, first seen in drawings by Thomas Nast in 1863; through Jan. 5. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STEINWAY PIANOS—A handmade grand piano that was turned out by the company's founder, Henry Engelhard Steinway, in his kitchen in 1836; a hundred-year-old square grand and an 1862 upright; plus an exhibition of Theodore E. Steinway's collection of stamps related to music and a peek into the Steinway archives, which contain letters from Wagner, Liszt, Edison, and Gounod. Through May 31. (Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

TIDES OF TIME—A marine exhibit of photographs that contrast modern ships with their nineteenth-century ancestors (i.e., the Caronia, 1948, and the Britannia, 1840), as well as ship models, maps of trade routes, charts of funnel marks, and the like; through Feb. 28. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The December show presents five scientific theories pertaining to the identity of the star of Bethlehem; views of the Christmas skies as they appeared almost two thousand years ago in Palestine and as they look today in South America; and, in addition, such Christmas illusions as a heaven filled with a lollipop tree, Santa Claus, and toys. Through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 1:45: English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Early American and Georgian silver, and such decorative objects as paintings and miniatures; the property of Mrs. Niles Trammell and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: Incunabula and other literary material, including a notebook and album used by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Oriental manuscripts with miniatures; from the estates of Paul L. Feiss and Samuel Katz and other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 9: A manuscript of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" that is believed to be the second oldest in existence; from an anonymous source. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 1:45: Part II of the Dikran G. Kelekian collection—Oriental, Egyptian, classical, medieval, and Renaissance objects of art, among them a large collection of antique textiles. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 12.

NOTE—If everything goes according to schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its sixty-five hundred lights and six thousand icicles and ready to be lighted about 5:30 on Friday, Dec. 11.

We continue our series of Christmas
drawings by Paul Brown,
famous American artist.

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Paul Brown

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annapurna—A pictorial record, in color, that shows how the French conquered one of the eight Himalayan mountains of twenty-five thousand feet or better, and then came to grief on their way down. A combination of triumph and tragedy that makes any fictional report on mountain climbing look paltry. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; starting Dec. 12.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness again, and just as funny as usual. Now he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife, and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Cease Fire!—A three-dimensional movie made in Korea that purports to describe the adventures of a United States infantry platoon on the last day of fighting. Employing real soldiers as actors, the film develops an air of authenticity, but it seldom goes deep into the motives of its characters. For all that, a worth-while attempt to show how an army operates in combat. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Conquest of Everest—Another account of mountain climbing in the Himalayas, this one involving the British expedition that reached the top of the highest peak in Nepal last May. Probably the best film on the subject ever made. In color, and with an illuminating commentary by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; starting Dec. 10, tentative.)

The Cruel Sea—A deeply moving, almost documentary English version of the Monsarrat novel of British heroism and doggedness at sea during the Second World War. Jack Hawkins is outstanding as Captain Ericson. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; starting Dec. 13.)

From Here to Eternity—Life in the Army, according to James Jones' novel on the subject. The scene is Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, the time is just before Pearl Harbor, and the picture is excellent. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—A description of the lives, times, and works of the light-opera wizards that adds up to a very buoyant film. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are very good as G. and S., and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, complete with Martyn Green, renders excerpts from the operettas admirably. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Reserved seats only. Tentative schedule of showings: Daily at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays at 5:30 and 11:30 and Sundays at 5:30.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Little Fugitive—A thoroughly enjoyable trip to Coney Island with a small runaway who is on the loose because he has been deceived into thinking he shot and killed his brother. This small fry, acted by a seven-year-old named Richie Andrusco, is droll, touching, and diverting, and the film is wryly perceptive in its scrutiny of Coney's crowds. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Living Desert—A Walt Disney nature film that describes life and death among the assorted rats, snakes, hawks, tarantulas, tortoises, bats, and scorpions who populate our Western deserts. Magnificently photographed, and often fascinating, but not for the squeamish. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Martin Luther—An engrossing account of the career of the priest (played by Niall Mac Ginnis) whose theological speculations resulted in the establishment of the Protestant Church. The production is the work of the Louis de Rochemont Associates. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Moon Is Blue—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy about a girl from Brooklyn who talks too much about her virginity. Sporadically entertaining. Maggie McNamara, William Holden, David Niven, and Dawn Addams are in the cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 12.)

The Robe—All about the agitated lives of the early Christians in Caligula's day. Done in CinemaScope, a form of cinematic elephantiasis, the picture has a comic-strip simplicity. With Richard Burton, Victor Mature, and Jean Simmons. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; through Dec. 15.)

Roman Holiday—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite wonderful out of a trite story about a royal princess on the loose in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 15.)

The Sword and the Rose—Glynis Johns, as Henry VIII's kid sister, falls in love with a commoner instead of the aging King of France, and all hell breaks loose at court. Too long, perhaps, but colorful stuff, for the most part. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Dec. 15-16.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Dec. 16.)

The Browning Version (1951)—A portrayal of a pedagogue (Michael Redgrave) who finds both his scholastic and his domestic worlds coming down around his ears. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 13-16.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 16.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 13-16.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen translation of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 16, tentative.)

Oliver Twist (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver, and Alec Guinness as Fagin. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 11-12.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 16, tentative.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 16.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 16.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, with a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 12.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 16, tentative.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Dec. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 13, showings at 3 and 5:30: "A Good Job" (1942), by William Saroyan; "La Rose et la Reseda" (1945), a poem by Louis Aragon, directed by André Michel; "Formosa: Island of Promise" (1951), produced by the March of Time; and "Some of the Best" (1950), produced by M-G-M. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 14, showings at 3: "Major Barbara" (1941), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Wendy Hiller. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Queen of Sheba," Leonora Ruffo, Gino Cervi.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
CEASE FIRE!

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow; and "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Take the High Ground," Richard Widmark, Karl Malden.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Hondo" (in 3-D), John Wayne and Geraldine Page.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Dec. 15: **THE ROBE.**
From Dec. 16, at 8:30: "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef" (in CinemaScope), a semi-documentary film about sponge fishing in Florida, with Terry Moore and Robert Wagner.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man Between," James Mason, Claire Bloom.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Dec. 10: "Stranger on the Prowl," Paul Muni, Joan Lorring.
From Dec. 11: "Violated," Lili Dawn, Wim Holland.

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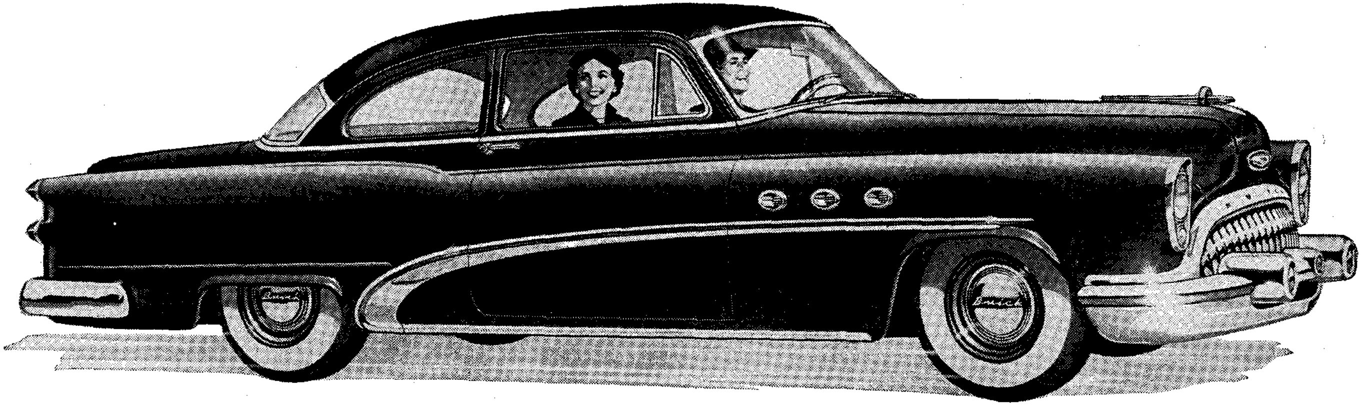

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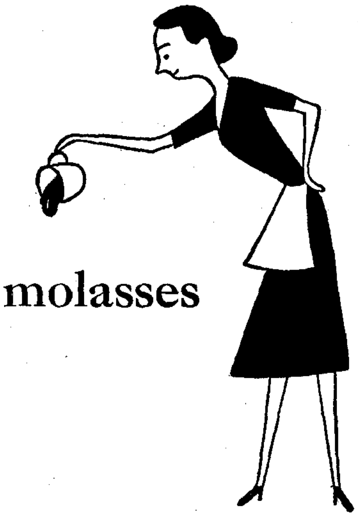

How to pour molasses out of a cup

The first woman who greased the cup before measuring molasses deserves a small but appropriate medal for ingenuity. Likewise, the first man who thought to tape an emergency key under his car hood. Or whoever first sprinkled salt on an icy sidewalk. Or whoever first had the happy thought to warm a knife before cutting fruitcake.

In case you think all pesky problems center around the home, try soldering the connections on a radio. Or suppose you try assembling the bits and pieces of an automatic toaster.

If you did it for a living, you'd be on the lookout for better ways of working. That's for sure. In our family, a General Electric man or woman who finds an easier way to work a tool, to tighten a belt, or pack a parcel may win the price of a new hat, or a suit, or maybe even win the price of a new car.

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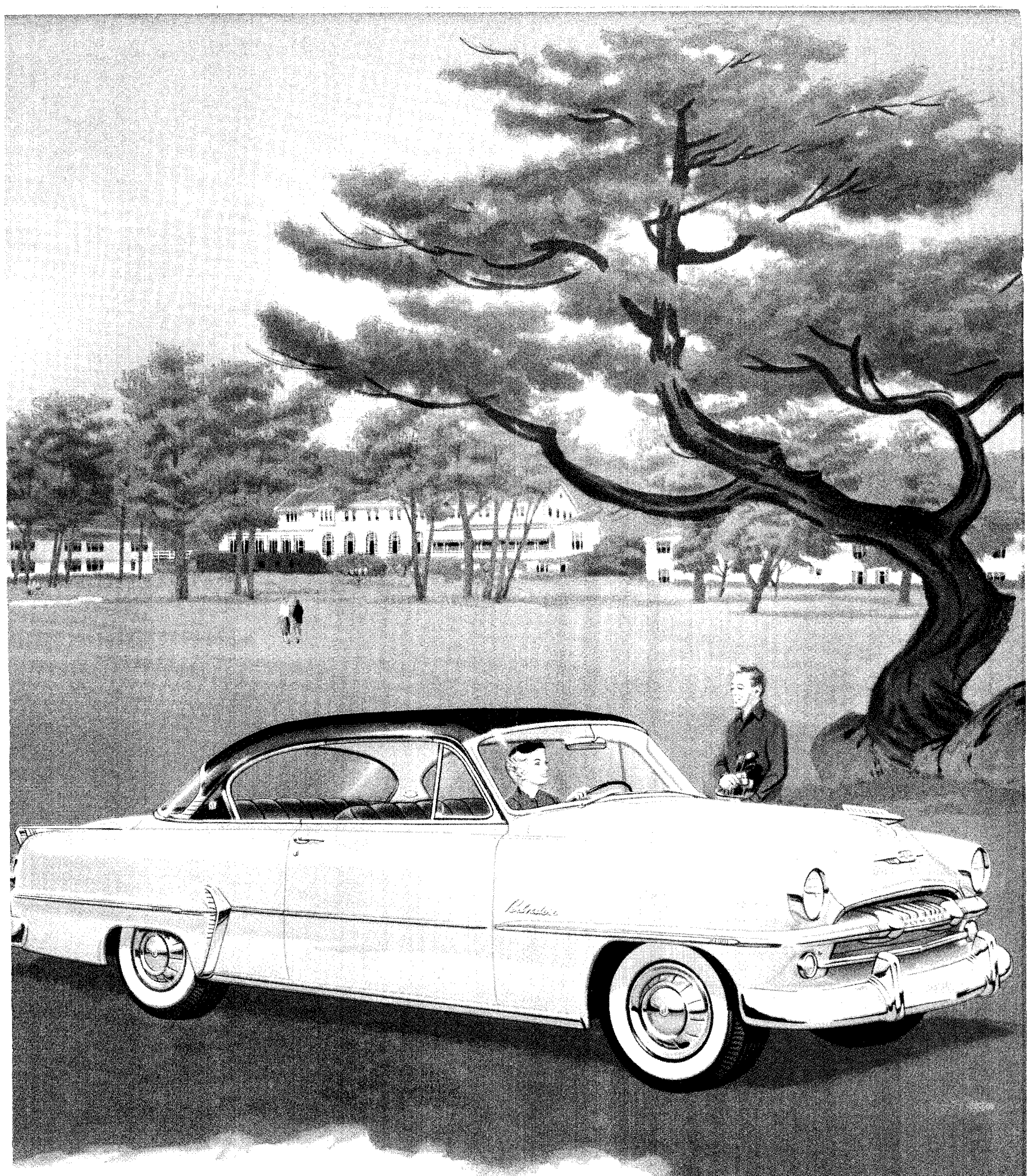

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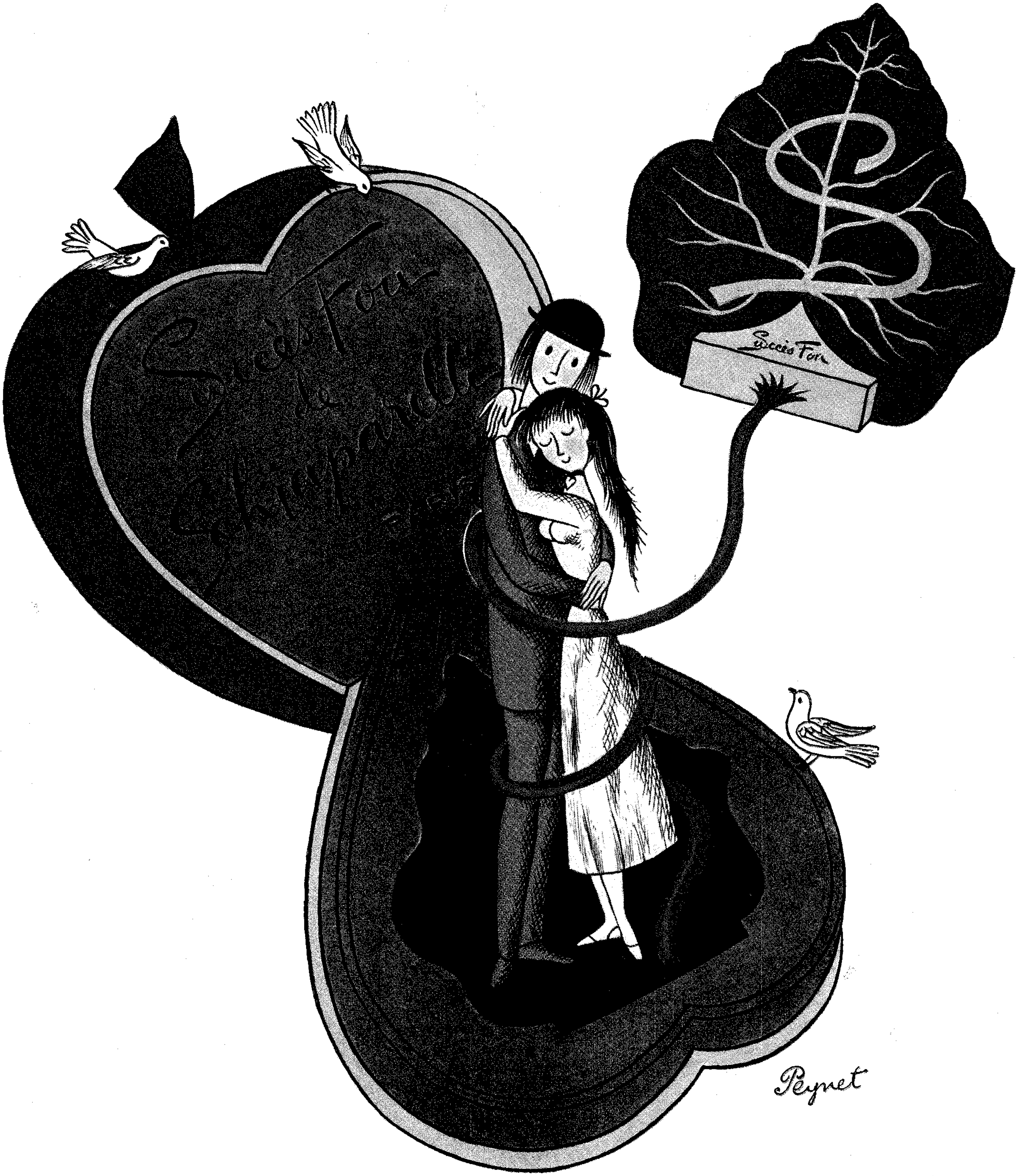
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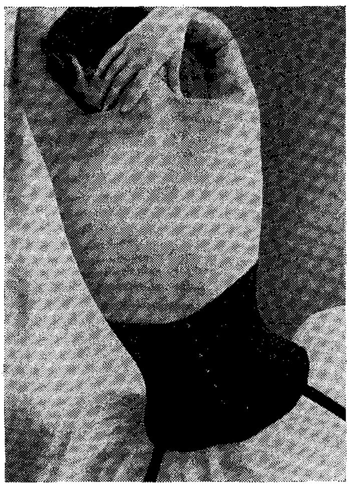

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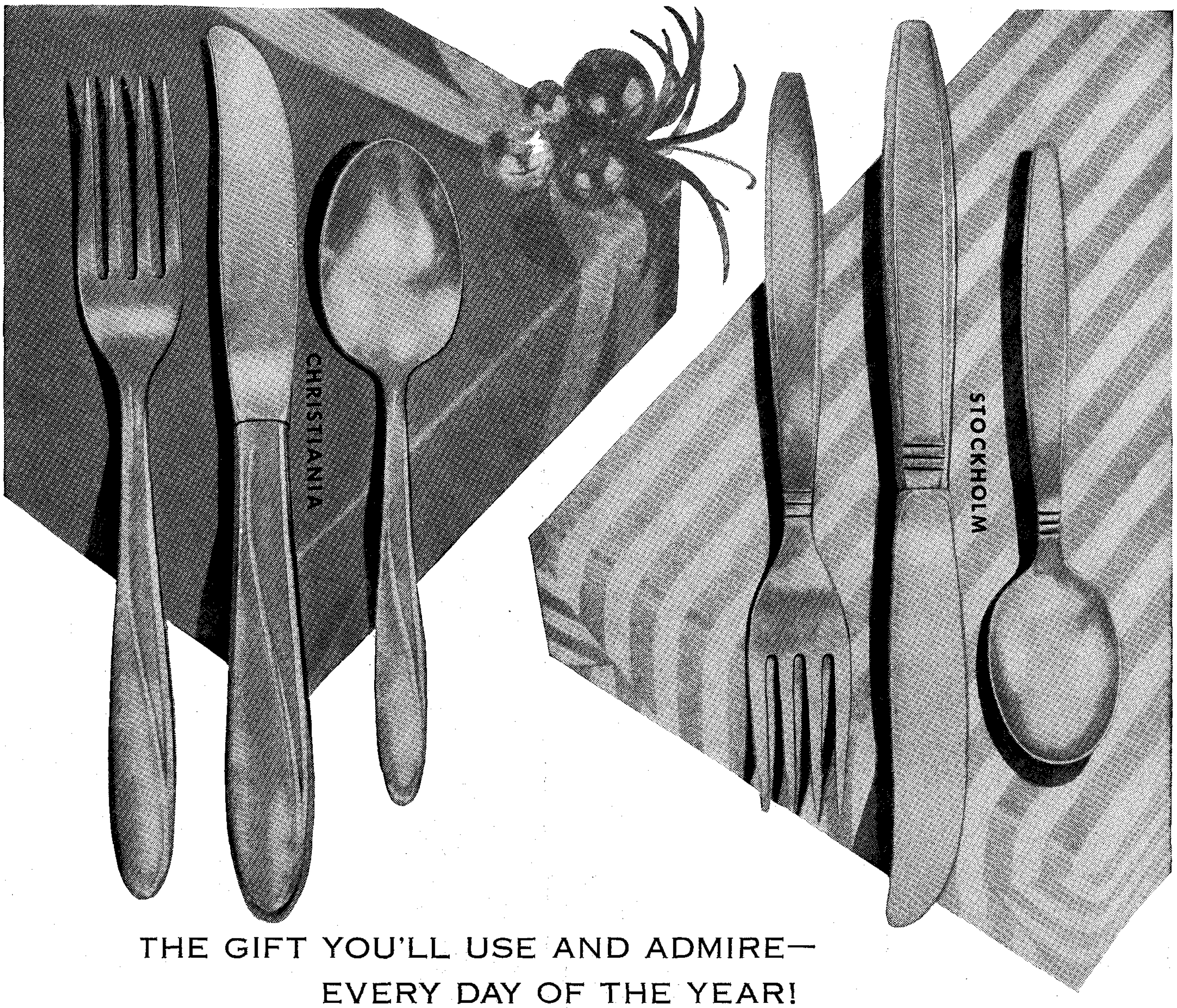

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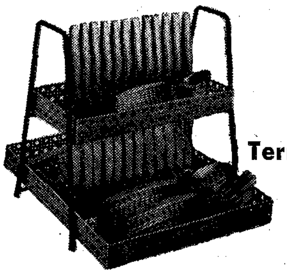
Terrace Set

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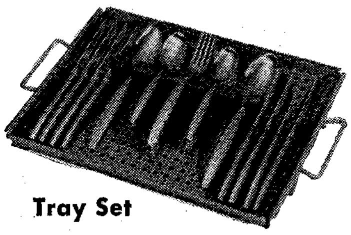
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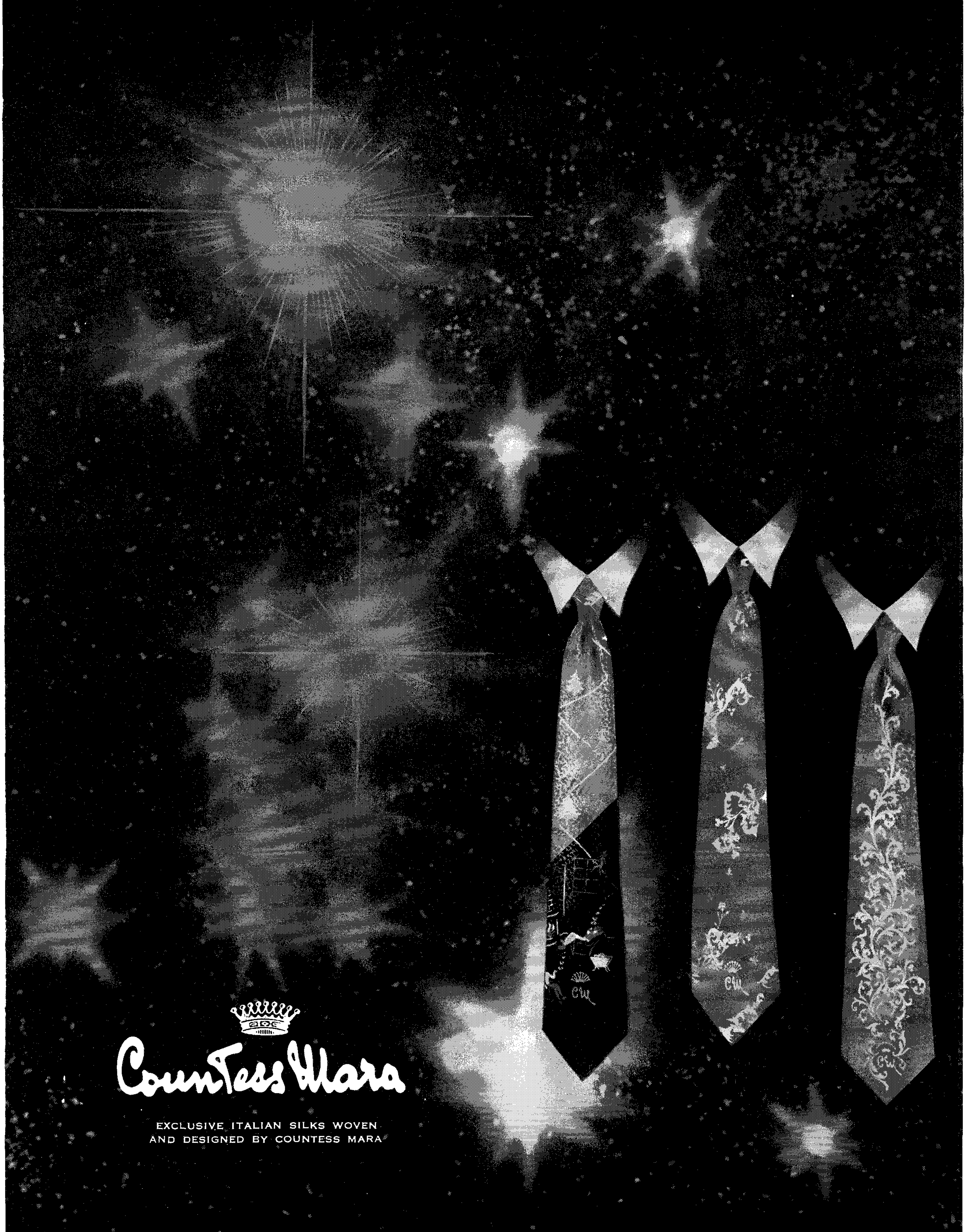

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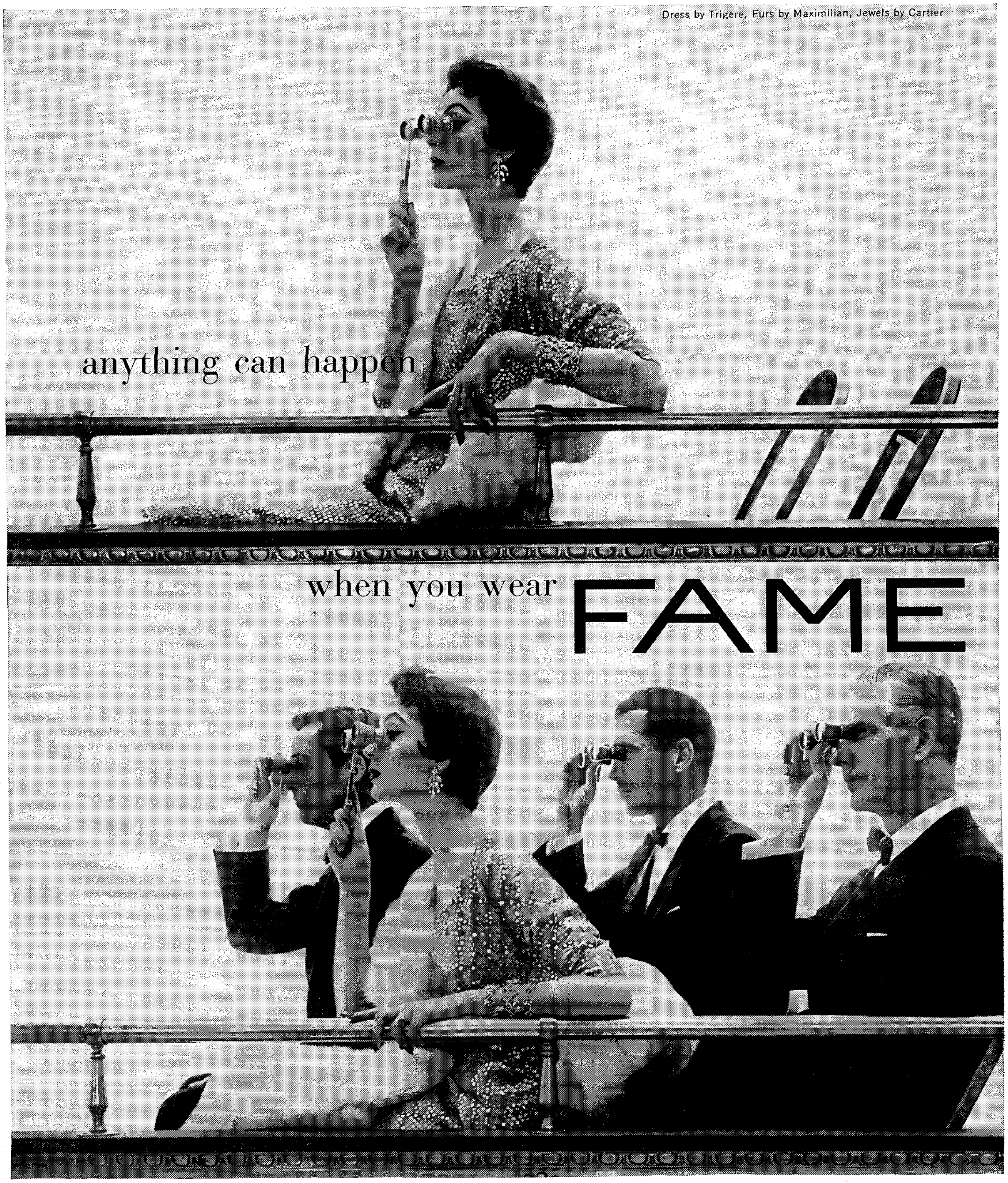
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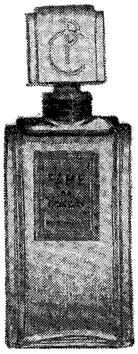

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every drop brought
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America's

New Railroad

Looking ahead on the Santa Fe

You've been reading a lot this year about things that make and keep the Santa Fe "America's New Railroad."

New cars, new locomotives, new yards, new tracks, new communication methods, new streamliners and new freight services.

So it goes, day-after-day, on the Santa Fe—this building new. For only by constantly building and rebuilding can a railroad stay new and ready for the future.

So it will be in '54 and in the years ahead—with important new projects like these now under way:

NEW CHIEF TO SAN FRANCISCO . . . In early '54 a whole new streamlined train—the *San Francisco Chief*—from Chicago to the Golden Gate in 47½ hours, via the San Joaquin Valley through the colorful Southwest Indian Country.

NEW RAILROAD TO DALLAS . . . 48.5 miles of it. Now being planned to provide direct mainline service to shorten time and mileage for passengers and freight between Dallas and Chicago and points in Oklahoma, Kansas and the Midwest.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS ALL ALONG THE LINE . . . Little things, big things—all things that are important to the people who ship and ride on "America's New Railroad."

The millions of dollars this newness costs Santa Fe doesn't cost *you* a single penny in the taxes you pay.

* * * *

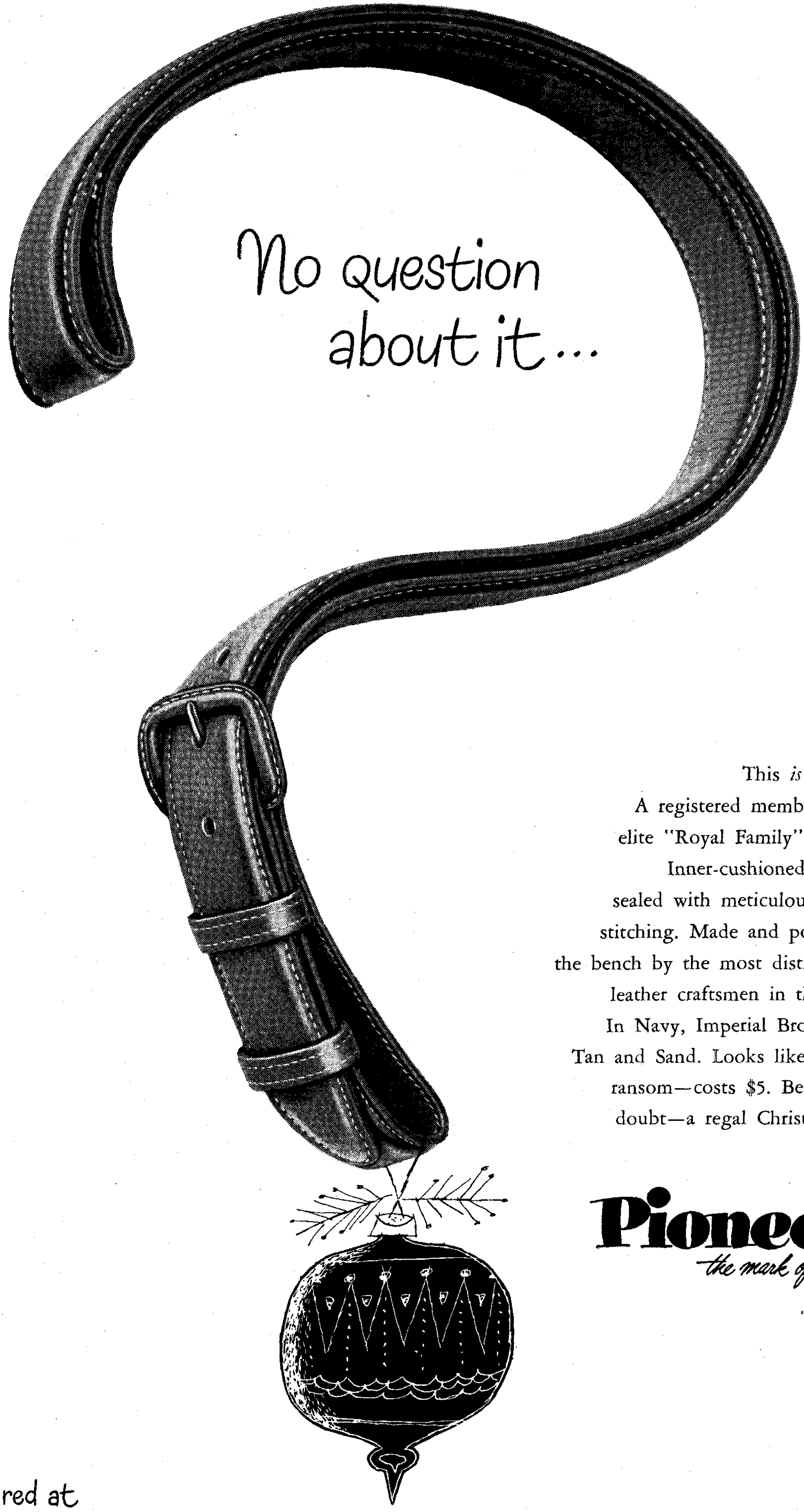
All these things help to provide better service for Santa Fe patrons. They inspire Santa Fe people—the men and women whose thoughts, ideas and physical efforts are what make the operation of "America's New Railroad" possible.

But their feeling for their railroad goes much deeper. It's a combination of things—a great respect for tradition, mixed with equal respect for the daring it has taken to break with tradition. It's a sharing of the "let's-do-it-better" spirit that keeps the Santa Fe growing *newer* every day.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Santa Fe

PROGRESS THAT PAYS ITS OWN WAY



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This *is* elegance.
A registered member of our
elite "Royal Family" of belts.
Inner-cushioned calfskin,
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the bench by the most distinguished
leather craftsmen in the world.
In Navy, Imperial Brown, Turf
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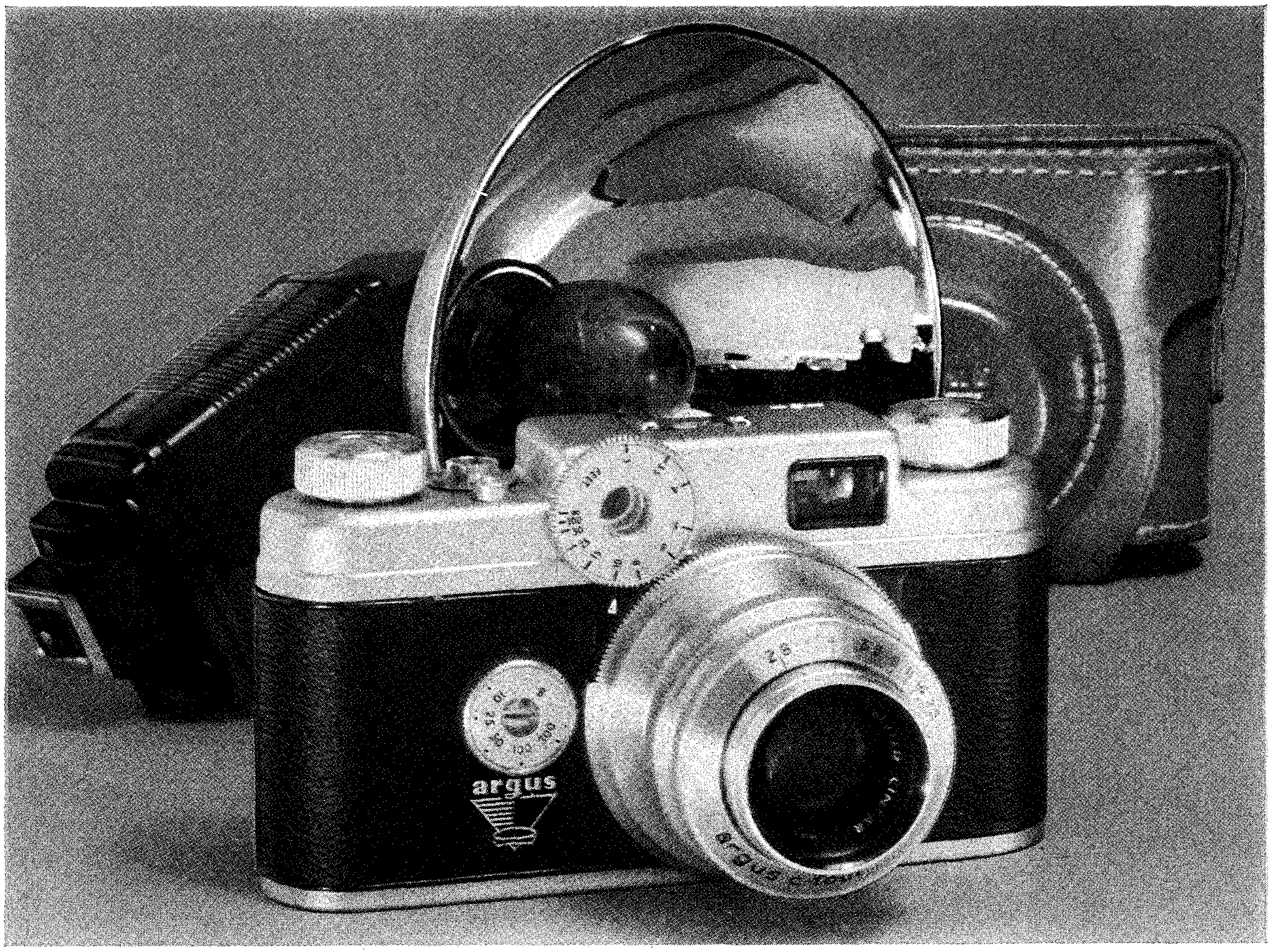
Wallachs, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Mullen & Bluett, Los Angeles; Baskin Clothing Co., Chicago; Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston; John Jarrell, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.; J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; B. R. Baker Co., Toledo; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Kann's, Washington, D. C. & Virginia; Lit Bros., Philadelphia; Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham, Ala.; G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.; The Hub, Lebanon, Pa.; Schreiber's, Scranton, Pa.; Arcade Men's Shop, Bridgeport, Conn.; Algar Co., Atlantic City, N. J.; Pausons, San Francisco, Cal.; E. M. Kahn & Co., Dallas, Texas; Davison-Paxon Co., Atlanta, Ga.; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.; Tate-Brown Co., Charlotte, N. C.; Diamond & Co., Philadelphia, and other fine stores everywhere.

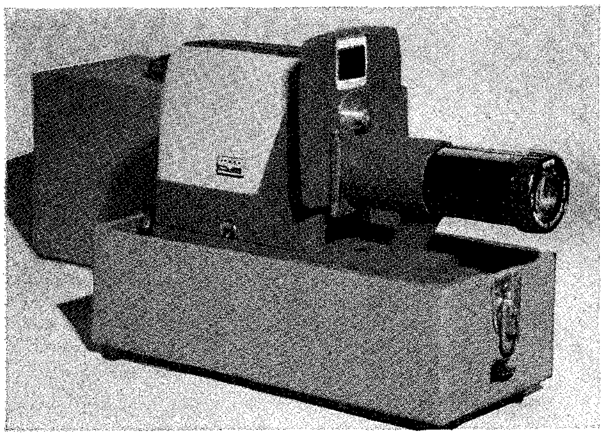


Camera: $89.50 Flash: $8.95 Case: $7.50

The finest compliment a photographer can pay himself

argus c-four

It takes beautiful color slides—crisp black-and-whites. A truly great lens, the Argus Cintar f:2.8, gives sharp detail, even in dim light. A lens-coupled rangefinder-viewfinder lets you focus and compose simultaneously. A superaccurate shutter—speeds up to 1/300 second—is the perfect complement to the critically sharp lens. A built-in flash synchronizer permits the use of *all* types of bulbs at *all* shutter speeds. Film wind is coupled to shutter to prevent double exposures. Camera connoisseurs say: "It's America's most distinguished 35mm camera!"



New Argus 300 Watt projector! Never before could you buy a precision-built 300 Watt projector with all these features for only $49.95: A wide angle, 4-inch lens; a powerful, yet silent power blower and special heat-absorbing lens to keep your slides cool; an exclusive "right-side-up" rotary slide carrier to prevent upside-down pictures. It's the perfect companion for any 35mm camera. Only $49.95 complete with carrying case.

argus

--the name that means precision quality!

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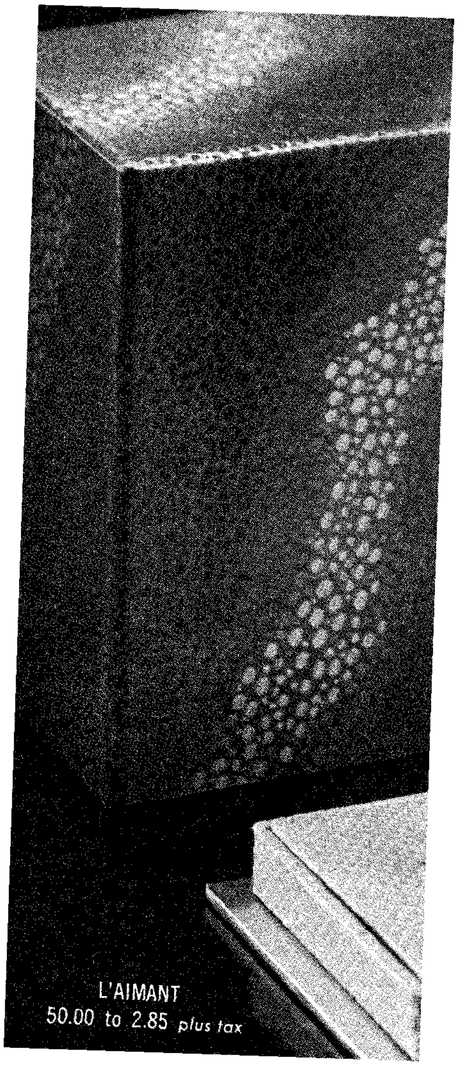
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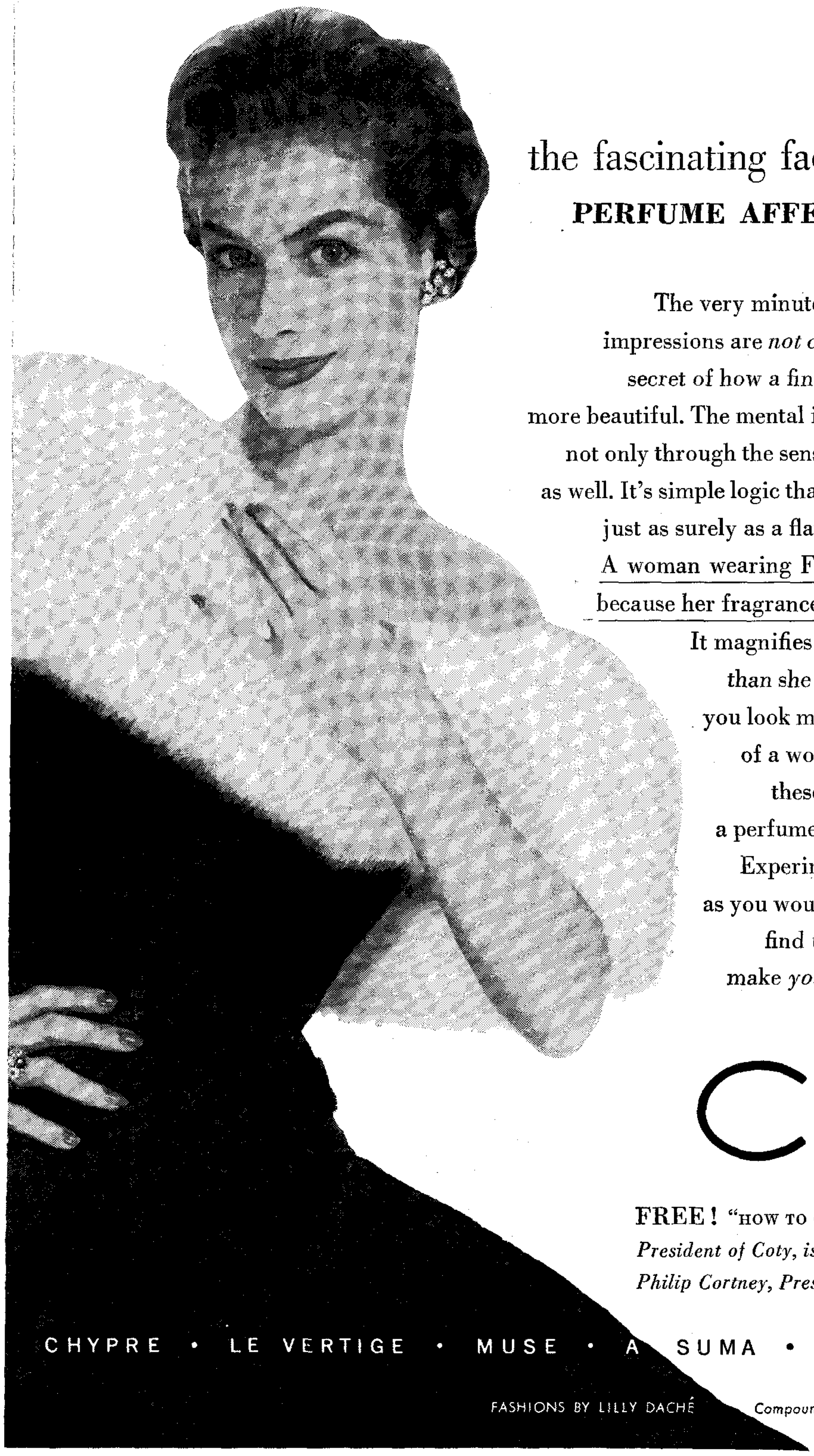
more beauty *than any cosmetic!*



the fascinating facts on how
PERFUME AFFECTS THE WAY YOU LOOK!

The very minute you begin to realize that mental impressions are *not created through the eyes alone,* you have the secret of how a fine perfume does, truly, make you more beautiful. The mental image others have of you is built up not only through the sense of sight but through the sense of smell as well. It's simple logic that a fine perfume can accent your beauty just as surely as a flattering lipstick or the right shade of make-up. A woman wearing FINE perfume looks more beautiful simply because her fragrance gives a sense of elation to those around her. It magnifies her attraction; she *appears* more beautiful than she actually *is!* You're a woman—you *know* when you look more beautiful than you really are. The lilt of a word, the look of an eye, the gesture of a hand; these are the things that tell you. To know whether a perfume has made you lovelier, you must *wear* it! Experiment with different fragrances—try them on as you would new shades of make-up, until you find the perfumes that attract...those that make *you* a more beautiful woman.

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FREE! "HOW TO CHOOSE FINE PERFUMES", *a new booklet by the President of Coty, is available on request. For your GIFT copy, write: Philip Cortney, Pres., COTY, Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

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Christmas

we have thousands of good reasons why everyone likes Altman Gift Certificates

The people who receive them like them because they offer the pick of the fine gifts that are the specialties of Altman's . . . they can choose the size, the color, the style they prefer.

The people who give them like them because they're easy to buy, in any amount, in any Altman store, and they may be charged to their accounts. And they come in gay gift-wrappings, our Christmas bell in a plastic box to hang on the tree (for amounts $5 or more), or in a holiday envelope.

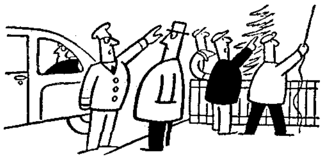
Altman Gift Certificates, main floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

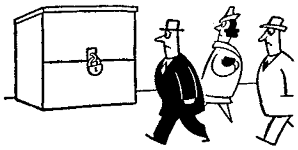
Notes and Comment

WHILE lounging on a sunny island in Park Avenue, watching a crew of eight raise a Christmas tree, we saw a Cadillac make a sudden stop abreast of us. The chauffeur jumped out and, mistaking us for the foreman, asked, "Where can I get a tree that size?" We glanced at the Cadillac and at the lady left sitting therein, and were sorely tempted to reply "Who wants to know?" but didn't have the guts. We simply turned the chauffeur over to the proper foreman. All we can report is that there is a lady in this town whose eager little heart is set on having a Christmas tree as big as the ones on Park Avenue. May fortune smile upon her!



THE photo-engravers are still out as this is written, and we are curled up cozily with the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Daily Worker*, and a two-day-old copy of *La Prensa*. As the strike began, the *Herald Tribune* made a manly attempt to publish a "basic news" paper, the basic news turning out to be just like any other news—a conversation between Penny and her father, the bridge hand for the day, a beautifully engraved picture of creamed chicken served in acorn-squash cups, an editorial entitled "The Grim Truth," and a picture of a couple of drum majorettes trying for the baton-twirling championship. There has never been any doubt in our mind, however, about the city's ability to meet the emergency resourcefully, and our faith found support on *La Prensa's* sporting page, in the following intelligence: "NOTA DE EMERGENCIA—Cualquier fanático del hipismo local que desee aconsejarse con las selecciones para el programa de hoy en los hipódromos 'Bowie' y 'Tropical' puede llamar a Walter J. Di Do al teléfono TYrone 2-9584 entre 9 A.M. a 11 A.M., hoy martes." Almost every inhabitant of New York is a fanatic of horse sport, and here are his concise instructions on how to act in the emergency.

AT one point in the newspaper lull, Edward R. Murrow remarked that "breakfast without a newspaper is a horse without a saddle"—an unhappy metaphor, it seemed to us. We began watching our own breakfasts, to see whether they were horses without saddles, and all we could discover was that the breakfast hour had achieved a sort of eerie serenity. Our digestion improved noticeably when the morning paper stopped arriving. Our private feeling about newspapers is a mixed one. Surely ninety per cent of all so-called news is old stuff—some of it two and three thousand years old. And surely ninety per cent of everything we read today is discouraging stuff, whether newsy or not. So the breakfast hour is the hour when we sit munching stale discouragement along with fresh toast. Except for one thing, we could take a newspaper or leave it alone. If we felt confident that liberty was secure and that democracy would remain in good health without assistance from its many admirers, we could do without a newspaper quite handily. At certain periods in our life, we've tried the experiment of not reading newspapers, and we found it put no strain on our system, since we enjoy a very low-grade curiosity and are seldom moved to keep informed of late developments. Mr. Murrow's famous opener, "This is the news," which carries the vox-humana sound of civilization-at-the-crossroads, often turns out to be a slight exaggeration. Nothing much happens from day to day. Public servants serve, felons act feloniously, demagogues croak their froggy tunes, echo answers echo (if it can get network time), and life goes on in its familiar pattern. But city dwellers without newspapers breathe an ominous air, as though the smog were descending. Liberty is not secure. Democracy does not thrive unassisted. And so, for love of these, we all swallow our bulletins at breakfast along with our marmalade.



The Strike

WE went down the street to the *Times* around noon last Friday, the seventh day of the strike and the fifth day on which the *Times* failed to publish. We passed four A. F. of L. Photo-Engravers Union Local 1 sandwichmen, three cops, and one *Times* watchman, and took the elevator, without incident, to the city room, on the third floor. There we discovered Ernest von Hartz, the news editor, a gentle giant with a bushy mustache, reading the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. We asked him how the *Times*, as the newspaper of record, proposed to bridge the hiatus. "We began by preparing a paper for every day missed," he said. "We started out with alternate eight-page and four-page papers the first two or three days, and then cut them down to two pages. We intended to use them as inserts in our first regular edition. Now our plan is to put out a four-page post-strike section containing outstanding editorials and features written during the strike, and a full summary of the lost days' news by Russell Porter. Brooks Atkinson is still covering the shows and turning in copy, and Bosley Crowther is doing the same for the movies. Our Washington staff is sending stuff in as usual. Four of our foreign correspondents, headed by Cyrus Sulzberger, are at the Big Three conference. Most of our New York reporters belong to the Guild and aren't crossing the picket line. We'll have a column of obits in the news-summary section; people aren't officially dead till they appear in the *Times*. But, of course, if this goes on for months, I don't know what we'll do."

We looked around the gigantic room, in which a dozen or so people were typing or reading. "See the vast void," Mr. von Hartz said. "The last pre-strike paper was dated Sunday, but we got it out Friday night, after learning the strike had been called for 7 A.M. Saturday. It was off the composing-room floor at two-sixteen Saturday morning—a forty-eight-page main sheet serving as a cover for the Sunday-features stuffing, which had been printed ahead. Practically the whole Sunday department is out. It's a damned dreary life just coming in and seeing this damned plant lying dormant."

We were joined by Theodore M. Bernstein, assistant managing editor, who advised us that about one-third of the staff was still at work. "Most of them come in later in the day," he said. "Yesterday there were nearly two hundred in the news department, out of four hundred and seventy." He told us that Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the publisher, had been living in his fourteenth-floor apartment in the building since the strike began, and, with Mr. von Hartz, took us on a tour of the city room. They pointed out a handful of men in the sports and financial departments and in the syndicate-and-wire room. "The clients of our news-service syndicate are still getting copy from the *Times*," Mr. Bernstein said. "Around forty papers, from the Atlanta *Constitution* to the Wichita *Beacon*." We gazed through a glass partition at two ladies in the society alcove, which was lined with plants. "Society is batting away, though there's no chance of its getting a word in," Mr. Bernstein said. "Over there's Sam Zolotow, the stage-news columnist. I understand Olin Downes was in yesterday. The morgue is open. I'd say the city desk was going half blast."

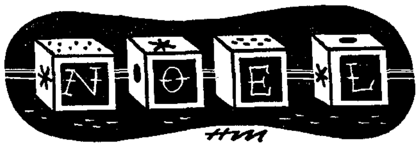
"The regular Thursday-morning editorial-board meeting was held yesterday," Mr. von Hartz said. "Arthur Sulzberger, Charles Merz, Lester Markel, Turner Catledge, and the editorial writers. They discuss the editorial page and policy. But I'll bet they discussed the strike yesterday."

"I hear the advertising agencies are delighted because business has fallen off in the stores," Mr. Bernstein said. "This proves that it pays to advertise."

Turner Catledge, the managing editor, showed up just then, and we followed him into his office. A table behind his desk bore the *Wall Street Journal*, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Newark *News*, and the Passaic *Herald-News*. "We're keeping ourselves flexible, so that—historically, at least—there'll be no interruption," Mr. Catledge said. "The people who are still coming in are all real pros. Their spirit is tremendous. It's a mechanical problem. We can produce the news product for the paper in three or four hours. Not the Sunday features, of course, although, as a matter of fact, we have this coming Sunday's Book Review Section all printed and lying in the warehouse. The type was set in our composing room before the strike. We're keeping the city room manned twenty-four hours a day—with a minimum of a clerk and one desk man—in case anything breaks. The first paper we get out will be a good one."

•

FROM day to day during the first week of the strike, people, with increasing desperation, bought whatever papers they could lay their hands on. The Brooklyn *Eagle* was so embarrassed by its sudden upsurge in popularity that it wouldn't say how many extra copies it was selling. The New York *Enquirer*, normally a Sunday-morning paper, with a circulation of 75,000, turned itself into a daily. On Sunday, November 29th, it sold 200,000; on Monday, 250,000; on Tuesday, 300,000; and on Wednesday, 500,000. At that point, it stopped coming out daily, on the rather mysterious ground that its Sunday operations were being hampered. The *Wall Street Journal*, which is sold largely by subscription, decided not to increase its regular press run. The weekly *Irish Echo* did, though—from 25,000 to 35,000. Local sales of *Women's Wear Daily* zoomed from a thousand copies a day to fifteen hundred. The *Daily Worker*, happy to take advantage of this grave crisis in the capitalistic press, printed from two to four thousand extra copies a day and sold them all. The out-of-town-newspaper stand in Times Square was swamped. The papers that sold out earliest were from Philadelphia, Long Island, Boston, Newark, Washington, and Miami, in that order.



The Union News Company discovered that at its railroad stands the money it lost by not having papers to sell was made up for by a greater than ordinary demand for magazines and paper-bound books. Sales in bookstores also went up. So did the amount of news that was broadcast by local radio and TV stations. Some stations broadcast daily excerpts from the funnies, for the sake of frantic followers of Dick Tracy and Li'l Abner. (The *Mirror* will run all the unpublished episodes of its serial comic strips after the strike is over; the *News* and *Post* will merely print synopses of theirs. The *Journal-American*, *Tribune*, and *World-Telegram* hadn't decided at the time we went to press precisely what they would do.) WABC read aloud the syndicated columns of Art Buchwald, David Lawrence, and Red Smith, all of which usually appear in the *Tribune*. The *Tribune* itself was not struck but, after getting out one edition containing nothing but the "basic news," stopped publishing of its own accord. Noblesse oblige and a bit of this and that. Then, on Sunday, it resumed publishing, with the announcement that it would get out an eight-page daily paper as a public service. The *Post*, *World-Telegram*, and *Journal-American*, like the *Times*, kept saving snippets of news for possible future publication. The *News* and *Mirror* saved a few pictures as well. Poor Perle Mesta arrived aboard the United States, and there were no local ship's-news reporters on hand to interview her. Most of the big department stores took to advertising on the radio, rather than on TV—couldn't be bothered setting up displays of merchandise. The Fishery Council purported to be pleased about the strike. For many years now, it has been urging fish dealers to stop wrapping fish in old newspapers, and last week some of them stopped. Clark & Wilkins, the firewood people, got calls from customers who wanted to know how to light fires without newspapers. Try cardboard boxes, said C. & W.

The stock market was bullish throughout the week. Stockbrokers, who get a lot of news on their ticker tapes and were better informed during the strike than most people, claimed that their incoming calls had gone up fifty per cent. The Telephone Company reported that it couldn't detect any increase in business whatever. Even WEather 6-1212 was being dialled at the normal rate. The Telephone Company credited that surprising fact to the fine weather. The amount of paper that accumulates in the subways dropped off by three-quarters. Love conquers all, and no weddings appear to have been put off, even though they couldn't be reported. Harry Truman was in town, and took his early-morning walks accompanied almost exclusively by press-association men. Employment agencies predicted a serious slump in their business if the strike continued. Used-car dealers, whose business was already in a serious slump, drew their fingers across their throats. The New York Central started distributing a one-page mimeographed sheet of news to passengers. The usual enormous Christmas tree was raised in Rockefeller Plaza, and for once nobody came to watch. Two shows opened during the week—"Madam, Will You Walk" at the Phoenix Theatre, and "Kismet," at the Ziegfeld. They both got excellent reviews in Newark and Brooklyn. People who lost money, jewelry, and beloved pets were in a bad fix, with no place to advertise. So were the people who found the pets.

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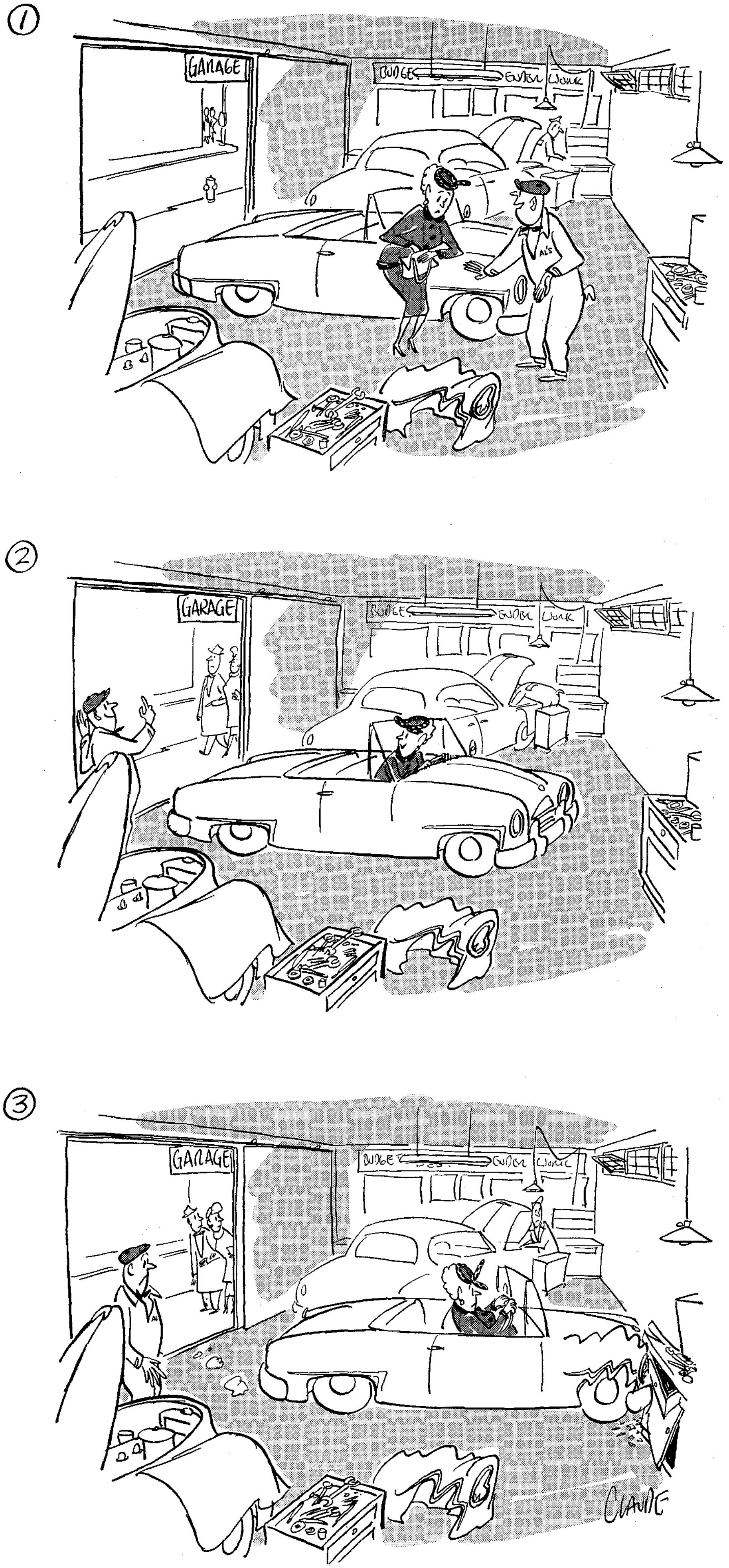
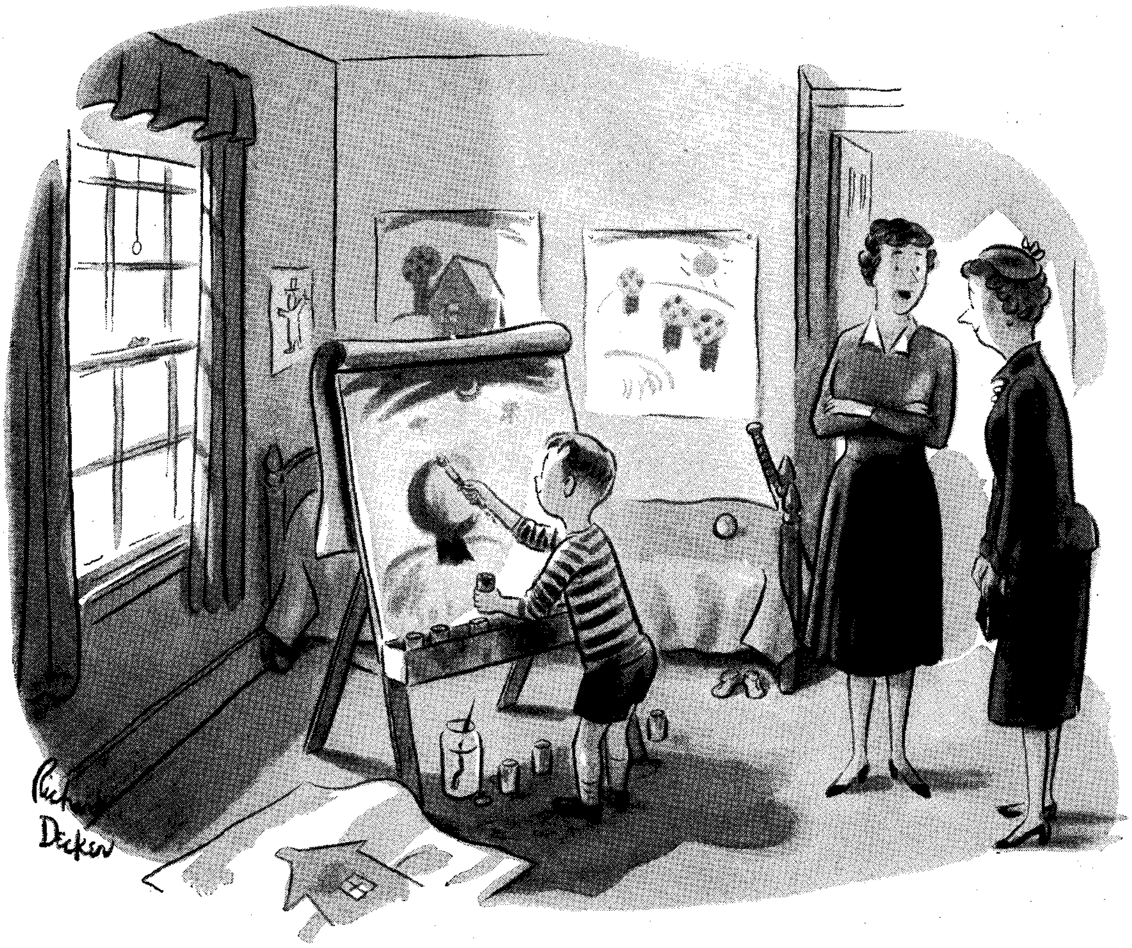
INTERPLANETARY INTELLIGENCE: Some man, woman, or child has lately been writing a blunt message in chalk on sidewalks all over Greenwich Village: "MARTIANS, GO HOME!"

New Commissioner

DR. LEONARD GREENBURG, Commissioner of the city's most recent Department, that of Air Pollution Control, is a man of sixty-one with a genial smile and a pipe. We called on him the other day in his office on Park Row. The Department was created last year as a continuation—but with more teeth in it—of the old Bureau of Smoke Control of the Department of Housing and Buildings. Like its predecessor, it is the sworn enemy of pollution of the city's atmosphere by smoke, soot, fly ash, dust, gases, fumes, vapors, and odors. Smoke is emission from a chimney, stack, or open fire or from the heating of fuel or refuse. Soot is a dark substance, essentially carbon, resulting from the burning or heating of coal, wood, oil, or other fuel. Fly ash is solid particles resulting from combustion or incomplete combustion of coal, wood, or other fuels. Dust is air-borne solid particles. Gas is a formless fluid that occupies space and that can be changed to a liquid or solid state only by increased pressure with decreased or controlled temperature or by decreased temperature with





"Of course, we wouldn't want him to grow up and live in a garret, or anything like that."

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increased or controlled pressure. Fumes are air-borne colloidal systems that are formed by chemical reactions or by such processes as combustion, distillation, sublimation, calcination, and condensation. Vapor is any material in a gaseous state that is formed from a substance, usually a liquid, by increase in temperature. An odor is a substance that affects the sense of smell. All this is what the law setting up the Department says. The Department may seal offending equipment, issue warnings, and hale polluters into court. It may recommend fines of up to five hundred dollars, and prison sentences of up to six months. This year, its punitive actions have resulted in fines of over fourteen thousand dollars, including a fifty-dollar one slapped on the Furness Bermuda Line's twenty-two-thousand-ton Queen of Bermuda for inordinate smoking in the harbor. A prison sentence is no joke.

Dr. Greenburg is a Manhattan-born son of a china-and-glass importer. He went to Townsend Harris High School and Columbia University School of Mines, Engineering, and Chemistry. He is twice a doctor—a Yale University Graduate School Ph.D. in Public Health, and a Yale University Medical School M.D. He took his M.D. in 1930, after spending fifteen years on subway construction for the New York State Public Service Commission, industrial-engineering staff work for the Winchester Repeating Arms Company in New Haven, and work on industrial hygiene for the United States Public Health Service. The last of these jobs included air-conditioning the Houses of Congress in Washington and a trip to China, Japan, and the Philippines to study ship ventilation and its relation to the spread of an epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis. Dr. Greenburg told us that he took the M.D. because occupational diseases are a big factor in the field of industrial hygiene, and that he has never practiced medicine privately. He has been an associate director of the John B. Pierce Laboratory of Hygiene, in New Haven; Health Commissioner of New Haven; and executive director of the Division of Industrial Hygiene and Safety Standards of the New York State Department of Labor. He represented the United States Department of Labor at the International Silicosis Conference in Geneva in 1938, and he is, or has been, chairman of the Industrial Advisory Committee of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, a member of the Committee of Pneumoconiosis of the American Public Health Association, and a member of the Committee on Code for Testing Air Cleaning Devices of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. He is the co-inventor of the Impinger, a widely used apparatus for sampling aerial dust. He lives on West Seventy-seventh Street, and, with his wife, often visits the Museum of Natural History, of which they are members. He also belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art. His wife paints; he used to.

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OVERHEARD in Tiffany's, mother to small boy: "I *told* you this store wouldn't have a Santa Claus."

Ladies First

TWO good causes, the Yorkville Youth Council and the Parents League of New York, have discovered that there's nothing the women of this city enjoy more than an opportunity to peer into one another's kitchens. On a recent summery afternoon, the two organizations staged their second annual Cooks' Tour of New York Kitchens (good causes have their bad moments), and, fearlessly, aware that women were sure to outnumber men by a formidable margin, we took the tour. Took as much of it, that is, as our strength allowed; lacking the toughness and endurance of the second sex, we managed to make our way through a scant five of the nine kitchens listed in the tour before throwing in the sponge. As for the women, most of them appeared able to outwalk a camel and outpeer a lynx, and we've no doubt that the weakest of them went the distance, then bounded straight home to her own pretty kitchen and hurled together an inspired *coq au vin.*

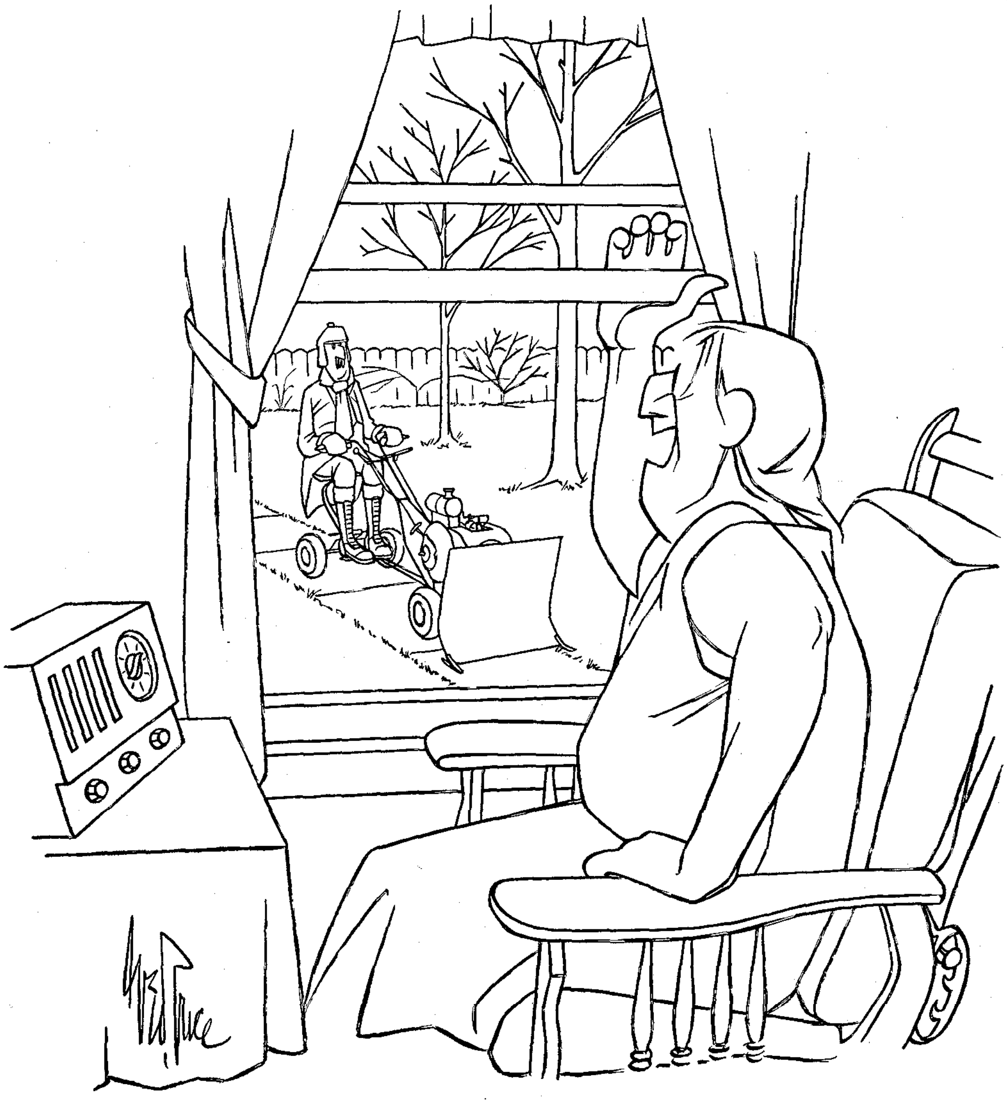
The first kitchen we stopped in to see was that of Miss Dorothy Thompson, who has a fine old house on East Forty-eighth Street. A pleasant young lady, appropriately dressed in pepper-and-salt tweeds, greeted us at the kitchen door, took our five dollars (tax-deductible), and handed us a ticket and a pamphlet describing in brief the wonders we were about to see. The pamphlet noted, for example, that Miss Thompson had "taken time out to recapture a moment of Early America. In her pine-paneled kitchen with old spice chests, a tall butter churner, bright coppers, and wrought iron utensils, the bustling of New York seems far away and you expect to hear birds singing." The pamphlet was right about the bustling, but old spice chests and butter churners don't put us in mind of bird song, and what we found ourself listening for was the harsh music of Miss T.'s typewriter. Not a sound from the upper reaches of the house, though; if Miss T. was at home, she must have been either napping or thinking—more likely the latter. A tide of ardent ladies bore us into the dining room, from which we got a glimpse of the bare branchiness of Turtle Bay Gardens; then the tide ebbed and we were again in the kitchen, in a bare branchiness of pots and pans, and we heard Miss T.'s cook telling a lady that even in winter she suffered from hay fever, an Early American complaint if there ever was one.

We'd intended to pay a call on the kitchen of Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, on East Sixty-sixth Street ("How does theatre and cooking mix?" the pamphlet inquired, mixing its syntax and laying the groundwork for a solid non sequitur. "It is easy to find out in the kitchen of the great actress and writer"), but when we reached the lobby of Miss Skinner's apartment building, we saw that scores of befur-pieced ladies had preceded us and were lined up two by two before the elevator door, like votaries awaiting admission to a shrine. We abandoned Miss Skinner's kitchen for that of Mrs. Vincent Villard, a block to the north. ("In a vast and placid apartment Mrs. Villard's kitchen has the high-ceilinged charm of the comfortable '20s combined with the efficiency of its user and planner, a graduate of the American Cordon Bleu School.") The entrance hall, living room, dining room, kitchen, and laundry of Mrs. Villard's apartment were open for inspection, and the ladies were there in force, ransacking room after room with their eyes. Mrs. Villard was at the pantry door, steadying herself with a cigarette among so many strangers, and we asked her if there was anything in particular that we should look for in her kitchen. "I assure you that there is nothing remarkable about my kitchen," she said at once, with the smile of one who has long since got past pursuing the merely remarkable. "I like things to be convenient, because I do my own cooking. The color scheme is red and white, because I like red and white."

Next we visited the kitchen of Mrs. Howell Howard, who lives in a big brick house on East Seventy-fourth Street ("Spacious and airy with the unusual feature of a window on a sunny garden strategically placed over a kitchen sink"), where we were disappointed to find that the garden wasn't over the sink at all; of Mrs. Basil Bass, on Park Avenue (a "fiesta kitchen, in homage to our Latin American friends"), where the only friend we ran across happened to be from Colebrook, Connecticut; and of Mrs. Thomas Witter Chrystie, on East Eighty-fourth Street ("After a visit to this handy and useful kitchen, sherry will be served in the very unusual living room of Mrs. Chrystie and, weather permitting, in her lovely back yard"), where we headed straight for Mrs. Chrystie and the sherry. "You don't give a hoot about seeing my kitchen, do you?" asked Mrs. Chrystie. "I'm *so* glad. Wouldn't you like a real drink instead of sherry?" We said sherry would be fine. A lady came up and complimented Mrs. Chrystie on the beauty of her house. "We bought it from a nun," said Mrs. Chrystie.

Anglo-Anglo Relations

A LOCAL man, pro-British, advises us that upper-class Englishmen not only aren't understood by Americans but don't understand each other. He met a member of Sir Gladwyn Jebb's United Nations staff recently, and, after becoming geared to the fellow's inflection, understood him to say that he had had an engagement to meet Sir Gladwyn one evening at what *he* had understood Sir Gladwyn to say was "Die Fledermaus." Off the staff man trotted to the Metropolitan Opera House at the appointed time. No Sir Gladwyn. No "Fledermaus," for that matter. No meeting. The next day, at Sir Gladwyn's office, it turned out Sir G. had said he would meet him at Freedom House.



"You can relax. There's a warm front moving up from Texas."

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING, PLUS CITY SALES TAX

DO I take it everybody's familiar with a magazine called *Town & Country*? (If I know my luck, it'll turn out that there *is* no magazine called *Town & Country*, or else that there are five with nearly identical titles—*Town & Poultry*, *Hound & Gentry*, *Grouse & Peltry*, etc.) Anyhow, the one I mean is a fashionable paper costing six bits that chronicles the activities of the quality, and hence doesn't circulate around the Luxor steam baths or most of the other places I do. Several weeks ago, though, while waiting for the lacquer to dry on a new toupee at my wigmaker's, I noticed a copy of the September issue on his credenza and began thumbing through it. Before I could determine what cotillions were upcoming or which supper clubs the Braganzas favored, my attention was impaled on a singular advertisement for Dayton Koolfoam Pillows. In case you're a square like me, who never heard of it, the Dayton Koolfoam isn't just a conventional bolster; in the eyes of its sponsors it's a whole *mystique*, almost a philosophical system. "Yes, Dayton Koolfoam is *more* than a pillow . . . it's a *way* of life," the text announced with marked exaltation, "for its relaxing sleep-ability rejuvenates you for another day. And it's *more* than *foam*, for its patented process gives a unique, velvety 'open-pore' surface that assures ever-changing fresh air." What corralled me specifically, however, was the superimposed color photograph of a patrician young blonde musing over a note from some impassioned cavalier that contained the following bit of meringue: "Betty dear . . . being away from you makes every day seem like a week, every week like a month. But here's a kiss . . . tuck it under your Koolfoam and dream of me."

This inveterate disposition of the advertiser to cuddle, to yoke his product to the consumer's emotional life and stability, is, of course, nothing new. Brand Names Foundation, Inc., a fellowship dedicated to making the public label-conscious, has been piping away on the same theme for quite a while now. Its most touching effort, perhaps, was the advertisement a year or so back that showed a family moving into a new home in a strange city, friendless and utterly without roots. Everybody was thoroughly woebegone, but, said the copy, there was no occasion for despair. Close at hand were nationally advertised wares to restore a sense of kinship and continuity—old cronies, I gathered, like the O-Cedar Mop for Mom, the cheerful red tin of Prince Albert for Dad, Kiwi Shoe Polish for Junior, and Mogen David Wines for Sister. And, it might have added, a full selection of dependable roscoes, like the Smith & Wesson, if things got really unendurable.

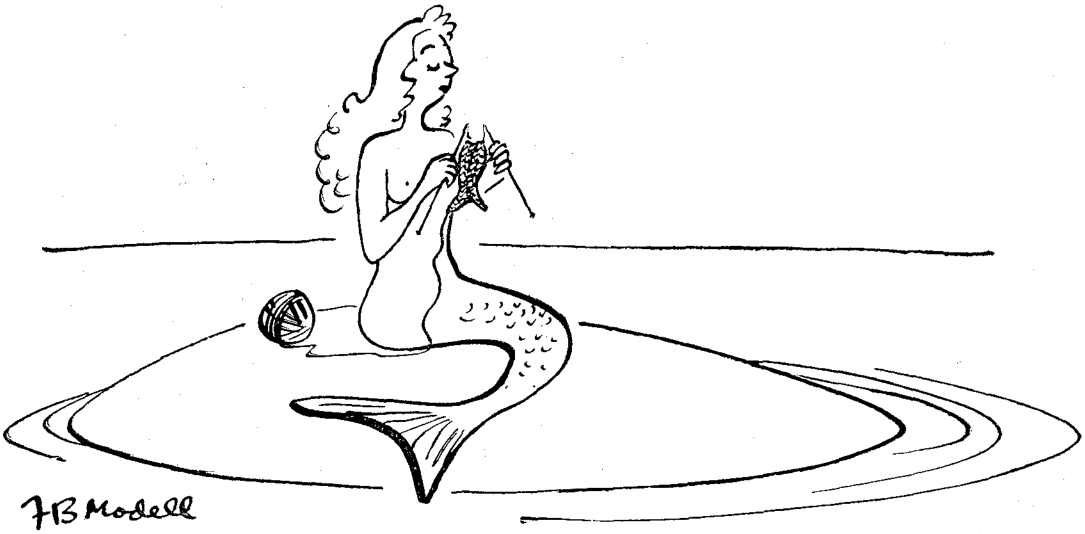
GRANTING the fact that Koolfoam has pioneered in cross-fertilizing love and commerce, my sole objection to its romantic correspondence is that it tantalizes instead of enlightening; no sooner does it start a provocative hare than it inexplicably abandons the chase. Just what, I wonder, is the status of the lady's pen pal that he speaks so jauntily of her pillow? Most men in the early stages of courtship, at least, haven't the faintest idea whether their sweethearts sleep in Utica or in tinfoil, and, even after a *modus amandi* is established, rarely quiz them about their preference in pillows. To be sure, she may have thrown hers at him in a hoydenish moment while larking around her *garçonnière*, but nobody with red blood in his veins studies labels at a time like that . . . I beg pardon? . . . Oh, I thought you said something. If, on the other hand, the charmer is intended to be a young matron, are we to assume that she and her husband routinely exchange love letters freighted with advertising? The whole thing becomes more cryptic the longer you speculate on it, and since everyone knows that intense speculation can easily lapse into neurasthenia, I'd like to make a proposal. I have here, by a coincidence that those prone to stagger may regard as staggering, a series of letters very similar in content to Koolfoam's, and I think their perusal might reward the peruser. They came out of a desk I acquired at a country auction last weekend, whose previous owner, a bachelor friend of ours, emplaned quite precipitately before the sale for an extended stay in Europe. Ordinarily, I would hesitate to publish the letters, because of their intimate flavor, but as he left no forwarding address and has undoubtedly changed his name by now, I consider I'm not violating any confidence. The lady concerned can fend for herself. She seems to have done ably thus far.

SEPTEMBER 8

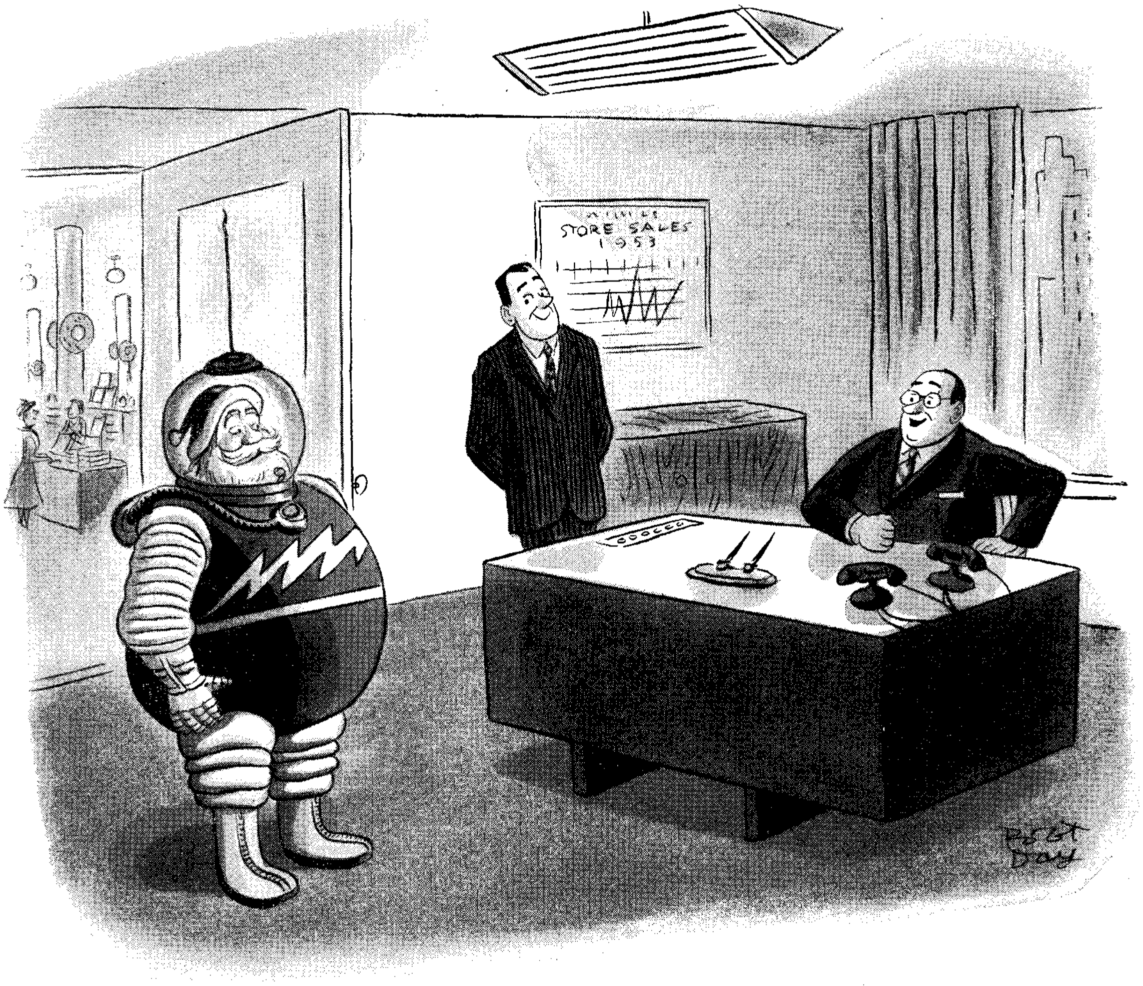
GUY DARLING,

I suppose you'll think I'm a silly little goose to write this, but I felt I simply *had* to apologize for Eliot's behavior the other evening at dinner. Also, I can't resist any opportunity to use my new Parker 51, which, as you know, takes the drudgery out of correspondence. Did you realize, by the way, that its patented Vacuum-Flo suction barrel, embodying a revolutionary concept in pen styling, guards against seepage? Yes, it's goodbye to ink-stained fingers and annoying blots. The stationery, of course, is Eaton's Wedgwood, obtainable in eleven inviting colors. It's sort of a hallmark with fastidious people like myself, those who appreciate the finer things. Guy, you'd adore their fascinating free booklet, "The Romance of Paper." Why not send for it today?

I'm afraid Eliot made a perfectly horrid impression on you when you arrived, but the poor dear caught cold on his way home from the office and, instead of employing Vicks Inhaler, your doctor's recommendation at the first sign of sniffles, drank practically a fifth of Haig & Haig. That's his very



own favorite, and I guess it's the choice of the discriminating everywhere, because it's light without being heavy and just smoky enough so it isn't clear. Well, the old green-eyed monster always comes out in Eliot whenever he's had one too many, and he started grilling me in this relentless fashion about where I'd met you, etc. Fortunately, I know those moods of his; had I spilled the fact that we'd sort of picked each other up in the lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford, he'd have brained you the moment you walked in. So I acted real vague—classmate-of-my-brother double-talk—and he quieted down pronto. All that glowering of his, and the playful pass he made at you with the carving knife, was just his way of showing off. Speaking of the knife, did you notice our dinner service? It's Gorham's Damascene pattern, and the apogee of elegance from a hostess's point of view. Master craftsmen have lavished years of experience on this loveliest of all cutlery.



"Splendid, Fuller!"

* *

Are you by any chance free this Thursday? Eliot has to fly out to Cincinnati overnight for some tiresome insurance symposium, and I thought you might like to buzz over and take potluck. Of course, it won't be very exciting, just the two of us, but I'll get one of those divine Hormel hams—and they *are* scrumptious, with their mouth-watering goodness sealed into each tin in gigantic pressure ovens—and afterward we can laze around the fire and talk if we have to. I've been dying for a chance to flaunt my new negligee from Bergdorf Goodman's. It's so sheer that Eliot won't let me wear it when we have company. Still, I don't think it's fair for anyone way out in Cincinnati to impose his whim on people, do you? Let's teach him a lesson.

Affectionately,
BRENDA

SEPTEMBER 17

DEAREST GUY,

I'm sure you'll never forgive me for popping into your secluded bachelor retreat yesterday afternoon without warning, and I do hope you won't think me terribly forward. Needless to say, I wouldn't have dreamed of acting that impulsively except it seemed the only way out of my dilemma. I was so wet and spent after getting lost on those twisty back roads that when I saw your mailbox, I almost sobbed with relief. And when you insisted on bundling me out of my damp things and sharing that hot brandy punch, I could have hugged you. Or did I? It's all a bit fuzzy, but definitely on the enchanted side. Is that your impression?

Incidentally, I love the upstairs part of your lair, the imaginative way you've treated the walls and ceilings—Kem-Tone, isn't it? It gives such a satisfying patina, and contractors no less than homeowners swear by its durability. So washable, too; cobwebs and lint scamper at the flick of a dustcloth. Everything you've done, in fact, is calculated to extract "oh"s and "ah"s, with a single exception. Will you disown me if I make one teeny-weeny criticism, lover? In poking around the kitchen, I noticed your refrigerator needs defrosting. Now, Guy, we both know that false icebox economy spells whopping electric bills, as unbiassed surveys conclusively reveal. Don't put off that visit to your Westinghouse dealer's to see his dazzling new line of 1954 models. The most generous trade-in allowance in years now makes it possible in some instances to get not only a factory-fresh unit but a cash dividend of several hundred dollars as well. My, can't you just hear everyone's budget purr?

I'll tell you a secret if you swear not to repeat it: I'm becoming the least bit concerned about Eliot. He flies into the most jealous rages over positively nothing. Last night, for instance, he suddenly rounded on me and demanded where I'd found the Madras sports shirt from Brooks that you loaned me. Darned if he didn't catch me off balance and I almost told him, but some instinct saved me. I said the laundry'd sent it back with his by mistake. He kept staring at it all evening, trying to place it, because of course you'd worn it the night he met you. Isn't that hilarious? I knew it'd amuse you.

A clairvoyant little birdie just whispered something in my ear. He said that next Monday, about two-thirty, I'd be in the bar of the Carverstown Hotel, at one of those rear tables in the dark, looking for mischief. If you happen to be driving through Carverstown around then, it might be fun to see whether he's right. Aren't you dying of curiosity? I am.

Expectantly,
BRENDA

OCTOBER 1

SWEETIE,

I've never known anything so uncanny as our running into each other in Bloomingdale's upholstery section yesterday morning. Of course, I knew you often ran up to New York for the day, but of all the unlikely places to encounter one's neighbors! We didn't get very much shopping accomplished, though, did we? And I saw ever so many tempting things as we were leaving—those stunning nine-by-twelve Gulistans whose rich, glowing designs complement your furniture whatever its period, the new Waring blender that whips up foamy puddings and sauces when unexpected guests drop in, a whole cornucopia of sturdy gadgets to gladden the housewife's heart. Promise me to browse through their kitchenwares the very first chance you get.

The *escargots* in your little French restaurant on Fifty-third Street were delectable, and as for their stingers, I don't even recall leaving the place. Where on earth did we progress to afterward? I have a hazy recollection of an automatic elevator and your fussing with a shoelace, and the next I knew, the conductor was shaking me and calling out Flemington Junction. Eliot was fit to be tied when I rolled up in the taxi. Seems he'd left the car for me at the station as we'd agreed at breakfast, but I could barely focus, let alone remember a trivial detail like that. To make matters worse, some busybody—Ailsa Spurgeon, I'll bet, she's always hated me—had called up and reported that she'd spotted us reeling out of the Carverstown Hotel last week. Well, you should have seen the fireworks. All kinds of wild threats about breaking every bone in your body and hiring a private eye and Lord knows what—sheer bluff, naturally, since he hasn't a blessed shred of evidence except the monogrammed belt buckle you left behind the night he was in Cincinnati. I thought of mentioning it to you afterward, but I hate post-mortems, don't you? So dampening.

I may be attending an alumnae luncheon in Philadelphia Wednesday—at least, Eliot's convinced I am, and it seems pointless to disillusion him. Shall we say the theology section of Leary's Bookstore at one? I'll look properly demure to fit the surroundings, but I could turn into a bacchante in the right environment. Here's a kiss . . . tuck it under your Chemex and heat your coffee on it.

Consumingly,
BRENDA

OCTOBER 6

MY POOR LAMBIE,

No words can convey how *pulverized* I was at the news. I'm absolutely shattered, but obviously I can't rush over to nurse and otherwise console you, because Eliot hasn't stirred out of the house for two whole days and keeps watching me like an adder. However, I'm slipping this to the handyman, and with luck you'll get it tomorrow.

You must have been petrified when Eliot barged into Leary's out of the blue and began punching you, but you can't say I didn't warn you; he's a fiend when aroused, and tricky as he can be. I'm convinced after putting two and two together that he must have steamed open my last letter—which I see now I should never have given him to mail—and then sent me a phony wire from Mother luring me up to New York. I wouldn't believe he could be so base; it shows you can't trust *anybody*. Did he really blacken both your eyes, as he keeps cackling to me? When the swelling goes down, try brushing the discolored areas with Max Factor's Pan-Cake. You'll be amazed how this smoother, *balmier* makeup irons out crow's-feet and restores tissue tone. Small cuts and nicks, too, yield to its snowflake touch. At better drugstores and beauticians everywhere.

As soon as you're presentable, why don't you drop over here early some afternoon for a cozy little drinkie? Or, if you'd rather, I could wander by your chalet. Don't be apprehensive about Eliot. He has these tantrums from time to time, but they usually blow over. Oceans of love, and, whatever you do, don't forget to claim

Your baggage,
BRENDA

—S. J. PERELMAN

AND THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS TAKE THE OAKLAND FERRY TO BEVERLY HILLS

I think that if you get an arresting idea you should stick *to* it,
But I also think you can overdo it.
With this in mind, there is someone we might take a moment to ogle;
Namely, the cinema mogul.
Through the decades in which he has reached financial and artistic peaks
He has retained two *idées fixes*.
The first is that although for many years diesel and electric locomotives have been what the railroads and I and you choose,
He prefers to picture the Twentieth Century and the Broadway as being hauled by choo-choos.
The second is that when you approach New York from no matter what part of the nation,
Why, you end up in Grand Central Station.
Whether you get on at Great Neck or Atlantic City or Nyack or New Orleans, where do you get off? Grand Central.
It's elementral.
This bland denial of the existence of the Pennsylvania
Amounts to monomania.
When Colonel James Mason of G-2 entrains in Washington for Saks Fifth Avenue with designs so new that they are almost germinal,
Where is he decanted? Grand Central Terminal.
Did the P.R.R. route a special train for him via Harrisburg, Buffalo, and Syracuse?
I cannot say. I find it most mysteracuse.

—OGDEN NASH

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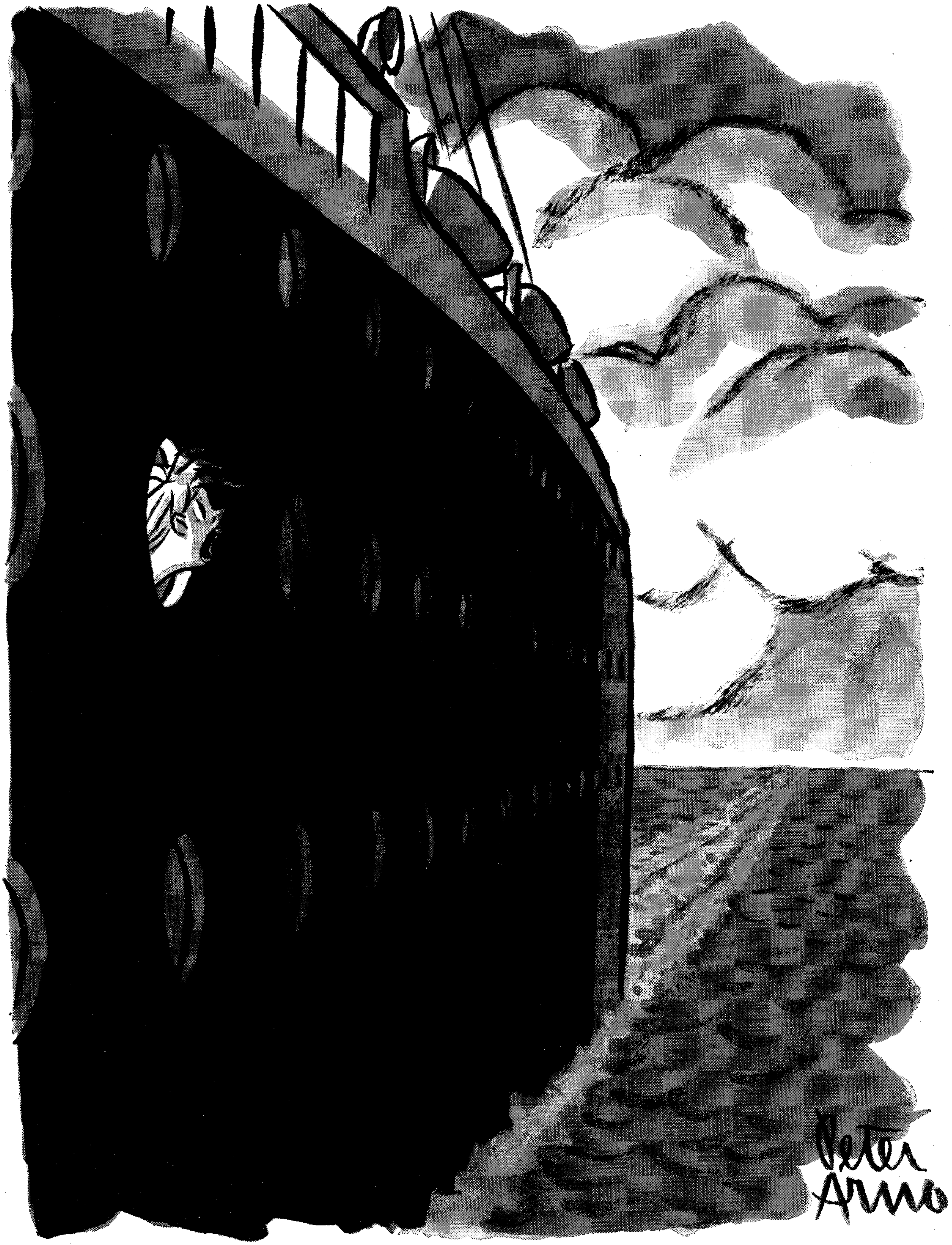


"HELP!"

THE SORROWS OF GIN

IT was a Sunday afternoon, and from her bedroom Amy could hear the Beardens coming in, followed a little while later by the Farquarsons and the Parminters. She went on reading "Black Beauty" until she felt in her bones that they might be eating something good. Then she closed her book and went down the stairs. The living-room door was shut, but through it she could hear the noise of loud talk and laughter. They must have been gossiping or worse, because they all stopped talking when she entered the room.

"Hi, Amy," Mr. Farquarson said.

"Mr. Farquarson spoke to you, Amy," her father said.

"Hello, Mr. Farquarson," she said. By standing outside the group for a minute, until they had resumed their conversation, and then by slipping past Mrs. Farquarson, she was able to swoop down on the nut dish and take a handful.

"Amy!" Mr. Lawton said.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she said, retreating out of the circle, toward the piano.

"Put those nuts back," he said.

"I've handled them, Daddy," she said.

"Well, pass the nuts, dear," her mother said sweetly. "Perhaps someone else would like nuts."

Amy filled her mouth with the nuts she had taken, returned to the coffee table, and passed the nut dish.

"Thank you, Amy," they said, taking a peanut or two.

"How do you like your new school, Amy?" Mrs. Bearden asked.

"I like it," Amy said. "I like private schools better than public schools. It isn't so much like a factory."

"What grade are you in?" Mr. Bearden asked.

"Fourth," she said.

Her father took Mr. Parminter's glass and his own, and got up to go into the dining room and refill them. She fell into the chair he had left vacant.

"Don't sit in your father's chair, Amy," her mother said, not realizing that Amy's legs were worn out from riding a bicycle, while her father had done nothing but sit down all day.

As she walked toward the French doors, she heard her mother beginning to talk about the new cook. It was a good example of the interesting things they found to talk about.

"You'd better put your bicycle in the garage," her father said, returning with the fresh drinks. "It looks like rain."

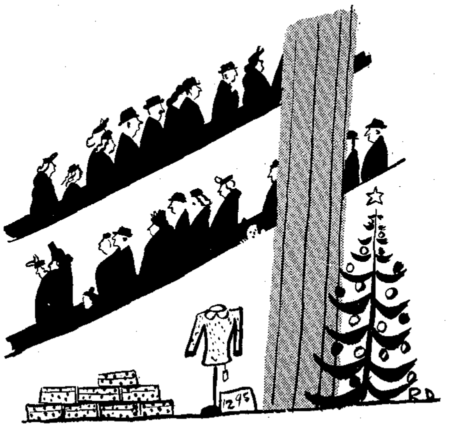
Amy went out onto the terrace and looked at the sky, but it was not very cloudy, it wouldn't rain, and his advice, like all the advice he gave her, was superfluous. They were always at her. "Put your bicycle away." "Open the door for Grandmother, Amy." "Feed the cat." "Do your homework." "Pass the nuts." "Help Mrs. Bearden with her parcels." "Amy, please try and take more pains with your appearance." She looked at them through the glass doors. Her mother was wearing the red stole that matched the window curtains, but it didn't conceal the fact that the zipper on her dress was broken. Her father was wearing the gray flannel suit that had belonged to Uncle Robert before he died. She could never understand how a man as rich and successful as her father—a vice-president in charge of distribution—could go around wearing the clothes of a dead man. It made her sick. Mrs. Farquarson had big, white, doughy legs, and she was wearing tennis shorts, so you could see how ugly her legs were.

They all stood, and her father came to the door and called her. "We're going over to the Parminters' for supper," he said. "Cook's here, so you won't be alone. Be sure and go to bed at eight like a good girl. And come and kiss me good night."

After their cars had driven off, Amy wandered through the kitchen to the cook's bedroom beyond it and knocked on the door. "Come in," a voice said, and when Amy entered, she found the cook, whose name was Rosemary, in her bathrobe, reading the Bible. Rosemary smiled at Amy. Her smile was sweet and her old eyes were blue. "Your parents have gone out again?" she asked. Amy said that they had, and the old woman invited her to sit down. "They do seem to enjoy themselves, don't they? During the four days I've been here, they've been out every night, or had people in." She put the Bible face down on her lap and smiled, but not at Amy. "Of course, the drinking that goes on here is all sociable, and what your parents do is none of my business, is it? I worry about drink more than most people, because of my poor sister. My poor sister drank too much. For ten years, I went to visit her on Sunday afternoons, and most of the time she was *non compos mentis*. Sometimes I'd find her huddled up on the floor with one or two sherry bottles empty beside her. Sometimes she'd seem sober enough to a stranger, but I could tell in a second by the way she spoke her words that she'd drunk enough not to be herself any more. Now my poor sister is gone, I don't have anyone to visit at all."

"What happened to your sister?" Amy asked.

"She was a lovely person, with a peaches-and-cream complexion and fair hair," Rosemary said. "Gin makes some people gay—it makes them laugh and cry—but with my sister it only made her sullen and withdrawn. When she was drinking, she would retreat into herself. Drink made her contrary. If I'd say the weather was fine, she'd tell me I was wrong. If I'd say it was raining, she'd say it was clearing. She'd correct me about everything I said, however small it was. She died in Bellevue Hospital one summer when I was working in Maine. She was the only family I had."

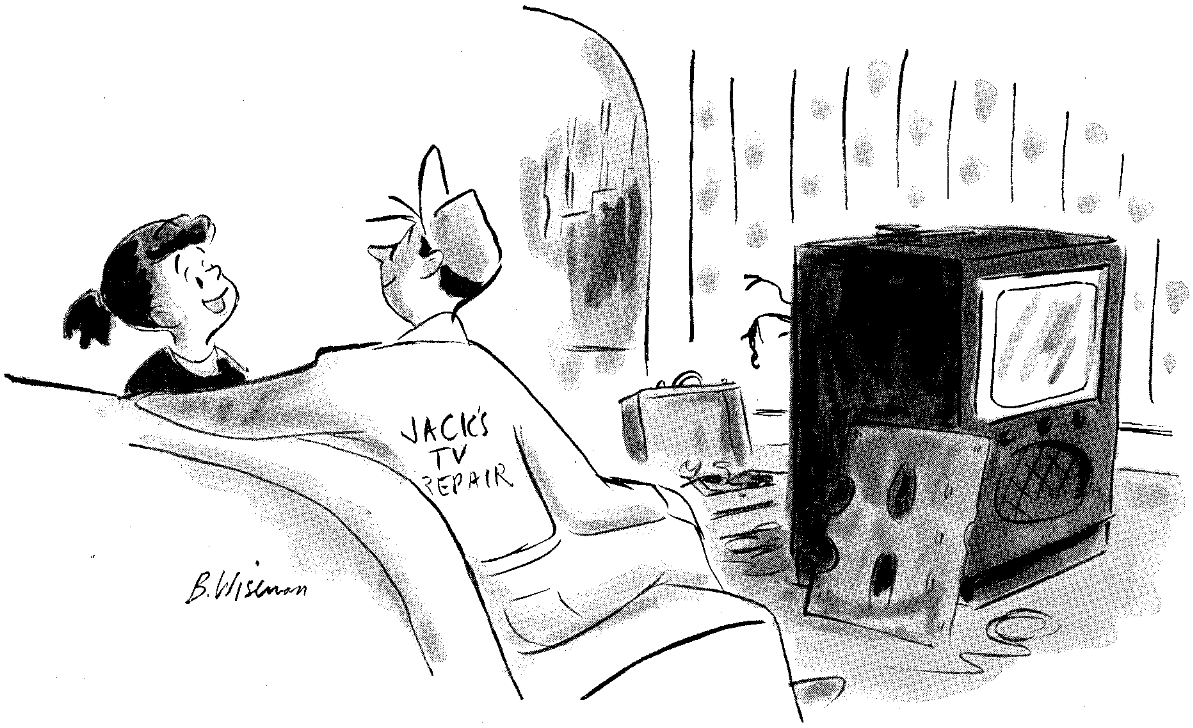


The directness with which Rosemary spoke had the effect on Amy of making her feel grown, and for once politeness came to her easily. "You must miss your sister a great deal," she said.

"I was just sitting here now thinking about her. She was in service, like me, and it's lonely work. You're always surrounded by a family, and yet you're never a part of it. Your pride is often hurt. The Madams seem condescending and inconsiderate. I'm not blaming the ladies I've worked for. It's just in the nature of the relationship. They order chicken salad, and you get up before dawn to get ahead of yourself, and just as you've finished the chicken salad, they change their minds and want crabmeat soup."

"My mother changes her mind all the time," Amy said.

"Sometimes you're in a country place with nobody else in help. You're tired, but not too tired to feel lonely. You go out onto the servants' porch when the pots and pans are done, planning to enjoy God's creation, and although the front of the house may have a fine view of the lake or the mountains, the view from the back is never much. But there is the sky and the trees and the stars



"Gee, Tom, aren't we lucky my folks bought a lemon?"

and the birds singing and the pleasure of resting your feet. But then you hear them in the front of the house, laughing and talking with their guests and their sons and daughters. If you're new and they whisper, you can be sure they're talking about you. That takes all the pleasure out of the evening."

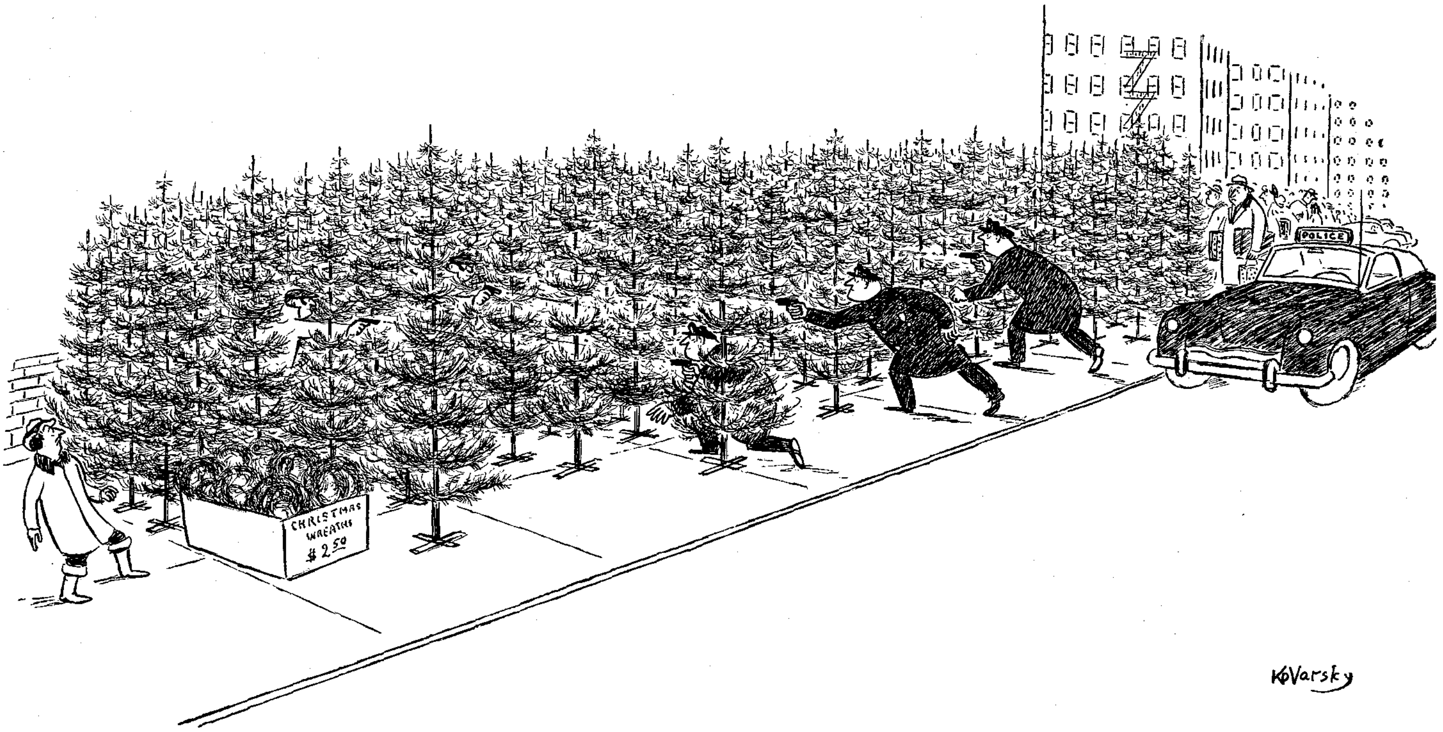
"Oh," Amy said.

"I've worked in all kinds of places—places where there were eight or nine in help and places where I was expected to burn the rubbish myself, on winter nights, and shovel the snow. In a house where there's a lot in help, there's usually some devil among them—some old butler or parlormaid—who tries to make your life miserable from the beginning. 'The Madam doesn't like it this way,' and 'The Madam doesn't like it that way,' and 'I've been with the Madam for twenty years,' they tell you. It takes a diplomat to get along. Then there is the rooms they give you, and every one of them I've ever seen is cheerless. If you have a bottle in your suitcase, it's a terrible temptation in the beginning not to take a drink to raise your spirits. But I have a strong character. It was different with my poor sister. She used to complain about nervousness, but, sitting here thinking about her tonight, I wonder if she suffered from nervousness at all. I wonder if she didn't make it all up. I wonder if she just wasn't meant to be in service. Toward the end, the only work she could get was out in the country, where nobody else would go, and she never lasted much more than a week or two. She'd take a little gin for her nervousness, then a little for her tiredness, and when she'd drunk her own bottle and everything she could steal, they'd hear about it in the front part of the house. There was usually a scene, and my poor sister always liked to have the last word. Oh, if I had had my way, they'd be a law against it! It's not my business to advise you to take anything from your father, but I'd be proud of you if you'd empty his gin bottle into the sink now and then—the filthy stuff! But it's made me feel better to talk with you, sweetheart. It's made me not miss my poor sister so much. Now I'll read a little more in my Bible, and then I'll get you some supper."

THE Lawtons had had a bad year with cooks—there had been five of them. The arrival of Rosemary had made Marcia Lawton think back to a vague theory of dispensations; she had suffered, and now she was being rewarded. Rosemary was clean, industrious, and cheerful, and her table—as the Lawtons said—was just like the Chambord. On Wednesday night after dinner, she took the train to New York, promising to return on the evening train Thursday. Thursday morning, Marcia went into the cook's room. It was a distasteful but a habitual precaution. The absence of anything personal in the room—a package of cigarettes, a fountain pen, an alarm clock, a radio, or anything else that could tie the old woman to the place—gave her the uneasy feeling that she was being deceived, as she had so often been deceived by cooks in the past. She opened the closet door and saw a single uniform hanging there and, on the closet floor, Rosemary's old suitcase and the white shoes she wore in the kitchen. The suitcase was locked, but when Marcia lifted it, it seemed to be nearly empty.

Mr. Lawton and Amy drove to the station after dinner on Thursday to meet the eight-sixteen train. The top of the car was down, and the brisk air, the starlight, and the company of her father made the little girl feel kindly toward the world. The railroad station in Shady Hill resembled the railroad stations in old movies she had seen on television, where detectives and spies, bluebeards and their trusting victims, were met to be driven off to remote country estates. Amy liked the station, particularly toward dark. She imagined that the people who travelled on the locals were engaged on errands that were more urgent and sinister than commuting. Except when there was a heavy fog or a snowstorm, the club car that her father travelled on seemed to have the gloss and the monotony of the rest of his life. The locals that ran at odd hours belonged to a world of deeper contrasts, where she would like to live.

They were a few minutes early, and Amy got out of the car and stood on the platform. She wondered what the fringe of string that hung above the tracks at either end of the station was for, but she knew enough not to ask her father, because he wouldn't be able to tell her. She could hear the train before it came into view, and the noise excited her and made her happy. When the train drew in to the station and stopped, she looked in the lighted windows for Rosemary and didn't see her. Mr. Lawton got out of the car and joined Amy on the platform. They could see the conductor bending over someone in a seat, and finally the cook rose. She clung to the conductor as he led her out to the platform of the car, and she



was crying. "Like peaches and cream," Amy heard her sob. "A lovely, lovely person." The conductor spoke to her kindly, put his arm around her shoulders, and eased her down the steps. Then the train pulled out, and she stood there drying her tears. "Don't say a word, Mr. Lawton," she said, "and I won't say anything." She held out a small paper bag. "Here's a present for you, little girl."

"Thank you, Rosemary," Amy said. She looked into the paper bag and saw that it contained several packets of Japanese water flowers.

Rosemary walked toward the car with the caution of someone who can hardly find the way in the dim light. A sour smell came from her. Her best coat was spotted with mud and ripped in the back. Mr. Lawton told Amy to get in the back seat of the car, and made the cook sit in front, beside him. He slammed the car door shut after her angrily, and then went around to the driver's seat and drove home. Rosemary reached into her handbag and took out a Coca-Cola bottle with a cork stopper and took a drink. Amy could tell by the smell that the Coca-Cola bottle was filled with gin.

"Rosemary!" Mr. Lawton said.

"I'm lonely," the cook said. "I'm lonely, and I'm afraid, and it's all I've got."

He said nothing more until he had turned in to their drive and brought the car around to the back door. "Go and get your suitcase, Rosemary," he said. "I'll wait here in the car."

As soon as the cook had staggered into the house, he told Amy to go in by the front door. "Go upstairs to your room and get ready for bed."

Her mother called down the stairs when Amy came in, to ask if Rosemary had returned. Amy didn't answer. She went to the bar, took an open gin bottle, and emptied it into the pantry sink. She was nearly crying when she encountered her mother in the living room, and told her that her father was taking the cook back to the station.

WHEN Amy came home from school the next day, she found a heavy, black-haired woman cleaning the living room. The car Mr. Lawton usually drove to the station was at the garage for a checkup, and Amy drove to the station with her mother to meet him. As he came across the station platform, she could tell, by the lack of color in his face, that he had had a hard day. He kissed her mother, touched Amy on the head, and got behind the wheel.

"You know," her mother said, "there's something terribly wrong with the guest-room shower."

"Damn it, Marcia," he said, "I wish you wouldn't always greet me with bad news!"

His grating voice oppressed Amy, and she began to fiddle with the button that raised and lowered the window.

"Stop that, Amy!" he said.

"Oh, well, the shower isn't important," her mother said. She laughed weakly.

"When I got back from San Francisco last week," he said, "you couldn't wait to tell me that we need a new oil-burner."

"Well, I've got a part-time cook. That's good news."

"Is she a lush?" her father asked.

"Don't be disagreeable, dear. She'll get us some dinner and wash the dishes and take the bus home. We're going to the Farquarsons'."

"I'm really too tired to go anywhere," he said.

"Who's going to take care of me?" Amy asked.

"You always have a good time at the Farquarsons'," her mother said.

"Well, let's leave early," he said.

"Who's going to take care of me?" Amy asked.

"Mrs. Henlein," her mother said.

When they got home, Amy went over to the piano.

Her father washed his hands in the bathroom off the hall and then went to the bar. He came into the living room holding the empty gin bottle. "What's her name?" he asked.

"Ruby," her mother said.

"She's exceptional. She's drunk a quart of gin on her first day."

"Oh dear!" her mother said. "Well, let's not make any trouble now."

"Everybody is drinking my liquor," her father shouted, "and I am God-damned sick and tired of it!"

"There's plenty of gin in the closet," her mother said. "Open another bottle."

"We paid that gardener three dollars an hour and all he did was sneak in here and drink up my Scotch. The sitter we had before we got Mrs. Henlein used to water my bourbon, and I don't have to remind you about Rosemary. The cook before Rosemary not only drank everything in my liquor cabinet but she drank all the rum, kirsch, sherry, and wine that we had in the kitchen for cooking. Then, there's that Polish woman we had last summer. Even that old laundress. *And* the painters. I think they must put some kind of a mark on my door. I think the agency must have checked me off as an easy touch."

"Well, let's get through dinner, and then you can speak to her."

"The hell with that!" he said. "I'm not going to encourage people to rob me. *Ruby!*" He shouted her name several times, but she didn't answer. Then she appeared in the dining-room doorway, wearing her hat and coat.

"I'm sick," she said. Amy could see that she was frightened.

"I should think you would be," her father said.

"I'm sick," the cook mumbled, "and I can't find anything around here, and I'm going home."

"Good," he said. "Good! I'm through with paying people to come in here and drink my liquor."

The cook started out the front way, and Marcia Lawton followed her into the front hall to pay her something. Amy had watched this scene from the piano bench, a position that was withdrawn but that still gave her a good view. She saw her father get a fresh bottle of gin and make a shaker of Martinis. He looked very unhappy.

"Well," her mother said when she came back into the room. "You know, she didn't look drunk."

"Please don't argue with me, Marcia," her father said. He poured two cocktails, said "Cheers," and drank a little. "We can get some dinner at Orfeo's," he said.

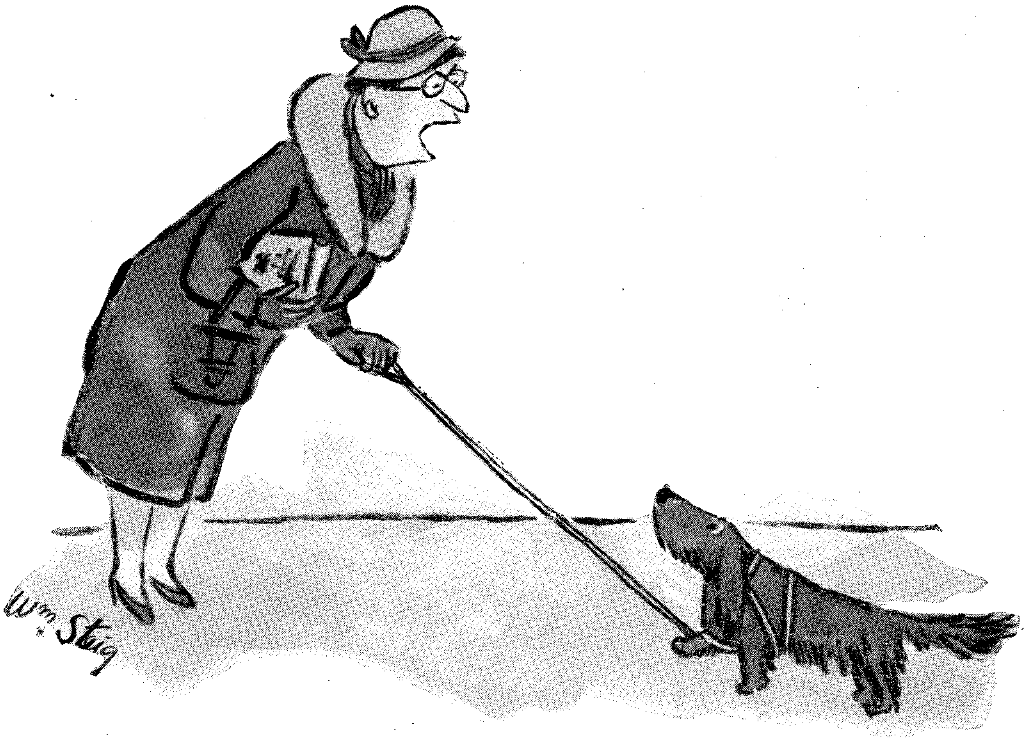
"I suppose so," her mother said. "I'll rustle up something for Amy." She went into the kitchen, and Amy opened her music to "Reflets d'Automne." "COUNT," her music teacher had written. "COUNT and lightly, lightly . . ." Amy began to play. Whenever she made a mistake, she said "Darn it!" and started at the beginning again. In the middle of "Reflets d'Automne" it struck her that *she* was the one who had emptied the gin bottle. Her perplexity was so intense that she stopped playing, but her feelings did not go beyond perplexity, although she did not have the strength to continue playing the piano. Her mother relieved her. "Your supper's in the kitchen, dear," she said. "And you can take a popsicle out of the deep freeze for dessert. Just one."

Marcia Lawton held her empty glass toward her husband, who filled it from the shaker. Then she went upstairs. Mr. Lawton remained in the room, and, studying her father closely, Amy saw that his tense look had begun to soften. He did not seem so unhappy any more, and as she passed him on her way to the kitchen, he smiled at her tenderly and patted her on the top of the head.

When Amy had finished her supper, eaten her popsicle, and exploded the bag it came in, she returned to the piano and played "Chopsticks" for a while. Her father came downstairs in his evening clothes, put his drink on the mantelpiece, and went to the French doors to look at his terrace and his garden. Amy noticed that the transformation that had begun with a softening of his features was even more advanced. At last, he seemed happy. Amy wondered if he was drunk, although his walk was not unsteady. If anything, it was more steady.

Her parents never achieved the kind of rolling, swinging gait that she saw impersonated by a tightrope walker in the circus each year while the band struck up "Show Me the Way to Go Home" and that she liked to imitate herself sometimes. She liked to turn round and round and round on the lawn, until, staggering and a little sick, she would whoop "I'm drunk! I'm a drunken man!" and reel over the grass, righting herself as she was about to fall and finding herself not unhappy at having lost for a second her ability to see the world. But she had never seen her parents like that. She had never seen them hanging on to a lamppost and singing and reeling, but she had seen them fall down. They were never indecorous—they seemed to get more decorous and formal the more they drank—but sometimes her father would get up to fill everybody's glass and he would walk straight enough but his shoes would seem to stick to the carpet. And sometimes, when he got to the dining-room door, he would miss it by a foot or more. Once, she had seen him walk into the wall with such force that he collapsed onto the floor and broke most of the glasses he was carrying. One or two people laughed, but the laughter was not general or hearty, and most of them pretended that he had not fallen down at all. When her father got to his feet, he went right on to the bar as if nothing had happened. Amy had once seen Mrs. Farquarson miss the chair she was about to sit in, by a foot, and thump down onto the floor, but nobody laughed then, and they pretended that Mrs. Farquarson hadn't fallen down at all. They seemed like actors in a play. In the school play, when you knocked over a paper tree you were supposed to pick it up without showing what you were doing, so that you would not spoil the illusion of being in a deep forest, and that was the way *they* were when somebody fell down.

Now her father had that stiff, funny walk that was so different from the way he tramped up and down the station



"You're a very stupid dog!"

platform in the morning, and she could see that he was looking for something. He was looking for his drink. It was right on the mantelpiece, but he didn't look there. He looked on all the tables in the living room. Then he went out onto the terrace and looked there, and then he came back into the living room and looked on all the tables again. Then he went back onto the terrace, and then back over the living-room tables, looking three times in the same place, although he was always telling her to look intelligently when she lost her sneakers or her raincoat. "Look for it, Amy," he was always saying. "Try and remember where you left it. I can't buy you a new raincoat every time it rains." Finally he gave up and poured himself a cocktail in another glass. "I'm going to get Mrs. Henlein," he told Amy, as if this were an important piece of information.

Amy's only feeling for Mrs. Henlein was indifference, and when her father returned with the sitter, Amy thought of the nights, stretching into weeks—the years, almost—when she had been cooped up with Mrs. Henlein. Mrs. Henlein was very polite and was always telling Amy what was ladylike and what was not. Mrs. Henlein also always wanted to know where Amy's parents were going and what kind of a party it was, although it was none of her business. She always sat down on the sofa as if she owned the place, and talked about people she had never even been introduced to, and asked Amy to bring her the newspaper, although she had no authority at all.

When Marcia Lawton came down, Mrs. Henlein wished her good evening. "Have a lovely party," she called after the Lawtons as they went out the door. Then she turned to Amy. "Where are your parents going, sweetheart?"

"I don't know," Amy said.

"But you must know, sweetheart. Put on your thinking cap and try and remember. Are they going to the club?"

"No," Amy said.

"I wonder if they could be going to the Trenchers'," Mrs. Henlein said. "The Trenchers' house was lighted up when we came by."

"They're not going to the Trenchers'," Amy said. "They hate the Trenchers."

"Well, where are they going, sweetheart?" Mrs. Henlein asked.

"They're going to the Farquarsons'," Amy said.

"Well, that's all I wanted to know, sweetheart," Mrs. Henlein said. "Now get me the newspaper and hand it to me politely. *Politely*," she said, as Amy approached her with the paper. "It don't mean anything when you do things for your elders unless you do them politely." She put on her glasses and began to read the paper.

Amy went upstairs to her room. In a glass on her table were the Japanese flowers that Rosemary had brought her, blooming stalely in water that was colored pink from the dyes. Amy went down the back stairs and through the kitchen into the dining room. Her father's cocktail things were spread over the bar. She emptied the gin bottle into the pantry sink and then put it back where she had found it. It was too late to ride her bicycle and too early to go to bed, and she knew that if she got anything interesting on the television, like a murder, Mrs. Henlein would make her turn it off. Then she remembered that her father had brought her home from his trip West a book about horses, and she ran cheerfully up the back stairs to read her new book.

IT was after two when the Lawtons returned. Mrs. Henlein, asleep on the living-room sofa dreaming about a dusty attic, was awakened by their voices in the hall. Marcia Lawton paid her, and thanked her, and asked if anyone had called, and then went upstairs. Mr. Lawton was in the dining room, rattling the bottles around. Mrs. Henlein, anxious to get into her own bed and back to sleep, prayed that he wasn't going to pour himself another drink, as they so often did. She was driven home night after night by drunken gentlemen. He stood in the door of the dining room, holding an empty bottle in his hand. "You must be stinking, Mrs. Henlein," he said.

"Hmm," she said. She didn't understand.

"You drank a full quart of gin," he said.

The lacklustre old woman—half between wakefulness and sleep—gathered together her bones and groped for her gray hair. It was in her nature to collect stray cats, pile the bathroom up to the ceiling with interesting and valuable newspapers, rouge, talk to herself, sleep in her underwear in case of fire, quarrel over the price of soup bones, and have it circulated around the neighborhood that when she finally died in her dusty junk heap, the mattress would be full of bankbooks and the pillow stuffed with hundred-dollar bills. She had resisted all these rich temptations in order to appear a lady, and she was repaid by being called a common thief. She began to scream at him.

"You take that back, Mr. Lawton! You take back every one of those words you just said! I never stole anything in my whole life, and nobody in my family ever stole anything, and I don't have to stand here and be insulted by a drunk man. Why, as for drinking, I haven't drunk enough to fill an eyeglass for twenty-five years. Mr. Henlein took me to a place of refreshment twenty-five years ago, and I drink two Manhattan cocktails that made me so sick and dizzy that I've never liked the stuff ever since. How dare you speak to me like this! Calling me a thief and a drunken woman! Oh, you disgust me—you disgust me in your ignorance of all the trouble I've had. Do you know what I had for Christmas dinner last year? I had a bacon sandwich. Son of a bitch!" She began to weep. "I'm glad I said it!"

IN DEFENSE OF MYSTICS

Men can be taught. But those adroit in living
Search for a truth as different from learning
As simple kindness from routine forgiving,
As heat is different from and more than burning.

Beyond mere seeing, they desire discerning,
And may discern what they may never see—
Despite all stillborn certainties, returning
To things impossible that yet must be.

For something that they never could have proved,
And that it was not in their power to test,
Was always with them. And it lived and moved,
Compelled them and possessed them and obsessed,

Till they who had been blind and reason-ridden
Learned their reality from what lay hidden.

—LEONARD BACON

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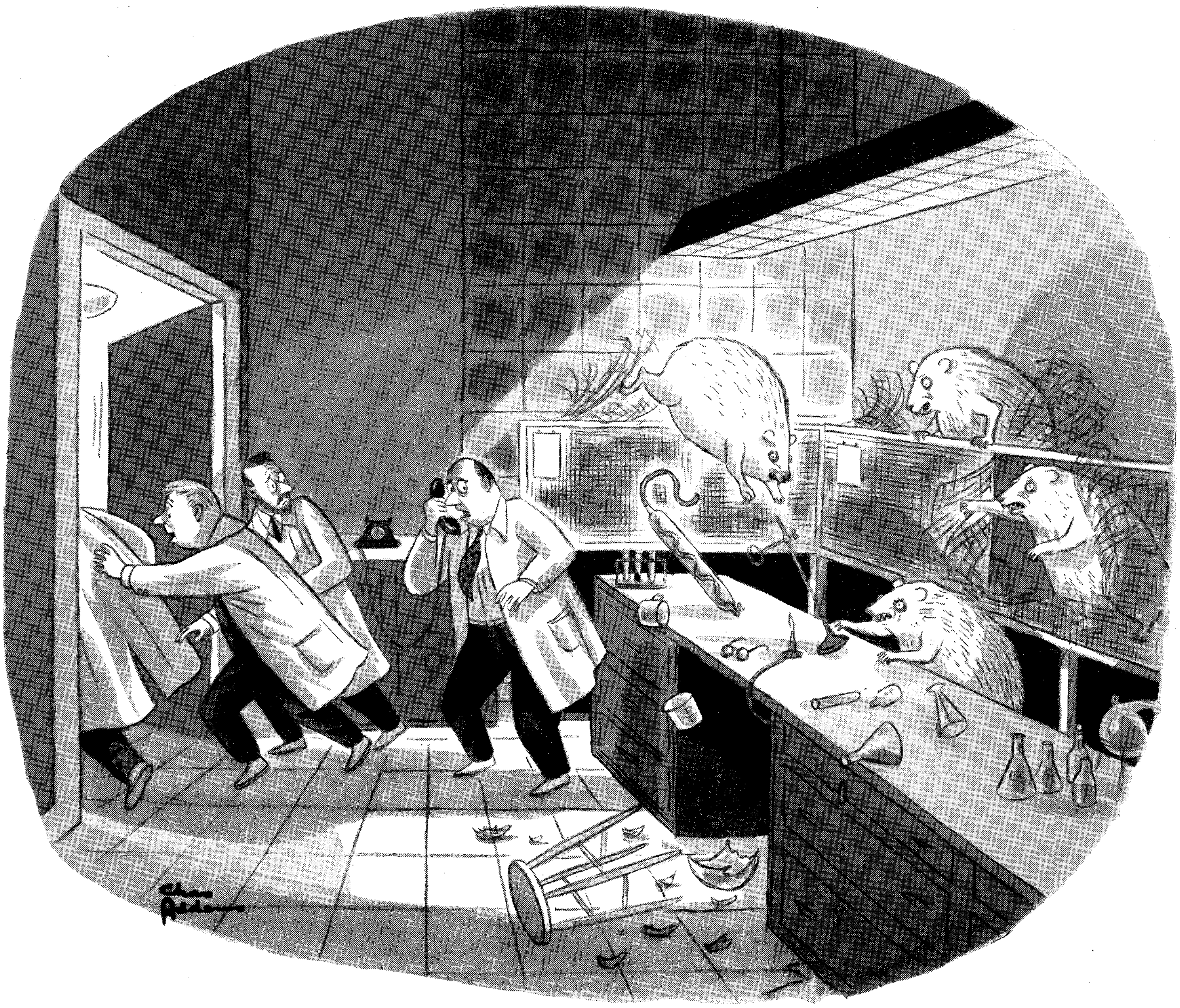


"Sanders speaking. Stop all production on XP15, recall all shipments, wire every doctor in the country, and hurry!"

• •

she screamed. "It's the first time I've used a dirty word in my whole life and I'm glad I said it. Son of a bitch!" A sense of liberation, as if she stood at the bow of a great ship, came over her. "I lived in this neighborhood my whole life. I can remember when it was full of good farming people and there was fish in the rivers. My father had four acres of sweet meadowland and a name that was known far and wide, and on my mother's side I'm descended from patroons, Dutch nobility. My mother was the spit and image of Queen Wilhelmina. You think you can get away with insulting me, but you're very, very, very much mistaken." She went to the telephone and, picking up the receiver, screamed, "Police! Police! Police! This is Mrs. Henlein, and I'm over at the Lawtons'. He's drunk, and he's calling me insulting names, and I want you to come over here and arrest him!"

The voices woke Amy, and, lying in her bed, she perceived vaguely the pitiful corruption of the adult world; how crude and frail it was, like a piece of worn burlap, patched with stupidities and mistakes, useless and ugly, and yet they never saw its worthlessness, and when you pointed it out to them, they were indignant. But as the voices went on and she heard the cry "Police! Police!" she was frightened. She did not see how they could arrest her, although they could find her fingerprints on the empty bottle, but it was not her own danger that frightened her but the collapse, in the middle of the night, of her father's house. It was all her fault, and when she heard her father speaking into the extension telephone in the library, she felt sunk in guilt. Her father tried to be good and kind—oh, she knew he never meant to be anything else—and, remembering the expensive illustrated book about horses that he had brought her from the West, she had to set her teeth to keep from crying. She covered her head with a pillow and realized miserably that she would have to go away. She had plenty of friends from the time when they used to live in New York, or she could spend the night in the Park or hide in a museum. She would have to go away.

"GOOD morning," her father said at breakfast. "Ready for a good day!" Cheered by the swelling light in the sky, by the recollection of the manner in which he had handled Mrs. Henlein and kept the police from coming, refreshed by his sleep, and pleased at the thought of playing golf, Mr. Lawton spoke with feeling, but the words seemed to Amy offensive and fatuous; they took away her appetite, and she slumped over her cereal bowl, stirring it with a spoon. "Don't slump, Amy," he said. Then she remembered the night, the screaming, the resolve to go. His cheerfulness refreshed her memory. Her decision was settled. She had a ballet lesson at ten, and she was going to have lunch with Lillian Towele. Then she would leave.

Children prepare for a sea voyage with a toothbrush and a Teddy bear; they equip themselves for a trip around the world with a pair of odd socks, a conch shell, and a thermometer; books and stones and peacock feathers, candy bars, tennis balls, soiled handkerchiefs, and skeins of old string appear to them to be the necessities of travel, and Amy packed, that afternoon, with the impulsiveness of her kind. She was late coming home from lunch, and her getaway was delayed, but she didn't mind. She could catch one of the late-afternoon locals; one of the cooks' trains. Her father was playing golf and her mother was off somewhere. A part-time worker was cleaning the living room. When Amy had finished packing, she went into her parents' bathroom and flushed the toilet. While the water murmured, she took a twenty-dollar bill from her mother's desk. Then she went downstairs and left the house and walked around Blenhollow Circle and down Alewives Lane to the station. No regrets or goodbyes formed in her mind. She went over the names of the friends she had in the city, in case she decided not to spend the night in a museum. When she opened the door of the waiting room, Mr. Flanagan, the stationmaster, was poking his coal fire. "It's Amy Lawton," he said, without turning around.

"Yes."

"You know," he said, "I *felt* it was you. You never come in here, do you, except to get some gum out of the machine and get weighed, and yet just as I was poking my fire, it came to my mind that Amy Lawton was going to step into the waiting room. It's second sight. I can feel things before they happen."

"I want to buy a ticket to New York," Amy said.

"One-way or round-trip?"

"One-way, please."

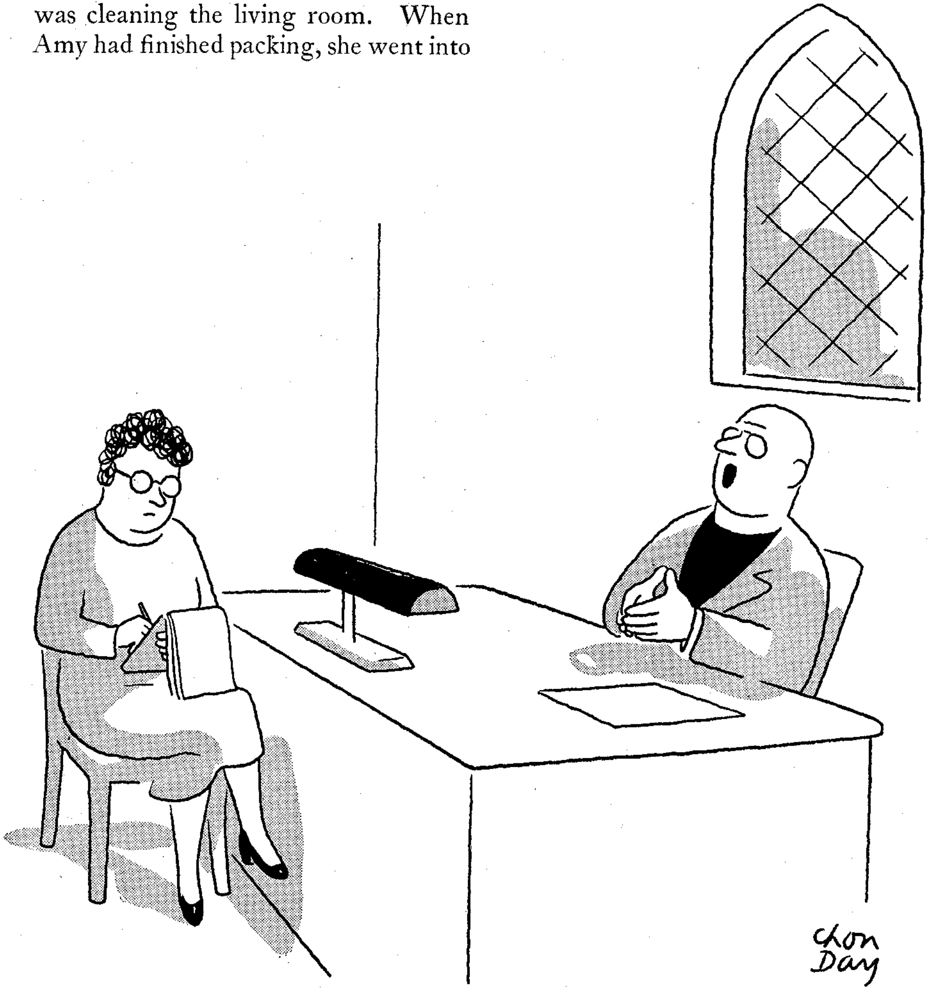
Mr. Flanagan went through the door into the ticket office and raised the glass window. "I'm afraid I haven't got a half-fare ticket for you, Amy," he said. "I'll have to write one."

"That's all right," she said. She put the twenty-dollar bill on the counter.

"And in order to change that," he said, "I'll have to go over to the other side. Here's the four-thirty-two coming in now, but you'll be able to get the five-ten." She didn't protest, and went and sat beside her cardboard suitcase, which was printed with European hotel and place names. When the local had come and gone, Mr. Flanagan shut his glass window and walked over the footbridge to the northbound platform and called the Lawtons'. Mr. Lawton had just come in from his game and was mixing himself a cocktail. "I think your daughter's planning to take some kind of a trip," Mr. Flanagan said.

It was dark by the time Mr. Lawton got down to the station. He saw his daughter through the station window. The girl sitting on the bench, the rich names on her paper suitcase, touched him as it was in her power to touch him only when she seemed helpless or when she was very sick. Someone had walked over his grave! He shivered with longing, he felt his skin coarsen as when, driving home late and alone, a shower of leaves on the wind crossed the beam of his headlights, liberating him for a second at the most from the literal symbols of his life—the buttonless shirts, the vouchers and bank statements, the order blanks, and the empty glasses. He seemed to listen—God knows for what. Commands, drums, the crackle of signal fires, the music of the glockenspiel—how sweet it sounds on the Alpine air—singing from a tavern in the pass, the honking of wild swans; he seemed to smell the salt air in the churches of Venice. Then, as it was with the leaves, the power of her figure to trouble him was ended; his gooseflesh vanished. He was himself. Oh, why should she want to run away? Travel—and who knew better than a man who spent three days of every fortnight on the road—was a world of overheated plane cabins and repetitious magazines, where even the coffee, even the champagne, tasted of plastics. How could he teach her that home sweet home was the best place of all?

—JOHN CHEEVER



"I seem to see a few doubtful expressions out there. Well, permit me to elaborate . . ."

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It was in a hotel over in Minneapolis that the man shot himself, some years back. Miller was night clerk and the call came about 6 P.M.

"We got the room cleaned up and sold it again that night," he chuckled.—*Mid-West Hotel Reporter.*

Oh, these merry Bonifaces!

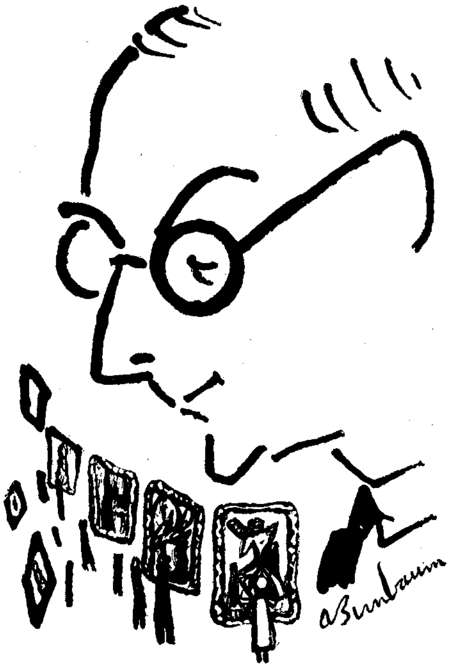
PROFILES

ACTION ON WEST FIFTY-THIRD STREET—I

THE world center, institutionally speaking, of the modern movement in the fine and applied arts is the Museum of Modern Art, which was founded here in 1929, and since 1939 has had its own six-story building on West Fifty-third Street, a few doors down from the gray Gothic intricacies of St. Thomas Church. Designed in the "international" style of modern architecture, which the Museum has done much to popularize in this country, the structure is predominantly white and flat on the outside and rather more bright, warm, and sumptuous inside—a glass-and-chrome-and-colored-marble surprise package that may contain anything from a Picasso to a Pierce-Arrow, a Matisse to a potato masher, so long as it is in the modern style. Behind the Museum, as a memorial to one of its most loyal and generous supporters, is the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden, a spacious area extending to Fifty-fourth Street and containing a few trees, two square puddles, some statuary, and a great expanse of white marble pavement. "The entire place is a veritable oasis in the drab, gray city," a Tokyo magazine commented recently. "The bright and airy atmosphere does wonders for the tired mind. The works of art are springs of life to those who must live a colorless routine." Many Americans, it would seem, agree. About half a million admission tickets, at sixty cents each, are bought each year, and in addition there are some sixteen thousand members and perhaps four thousand art students—both groups get in free—who come and go constantly. During the war, the Museum was so popular with soldiers and sailors, who also get in free, that the New York Defense Recreation Center ranked it fourth in a list of the city's ten chief tourist attractions, the first three being at that time the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, and Rockefeller Center. The sixth was the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The director of the Museum of Modern Art is René d'Harnoncourt, a six-foot-six Austrian nobleman who is one of this country's leading experts on primitive art and on museum exhibition techniques. The chairman of the Museum is John Hay Whitney, who is the son of Payne Whitney, who when he died in 1927 left the biggest estate ($179,000,000) that had up to then been appraised for inheritance taxes. The president of the Museum is William Armistead Moale Burden, who is the great-great-grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt and the grandson of Hamilton McK. Twombly. The director of collections of the Museum is Alfred H. Barr, Jr., who is the son of the late Reverend Alfred H. Barr, a professor of homiletics. Shy, frail, low of voice, and scholarly of mien, the austerity of his beak-nosed, bespectacled face relieved only by the kind of secret smile one sees on archaic Greek statues or on the carefully locked features of a psychoanalyst, Barr, at fifty-one, is at once the spirit and the embodiment of the Museum, much as he was in 1929, when, at twenty-seven, he became its first director—a position he held for fourteen years. "The pituitary gland has a very profound influence on the growth of the body," A. Conger Goodyear, the collector, who was president of the Museum during its first ten years, observed in 1939. "The skeleton cannot prosper without it and when its activity is diminished, this leads to obesity and mental defects. Our pituitary gland is called Alfred Barr." Others have called Barr the soul of the Museum—Descartes, it may be recalled, located the soul in the pituitary—and surely, if an institution can have a soul, Barr is it.

The Museum of Modern Art is dedicated to what Barr has termed "the conscientious, continuous, resolute distinction of quality from mediocrity," and by no means only in the fine arts. Its staff continuously evaluates everything with such conscientious resolution that one of its catalogues praised "a cheese-slicer of rough but noble beauty," another prefaced a show of cash registers, electric toasters, gasoline pumps, and similar artifacts with quotations from Plato and Aquinas, and a third, describing a display of automobiles, defined them as, essentially, "hollow, rolling sculpture"—a flight that caused such distress among both sculptors and car owners that a notice was posted at a subsequent automobile show reading, "Automobiles are not expected to achieve the spiritual insight characteristic of sculpture." In the same spirit, a recent book on architecture published by the Museum describes a house designed by Mies van der Rohe as "a quantity of air caught between a floor and a roof," which is elucidated into "absolute Platonic architectural space, serenely independent of the transitional emotional values." And Barr himself has resolutely discerned in the paintings of Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, William Baziotes, and other members of the Abstract-Expressionist school "a high degree of spontaneity, even automatism, and some dependence on accident." If one feels that a certain air of insubstantiality hovers over all these judgments, the impression is not weakened by some rather casual administrative methods. The Museum has not got around to publishing an annual report since 1948, it lacks at the moment both a treasurer and a secretary, and all checks are signed by Allen Porter, the assistant secretary, who also sells postcards and answers questions in the main lobby during the afternoon rush.



Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Such an impression would, however, be mistaken. Not only has the Museum in its quarter century of almost phrenetic activity exerted a unique influence on public taste, the study and teaching of art, and the practices of other museums, but it is, from a purely business point of view, a most substantial enterprise. It carries its net worth on its books at $7,577,000, chiefly represented by $3,546,000 for its site and building, $2,353,000 for its library and collections, and $1,617,000 for its endowment fund. Its budget runs around a million dollars a year. Two-thirds of this goes to pay its hundred and eighty-five employees, and approximately the same proportion of its income is derived from its own operations. Not the least substantial aspect of the Museum is its board of trustees, which includes, or has included, such great business names as Crane (Mrs. W. Murray), Field (Marshall), Ford (the late Edsel), Guggenheim (Mrs. Simon), Lewisohn (the late Sam A.), Rockefeller (Nelson, David, Mrs. John D., III, and the late Mrs. John D., Jr.), Warburg (Edward M. M.), and Whitney (John Hay). Many an art dealer and museum curator elsewhere has soothed the savage breast of some local magnate, suspicious of "all this modernistic stuff," with a significant reference to names like these, redolent of solid wealth; few Americans care to argue with a hundred million dollars. Collectors constitute the other main category into which the trustees fall, and these, who would be considered rich by any standard except that of the first category, include, or have included, Stephen C. Clark, Chester Dale, A. Conger Goodyear, Duncan Phillips, Paul J. Sachs, James Thrall Soby, and the late Lillie P. Bliss. Also among the trustees are, or have been, Walt Disney; Henry and Clare Luce; Henry Allen Moe, of the Guggenheim Foundation; William S. Paley, of Columbia Broadcasting; Wallace K. Harrison, who designed the United Nations Building; Philip L. Goodwin, who, with Edward D. Stone, designed the Museum's own building; and the inevitable Beardsley Ruml. There has been at least one art dealer on the board, the late Lord Duveen of Milbank, but never a painter, modern or otherwise. On occasion, the trustees have suffered much in the cause of modern art. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was depicted in a 1934 show crouching behind sandbags and machine-gunning some noble-looking proletarians; the machine-gunner's son Nelson not only uttered no protest but made a personal call on J. P. Morgan to assure him that the proximity of *his* likeness to that of a chorus girl in another mural was merely artistic license. The torments that Lord Duveen, who liked modern art as little as he dealt in it, endured in the service of the Museum may be imagined; he relieved his feelings at board meetings by making elaborate doodles, which his more advanced colleagues insisted were examples of pure Cubism.

The trustees of the Museum of Modern Art have always played a more active and more important part in the affairs of the institution than do the trustees of most museums. To some extent, this is because so many of them have been ardent collectors themselves, whose enthusiasms and prejudices, in a field where aesthetic values are so unstable, have naturally affected the Museum's policies. But mainly it is because the Museum, which gets no public funds and has never had an endowment income that covered more than a fifteenth of its expenses, has always been more dependent on its trustees' financial backing than an institution like, say, the Metropolitan. In the early years, the trustees financed the Museum of Modern Art almost entirely. Besides making generous annual gifts for running expenses—as late as 1944, the Rockefellers were reportedly giving $100,000 a year and Stephen Clark $25,000—they raised an initial endowment of $630,000 (mostly out of their own pockets), provided the funds to erect the present building, on a site donated by the Rockefellers, and have given the Museum—either directly or by providing

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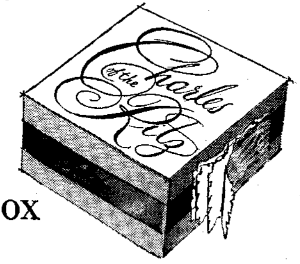

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In all candor, we must admit that this is not a good sales talk. This ingenious manufacturer would do much better to advertise in a magazine that had some influence with pigeons and first build some brand consciousness among the birds, themselves.

In the publishing business, influence is a more precious commodity than almost anything else, including circulation. And while we're happy to have more businessmen reading Nation's Business than read any other executive or newsmagazine, we're happier still that we rate so high with them; that we cause them to pause, to think, consider, plan and to make decisions. This happens every day of the week. We get phone calls, letters, wires, checks for renewals, orders for reprints. And this is how we know.

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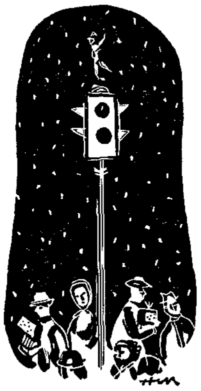
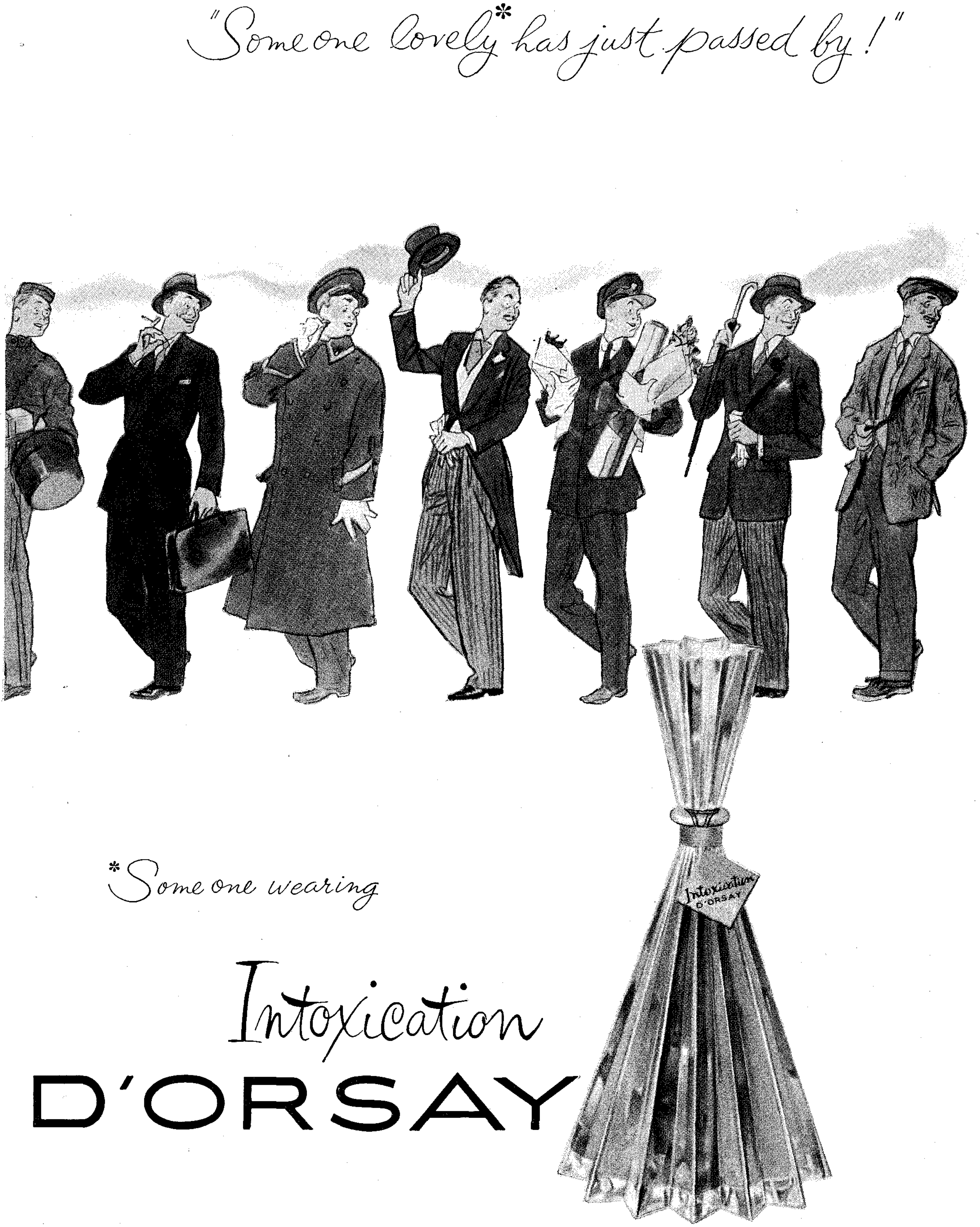
funds for their purchase—by far the greater part of the paintings and sculptures in its permanent collection. Of late, the Museum has made itself less dependent on contributions, but the trustees still supply most of the third of the budget that its operations do not meet; last year they gave $192,000 to the Museum, as compared to $44,000 given by people who were not trustees. In recent years, the Museum has received two large bequests. One, amounting to $400,000, was left to it by Grace Rainey Rogers, a trustee and benefactor of the Museum, and was used to build a six-story annex to the main structure. (Her name, incidentally, appears twice on the list of patrons emblazoned in silver letters on the marble wall of the lobby of the original building—once as Mrs. Rainey Rogers and once as Grace Rainey Rogers. After her bequest was made public, a grateful but not too observant staff member had the second name added to the roster.) And in 1950 the Museum was pleasantly surprised when the lawyers for the estate of Jessie Wills Post notified it that Miss Post, who had been a $12.50-a-year member but was known to none of the trustees or staff members (a guard recognized her from a photograph as a frequent visitor, though), had left the Museum $600,000.



THE flourishing of the Museum is part of the remarkable success story of modern art, a rags-to-riches drama that Horatio Alger, Jr., himself might have flinched from as implausible. The statistics are familiar and impressive: van Gogh's lifetime earnings of $109 from all his paintings; Renoir's "Mussel Gatherers" selling to a Paris dealer for $100 in 1879 and to Dr. Albert C. Barnes in 1942 for $175,000; the young Degas selling "Danseuse à la Barre" for $100 and the old Degas seeing it bring $100,000; Picasso sending a group of abstract drawings in 1912 to Steiglitz, who succeeded in selling only one of them—for $12, or about one one-hundredth of what a Picasso drawing costs today; the Montross Gallery showing thirty van Goghs in 1920 with no sale; Seurat's "La Grande Jatte" selling at his death, in 1891, for $200 and being bought in 1926 for $25,000 for the Art Institute of Chicago, which five years later refused $450,000 for it. The Museum of Modern Art is related to this inspirational drama as both effect and cause. It couldn't have got the backing it did or attracted the public it has unless it had been launched just as the wave of American interest in modern art was building up; at the same time, its own adroit promotional activities have pushed the wave higher. Barr's money-raising strategy in the Museum's infancy was based partly on the foregoing statistics. "This is beginning to have a rather mercenary tone," he said apologetically to a group of activists whom he was briefing in 1934 for an assault on the plumper local bank accounts. "But the question of the increase of value in modern pictures is very important, especially if you, as salesmen, are going to talk over the desks of businessmen who may not be interested in modern pictures but who certainly are interested in an increase in value of two hundred thousand per cent."

Another reason for the Museum's success is that it filled a local vacuum. In 1931, fourteen European cities had museums devoted exclusively to modern art, as compared to one—the Museum—in this country, and sixty-six European museums, half of them in Germany, had special galleries of modern art, as compared to twelve over here. The vacuum was most vacuous in New York—or, rather, in Manhattan. By the end of the twenties, museums in places like Buffalo, Worcester, and even Brooklyn had modern sections, whereas the Metropolitan had almost nothing—a Cézanne, a Redon, and a few prints and drawings by Gauguin, Matisse, and others—and gloried in its poverty. When John Quinn, the great New York collector, died, in 1924, he left the most important picture in his collection, Seurat's "Le Cirque," to the Louvre, because he felt it would be received there more hospitably than at the Metropolitan. In contrast, the Art Institute of Chicago gave space in the early twenties to the shows of modern art that were got up by the Chicago Arts Club, and a little later welcomed with ample gallery space the Birch-Bartlett Collection of Post-Impressionist French art. (New York's historic 1913 Armory Show of modern art did not have to roost in an armory when it reached Chicago; it was installed right in the Art Institute.) Today, the Metropolitan is still poor in modern art, although it no longer finds much glory in that fact, while its opposite number in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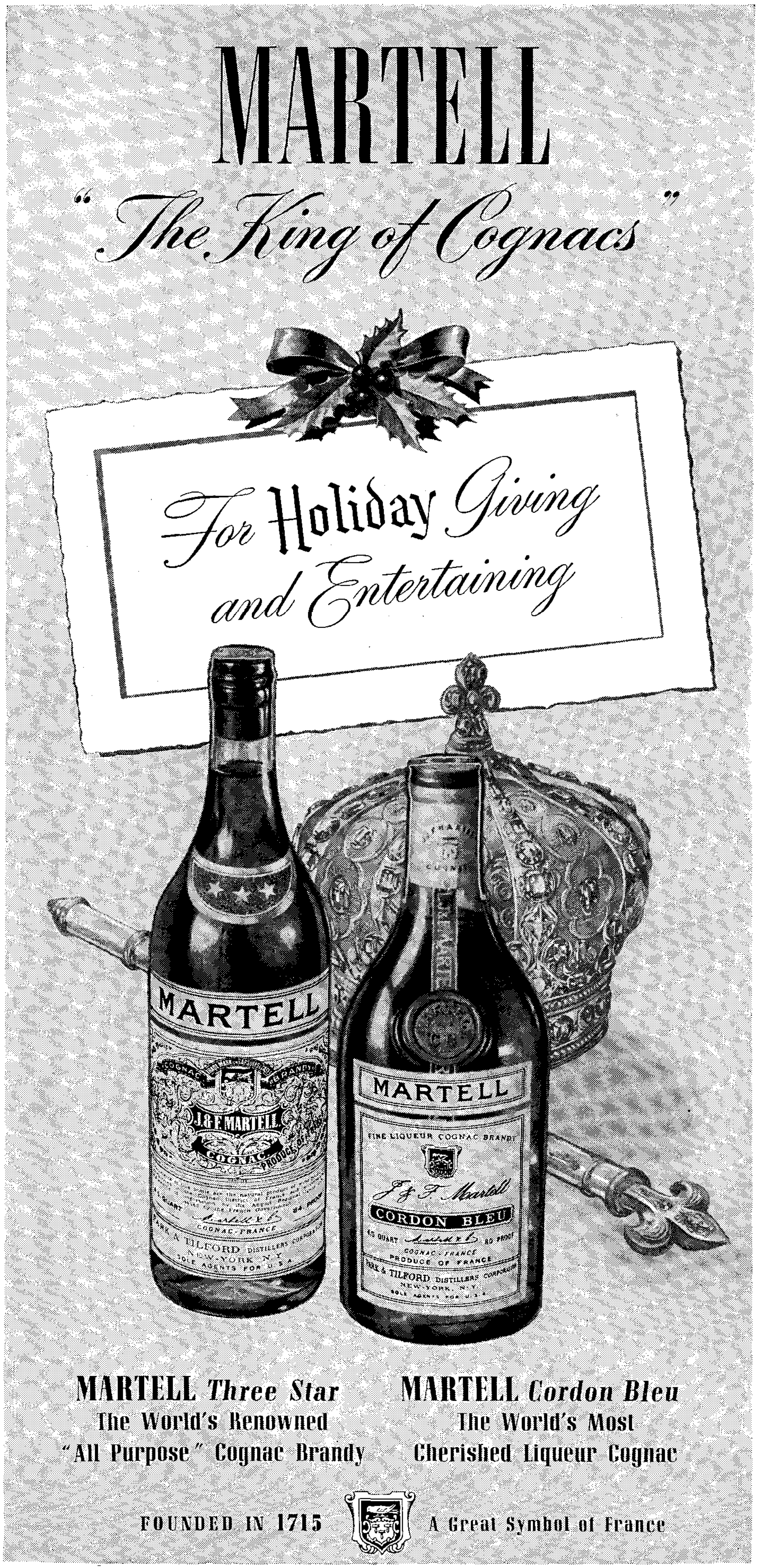
TWENTY YEARS ago the doleful disciples of Thorstein Veblen put it about that any man who dared to wear a silk shirt was an enemy of the people. Piffle. The fact is that any man who can afford silk shirts is a dunderhead if he doesn't wear them. Indeed, HATHAWAY has discovered that the silk shirt is a reward to which all normal careerists secretly aspire. You can buy HATHAWAY silk shirts for as little as $15.00. They come in every imaginable kind of silk, all pre-shrunk and washable. Swiss shantungs, pongees, Japanese fugis, tussahs, French jacquards. Foulards from Aldwinckle in England. Checks from the great James White in Scotland. HATHAWAY shirts of this quality don't grow on every tree. For the name of your store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In New York, tel. MUrray Hill 9-4157.

Chicago is a leading center of modern as well as traditional art. Walter Pach, in "The Art Museum in America," calls the Museum of Modern Art "the greatest mistake the Metropolitan ever made."

The operative word in the Museum's name is "Modern." The dictionary defines the adjective as meaning "characteristic of the present and recent times; new-fashioned; not antiquated or obsolete. . . . " "Contemporary," on the other hand, is defined as "living, occurring, or existing at the same period of time." Herein lies the distinction between the Museum of Modern Art and the new neighbor it will soon acquire, the Whitney Museum of American Art, whose criterion is simply chronological—*anything* produced since 1900. To the Museum, then, "modern" is a value term. But what values does it represent? In 1931, Barr attempted a definition: "Modern art is a relative, elastic term that serves conveniently to designate painting, sculpture, architecture, and the lesser visual arts, original and progressive in character, produced especially within the last three decades but including also the 'pioneer ancestors' of the nineteenth century." This is clear enough, provided one knows what is meant by "original" and "progressive," but as time goes on and the various styles of modern art become more and more solidly entrenched, the originality becomes less and less evident, while as for "progressive," the natural question is "Progressive toward what?" Deponent sayeth not. Ten years later, a wiser, if not a sadder, man, Barr admitted, "The truth is that modern art cannot be defined with any degree of finality, in either time or character." Perhaps the most that can be said is that from the Museum's standpoint "modern" represents a prejudice in favor of the new and against the traditional. In any event, "modern" is a fighting word—a battle cry that has a stirring ring to some, a leaden sound to others. It is also, quite literally, a shibboleth. As the Gileadites at the ford of Jordan detected the beaten Ephraimites by making them pronounce the word "shibboleth," which they could get no closer to than "sibboleth," so the partisans of modern art recognize their enemies by their inability to resist adding "-ist" or "-istic" to the adjective. So highly charged, indeed, is the word "modern" that in 1948 the Institute of Modern Art of Boston, which was an outgrowth of the Museum of Modern Art, changed its name to the Institute of Contemporary Art, explaining that "so-called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'modern' art" had given rise to "a cult of bewilderment and double-talk."

The cultural climate in which modern art and its Museum exist is tropical, superheated by controversy, blazing with broad affirmations and equally sweeping denunciations, shimmering under the hot sun of the absolute. The poet Wallace Stevens described this landscape in a talk he gave at the Museum three years ago:

> One of the characteristics of modern art is that it is uncompromising. In this it resembles modern politics and perhaps it would appear on study, including a study of the rights of man and of women's hats and dresses, that everything modern or, possibly, merely new is, in the nature of things, uncompromising. . . . One of the de Goncourts said that nothing in the world hears as many silly things said as a picture in a museum, and in thinking about that remark one has to bear in mind that in the days of the de Goncourts there was no such thing as a museum of modern art. A really modern definition of modern art, instead of making concessions, fixes limits which grow smaller and smaller as time passes and more often than not come to include one man alone, just as if there should be scrawled across the façade of the building in which we now are the words *Cézanne delineavit.* Another characteristic of modern art is that it is plausible. It has a reason for everything. Even the lack of a reason becomes a reason. Picasso expresses surprise that people should ask what a picture means, and says that pictures are not intended to have meanings. This explains everything. Still another characteristic of modern art is that it is bigoted. Every painter who can be defined as a modern painter becomes, by virtue of that definition, a freeman of the world of art and hence the equal of any other modern painter. We recognize that they differ one from another, but in any event they are not to be judged except by other modern painters.

Of the twenty or so American museums that have important collections of modern art, a few—the Art Institute of Chicago, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Phillips Gallery, in Washington, and the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, in New York—are outstanding. The Museum of Modern Art is unique. Other museums are stronger in particular artists or schools, but none has anything like so broadly representative a collection. The Museum's own evaluation of its possessions is that "taken as a whole, the twentieth century [collection] of painting and sculpture [is] probably unsurpassed anywhere in the world, though the French painting of the early years of the century is better seen both in Moscow and in the Barnes Foundation." (The references are to the Russians' Museum of Modern Western Art, which houses the great Shchukin and Morozov collections, and to the collection of the late Dr. Albert C. Barnes, in Merion, Pennsylvania. Neither the Moscow display nor the one in Merion has been open to the public for years, the former for obvious *raisons d'état*, the latter for reasons personal to Dr. Barnes. The Moscow collection may soon be reopened, but Dr. Barnes' widow continues to exclude the public and most scholars, including Barr.) As of January 30, 1953, the Museum's collection consisted of 829 paintings, 210 sculptures, 310 drawings, 4,000 prints, 2,500 photographs, and 670 pieces of furniture, utensils, and other examples of modern design; it was insured for $2,500,000. Occupying the entire second floor and part of the third floor—and even then there is space to show only a small part of it—the collection is the one fairly permanent item, except for its guardian, Barr, to be found on the restless premises of the Museum. "Modern art is as complex a subject as modern science and fluctuates more rapidly," Barr has said. "The museums of modern art function at a rate of speed very different from that of the more sedate museums of historical art." The complexity may be suggested by a far from complete list of modern "isms." There are Impressionism, Neo-Impressionism, and Post-Impressionism. There are Realism, Magic Realism, Romantic Realism, Regional Realism, Surrealism, and Super-Realism. There are Primitivism and Futurism, Objectivism and Non-Objectivism (whose leader, Rodchenko, in schism from Malevich's Suprematism, painted "Black on Black" as a retort to the latter's "White on White"). There are Cubism, Expressionism, Constructivism, Neo-Romanticism, and Dadaism. There are Nuclear Mysticism, founded and practiced solely by Salvador Dali, and Merzism, founded by Kurt Schwitters, who made handsome collages from the contents of wastebaskets. There are Subjectivism and Intra-Subjectivism, not to mention Orphism, Purism, Fauvism, Vorticism, Rayonism, Synchromism, Biomorphism, and Neo-Plasticism.

In the simple old days, an art museum was a dignified place, with columns, that displayed, in an elegant hush, such works of art as it owned. Attendance was, so to speak, optional; the stuff was there, if anybody cared to come and look at it. This passivity has pretty much disappeared, along with the hush. If people are not actually dragged in off the street, as into a Houston Street clothing store, they are lured in by ingenious showmanship and by appeals to appetites that are a lot more mundane than a desire to contemplate works of art. "The American art museum of today is a changed place from the art museum of a decade ago," John D. Forbes wrote in the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism* in 1941. "The cry is for action and novelty. Handicrafts and hobbies are fostered. The frequency and velocity of minor loan exhibitions have increased. Press agents have been hired, committees appointed, and cocktail parties given. Classes of instruction for children and adults have been formed. . . . The Museum of Modern Art has grown up and in a few short years established a sort of factory for the mass production of art 'features,' motion pictures, travelling displays, and quantities of printed matter. Lesser museums in smaller centers have followed its lead. Some have even become virtual satellites of the larger body. . . . The urge to *do* something has been very widespread among museums." Three years later, in *Art News*, Agnes Mongan, of the Fogg Art Museum, at Harvard, wrote about the Museum of Modern Art in somewhat the same strain: "In no other museum in the world has a schedule as heavy as that in 53rd Street been attempted. One can but wonder if it is humanly possible to maintain it." After observing that even though the Museum's staff seemed able to keep up the killing pace, perhaps the public couldn't, and that "there is also a saturation point in the power to consume," Miss Mongan gently suggested, "Might it not be wiser to offer us artistic sustenance at more widely spaced intervals?" This thought frequently, indeed chronically, occurs to the members of the Museum staff; every year they resolve to cut down on shows, and every year they fail to do so. The joint has been jumping for twenty-five years now.

"WHAT is this, a three-ring circus?" a group of artists once asked in a manifesto denouncing the Museum of Modern Art. Their rhetoric was thrice too moderate. The Museum is a nine-ring circus, at least. The traditional function of preserving and displaying its own art works takes up only one ring. In addition, it is a community center, a movie theatre, a library, a publishing house, a school, a provider of shows for other institutions, an arbiter of taste in everything from frying pans to country houses, and, above all, an impresario that every year puts on some twenty all-new productions, with new lighting and scenery and mostly new casts, borrowed from

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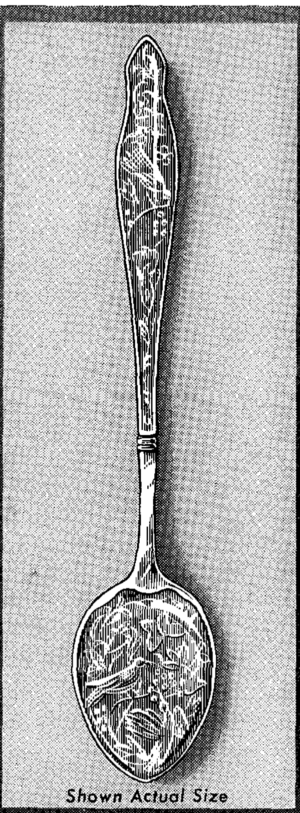

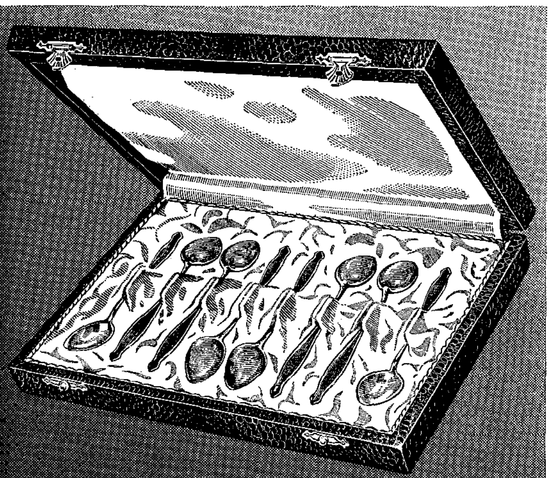

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collectors, dealers, artists, and other museums. As director, or ringmaster, d'Harnoncourt presides over all nine rings, a task that at times strains even his considerable executive and diplomatic resources. He also has to keep an eye on such sideshows as an annual Children's Holiday Carnival; New Talent exhibitions; a line of Christmas cards, of which the front desk sells some hundred thousand a year; gallery talks by a "docent," a peripatetic explicator who walks and talks three times a week; and a Junior Council, energetically headed by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, III, and Mrs. Donald Straus, which gives receptions, put on a series of lectures every winter, and has started a thriving Art Lending Service.

As a community center, the Museum is just about the biggest club in town. Its sixteen thousand members are divided almost equally between residents of New York City, who pay dues of fifteen dollars a year, and non-residents, who pay twelve-fifty. In addition to free admission to the Museum, members get from two to four Museum books a year at no cost to them, as well as invitations to openings. They also have the use of a spacious penthouse atop the building, where light refreshments are served at popular prices (sandwiches—small—ten cents) and where there is a sun deck from which an excellent view of the side of Rockefeller Center may be obtained. Since the Museum is just under five hundred feet away from St. Thomas Church, it is forbidden by a city ordinance to sell liquor on the premises, but an oasis will bloom next spring when the Whitney Museum moves up from Eighth Street to a new building on West Fifty-fourth Street, running back to adjoin the Museum on its northwestern, or secular, side. With the addition of a bar and restaurant, not to mention the Whitney pictures, there will come into being an unrivalled community center for lovers of modern art. The connection between the two museums, by the way, will be only geographical; no merger is involved.

As a movie theatre, the Museum runs off two daily showings of movies in its basement auditorium, which accommodates an audience of five hundred in remarkably comfortable seats. The movies come from its Film Library, which collects, preserves, exhibits, and circulates old American and foreign films of aesthetic or historical importance, and which is unique. Without the Library, it is safe to say, a great many film "classics" would now be lost forever. The Library's ten million feet of films include most of D. W. Griffith's work, Erich von Stroheim's "Greed," Sergei Eisenstein's "Potemkin," Carl-Theodor Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and George Seitz's "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Its Circulating Film Programs have to date gone out to some two thousand customers—mainly clubs, colleges, and film societies. The Library's greatest current problem is raising funds to make new copies of old classics that are about to go to pieces. Richard Griffith, the Library's curator, estimates that in the next five years about a hundred movies in the collection, many of them the only known copies in existence, will have deteriorated beyond repair unless the money can soon be found to make new negatives or master prints, at seven hundred dollars apiece.

On the Museum's fourth floor, supervised by Bernard Karpel, there is the world's biggest library devoted exclusively to modern art. It contains fourteen thousand books, fifteen thousand slides, twenty thousand photographs, and a hundred files of reference clippings, as well as special sections dealing with the movies, ballet, the theatre, and modern architecture and design.

The Museum is famous for its publications, which are presided over by Monroe Wheeler; last year its sales of books, pamphlets, and catalogues amounted to $138,000. In the thirties, Barr developed a style of catalogue that both satisfied the cognoscenti and interested the laity by combining an elegance of format, a scholarly precision, and a richness of data, none of them usual in works on modern art at that time, with a clear, readable style, which was even less usual. The Museum's pioneering catalogues, some of them really books, are still models of how to popularize without vulgarizing. It is said that even French intellectuals were impressed by them. The Museum's varied publications were described a few years ago by *Publishers' Weekly* as "written expressly for simple, democratically-minded people." Together with the circulating exhibitions, they have done much to encourage the teaching of modern art in American colleges. Altogether, the Museum has published a hundred and eighty-three books and pamphlets, ranging from "Douglas Fairbanks" and "American Battle Painting, 1776-1918" to such erudite works as John Rewald's "History of Impressionism," Beaumont Newhall's "History of Photography," and books by Barr on Picasso and Matisse. The two best-sellers have been

Elizabeth B. Mock's "If You Want to Build a House" and Barr's "What Is Modern Painting?," known around the premises as "Wimpy," as his "Painting and Sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art" is known as "Pass It, Moma."

In the role of an educator, the Museum runs the People's Art Center, which occupies two floors of the Rogers annex and offers classes—both day and evening—in painting, sculpture, woodworking, jewelry making, and ceramics. There are three terms a year, each with an attendance of some five hundred adults and seven hundred children. Victor D'Amico has directed the Center since its founding, in 1937, and in its sixteen years of existence it has instructed around ten thousand pupils, in addition to the large but undetermined number of art teachers who have attended its annual four-day conferences on art education. In a sense, of course, the whole Museum is an educational institution. "Underlying all this feverish activity," Forbes wrote in his *Journal of Aesthetics* article, "is the idea that the principal job and justification of the museum of art is Education."

Every year, the Museum packs and ships out some fifty of its famous circulating exhibitions, each of which averages eight showings a season. The exhibits range from "Recent American Woodcuts," at seventy-five dollars for three weeks, to "Built in USA: Post-War Architecture," at three hundred and fifty dollars for three weeks. The department is headed by Porter McCray, and in its first twenty years it has dreamed up 518 exhibitions, which have been shown a total of 6,700 times by 3,350 schools, colleges, museums, clubs, and so on. Its scope has become more global since last fall, when the Rockefeller Brothers' Fund put up $125,000 for a five-year program of exchanging art shows on an international basis. The Museum's first exports were a collection of modern American paintings and sculpture to Paris and one of American water colors to Tokyo, and its first imports were shows of Japanese and Italian architecture.

As an arbiter of taste, the Museum

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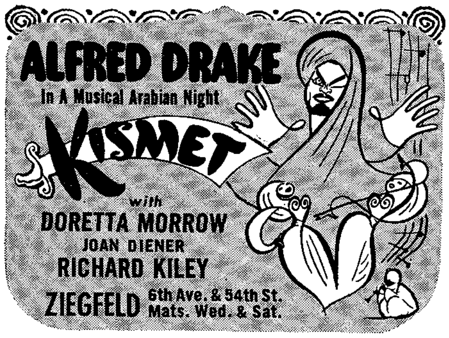
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MUSIC BOX, 239 W. 45 St., N. Y. 36

has had something to say—or, rather, to show—about practically every visual aspect of American life. It started off in this field in 1934, with a display of "machine art," and the aspects it has since covered by means of special exhibits include the American snapshot, children's playgrounds, the films of D. W. Griffith, Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Deployment Unit (a bombproof shelter sleeping six), war posters, advertising art, postage stamps, theatre arts, how children paint, and the Thomas Lamb Wedge-Lock Handle (curved to fit the hand, for use on pots, doors, suitcases, and all other objects requiring handles). It is currently planning a show of public lettering as evidenced in signs like "NO SMOKING," "U.S. POST OFFICE," and "MEN." Behind some of its shows there is an obvious reforming motive, which is sometimes successful, sometimes not. Its subway-art show of 1938, which it put on because it considered the city's subway stations "436 potential underground art galleries" and wanted "to combat an atmosphere which is always lugubrious and occasionally sinister," was a demonstration of experiments in new media for murals "indestructible enough to be suitable for use in subway stations." Nothing came of it. Nor did anything come of the Museum's ingenious "Are Clothes Modern?" show, which made it clear that they are not modern, or beautiful, or rational, or economic, by such devices as a life-size diagram of a man's suit showing how many needless buttons and pockets it has, and models of the female body as it would have looked if it had conformed to the fashions of various periods. On the other hand, the Museum's automobile show of 1951 probably played some part in improving the appearance of our cars from repulsive to so-so. The faint but perceptible "Continental look" of some of the new models may reflect the Museum's influence somewhat. "I think we've helped with pressure for cleaning up car designs, but we haven't been able to lighten the weight of chromium," Barr says. The most spectacular conversion was that of Raymond Loewy. Although at a symposium held in connection with the show, he defended with acerbity his 1950 Studebaker design (which another speaker, Wilder Hobson, an automotive connoisseur, referred to as "the rolling juke box"), he later bought and studied some Italian cars, and his 1953 model shows their chastening influence so strongly that it was the only entirely American car the Museum deemed worthy of a place in its second auto

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Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

show, last October. But the Museum's most effective intervention as an *arbiter elegantiarum* has been in architecture and in home furnishings. Its architecture department has done much to popularize Gropius, Le Corbusier, and Frank Lloyd Wright. And its pre-Christmas exhibitions of utilitarian objects of modern design have influenced the buyers for New York stores. The influence spread in 1950, when the Museum set up a Good Design department, run by Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., to collaborate with the Chicago Merchandise Mart, which is the chief buying center for the country's retailers of home furnishings, in putting on two big shows at the Mart and a smaller one at the Museum—events that have since been repeated yearly.

The ninth ring of the Museum's circus is, like the first, occupied wholly by art, of all things. The Department of Painting and Sculpture is headed by Andrew C. Ritchie, formerly of the Frick Museum and the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, whose "Sculpture of the 20th Century" was recently published by the Museum. He operates as a theatrical producer rather than as a custodian. Most of the Museum's exhibition space is occupied not by its own collection but by shows of borrowed material, and these are presented in galleries that are specially "set," like a stage—a method that was worked out by the Museum in the thirties and that has had a revolutionary effect on other museums. The details of the method are familiar enough today: the movable walls, frequently repainted to meet the color requirements of incoming shows; the lighting devices, as flexible as those in a theatre, and including indirect effects, baby spots, floodlights, and the like; the expository wall captions, giving technical, biographical, and historical information; the asymmetric hanging of pictures according to their historical or other significant relationships rather than, as used to be common museum practice, arranging them symmetrically by size or shape, which Barr feels is like arranging books by the color of their bindings; and, on occasion, the use of mazelike corridors to set the visitor's feet in the direction they should go.

All in all, since its founding the Museum has thought up and put on five hundred and forty-seven shows, whether of art or more prosaic subjects. In 1932, some of the trustees began to worry about the rate at which the staff was using up new ideas, their fear being that it might presently run out of them. Barr reassured the trustees with a memo outlining a ten-year exhibition program. If

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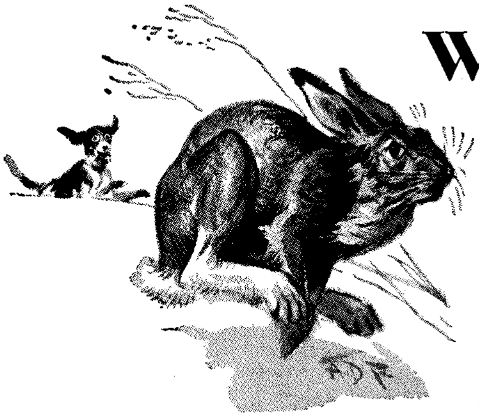

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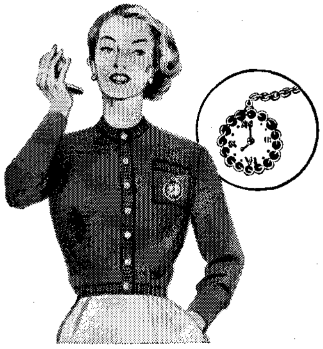

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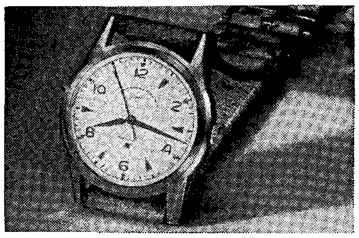

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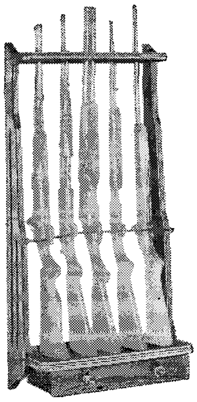

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History directly affecting the prince of wines—Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne—started with those who, following the Revolutionary War, pushed west to the Fire Lands centering around Sandusky, Ohio. At first few ventured to the Bass Islands to the north. History tells of a "Robinson Crusoe" individual known only as "George" who inhabited North Bass over 130 years ago. When he became lonely he would fashion a crude raft and visit the other islands. Later, North Bass quite logically became known as "George's" . . . then Isle St. George. Shortly after the War of 1812 efforts were made to prove the productivity of the soil on the islands. Some settlers hunted and fished . . . some grew grain crops. In 1844 Roswell Nichols, his wife and his brothers-in-law, landed on the shores of Isle St. George and unloaded household effects, farming equipment and Catawba grape cuttings.

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The unforgettable good taste of Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne is always in *good taste*. There is no such thing as the "wrong" wine to serve. The enjoyment and ceremony of wine should be fun and not fancy. Just remember that *in* good company, serve Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne *for* good company. Normally, white table wines, like Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne, are served with seafood, chicken and other white meats . . . but you won't be off the good-taste-base to serve it with heavier and darker foods. "Which wine" is a matter of choice and taste—with Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne it's bound to be good taste! Another Meier's wine, Northern Ohio Mellow Burgundy. Have you tried it?

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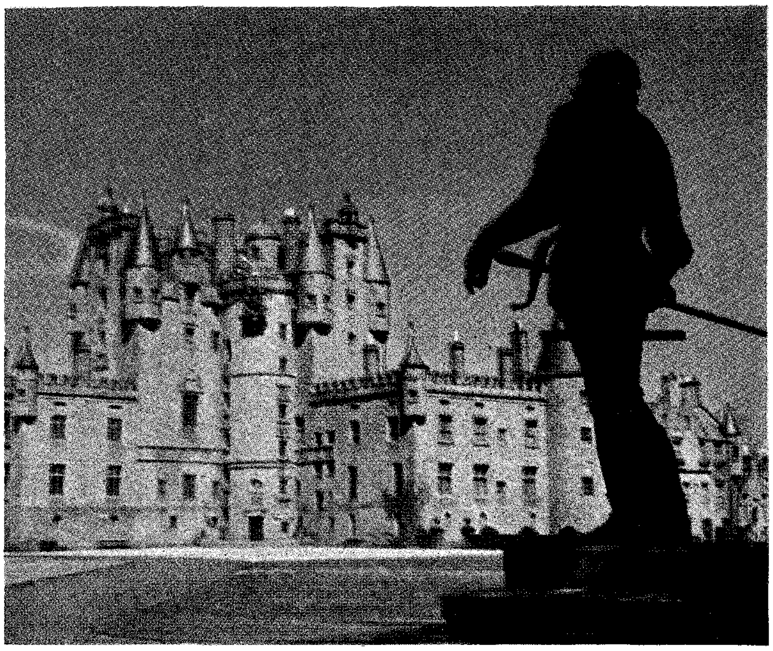
of late there have perhaps been signs of combat fatigue—as when the Museum put on two major Rouault shows within eight years and two automobile shows in three—the wonder is that there have not been more. By no means all the shows the Museum has offered have been of a pioneering or experimental nature. There are the substantial group shows, like the Cézanne-van Gogh-Seurat-Gauguin one with which it opened; one-man shows of masters like Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and Klee; informative surveys, like those of Cubism and abstract art in 1935 and of the Fauves of last year; big general retrospectives, like the Museum's fifteenth-anniversary "Art in Progress" show in 1944; and great primitive-art shows, like "African Negro Art" in 1935, "Arts of the South Seas" in 1946, and "Ancient Arts of the Andes," which will open next month. But there have also been some very odd shows indeed, in which ingenuity sometimes seems mixed with desperation: shows of delphiniums grown by Edward Steichen; of "Large-Scale Modern Painting" (canvases measuring six feet or more in one dimension or the other); of "Objects As Subjects" (still-lifes); of "Mystery in Paint" (mysterious things); of "The Animal Kingdom in Modern Art;" and of "The Most Beautiful Shoe Shine Stand in the World" (a shoeshine stand). There's no business like show business.

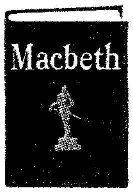
Two reasons may be given for the Museum's dramatic, enterprising, multifarious character. One is that Barr planned it that way. His was the flair for showmanship, the conviction and drive, the notion of a "multi-departmental" museum that would rove far beyond the classic confines of the fine arts. The other reason is economic. The Metropolitan has an endowment of $62,000,000 and the city pays part of its operating expenses; the Museum of Modern Art has an endowment of $1,600,000 and it pays for everything itself. The former is thus in the position of a *rentier*, living on income from capital, while the latter is an entrepreneur, dependent on its own exertions. As the word implies, an entrepreneur has to be enterprising, and this fact does a good deal to explain the nine-ring circus and the sideshows. As late as 1940, the Museum of Modern Art's income from endowment funds was less than $20,000, and even last year it was only $72,000, which covered about one-fifteenth of its expenses. Fourteen-fifteenths of its budget, therefore, must be raised either in the form of contributions or by its own operations. The relative importance of these two sources has changed in an interesting way since the Museum was founded. In 1930, it received $107,500 in contributions (almost all from trustees) and less than one-fifth of that amount from membership dues, the sale of catalogues, and other sources of operating revenue. Since then, the balance has slowly tilted the other way, until today the Museum is self-supporting to an extent rarely achieved by an art museum. Of the $1,059,000 that went for its expenses last year, nearly two-thirds ($675,000) came from operating income (including $162,000 in admission fees and $146,000 in membership dues) and just over one-third ($354,000) from contributions, leaving a slight ($30,000) deficit. Originally open free to the public, the Museum has charged admission since 1939. It is something of an entrepreneurial triumph to induce people to pay sixty cents to get into an art museum.

BARR, who has done more than anyone else to give the Museum of Modern Art its form and character, lives with his wife, Margaret, and their sixteen-year-old daughter, Victoria, in a modest apartment at Ninety-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. The furniture is sparse, simple, and modern, and the walls are hung with many pictures, including a big Miró, two Picasso drawings, a small and lovely Juan Gris, and a Burchfield water color. "All our spare cash, which we can't spare, goes into buying pictures, which we can't afford," says Mrs. Barr. Born Margaret Scolari-Fitzmaurice, in Rome, she is the daughter of an Italian art dealer and an Irish mother. Upon coming to this country, in the twenties, she taught Italian at Vassar for four years. She met Barr in 1929, at the Museum's opening show, and they were married the following year. Although, like her husband, Mrs. Barr has a degree in art history, and although she is a woman of great energy and competence, who has worked closely with her husband on a number of his books, she has steered clear of any official connection with the Museum. "That was one of the wisest decisions we ever made," she says.

The Barrs spend their summers in a cottage, designed by Barr, in Greensboro, Vermont. Another cottage, nearby, is occupied by his mother, who, at eighty-five, is an ardent liberal in both politics and art and approves of her son's taste in painting. (She has one other son, Andrew Wilson Barr, who is a partner in the public-accounting

What to see in Britain if you've read these books:





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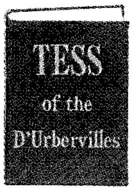

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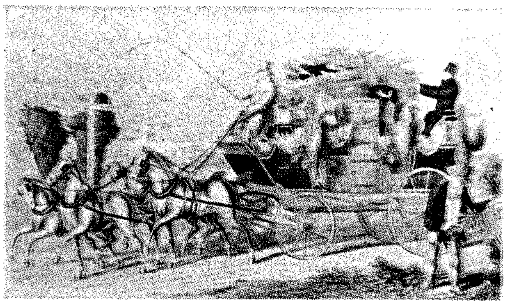

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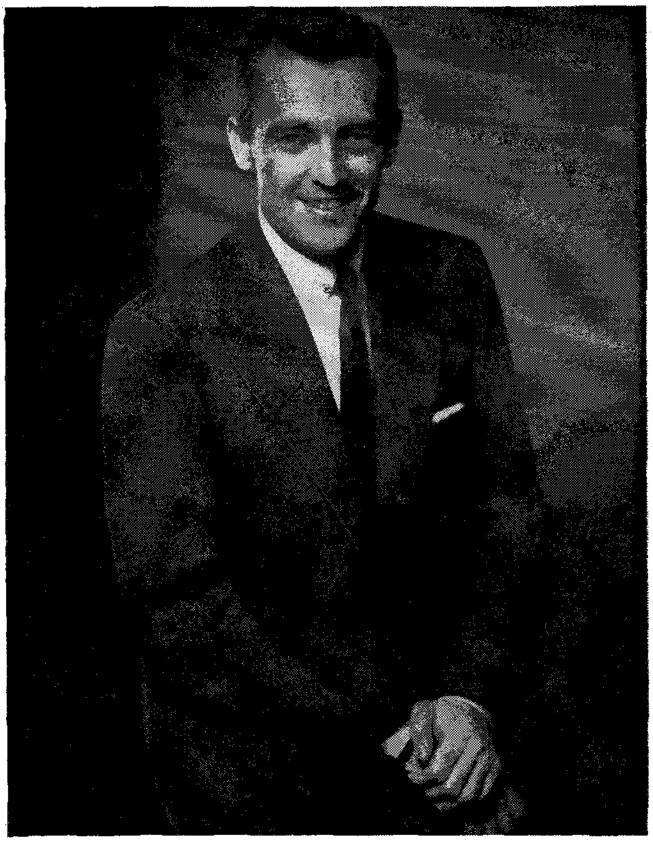
firm of Price Waterhouse & Co.) For Barr, the summers are a refreshing change of scene, since he is very fond of nature, but hardly a vacation. He writes most of the day, knocking off in the late afternoon to swim, chop down some of the cedars that persistently invade his land, or take a bird walk. Birds are second only to art among his interests, with chess a poor third. It is ironical that looking at art and looking at birds should be Barr's favorite occupations, for his eyes, while keen, tire easily. By night, they are often too worn-out for him to be able to read, and when he has insomnia, which is much of the time, he listens by the hour to records or to the small-hour disc-jockey programs. One reason Barr has trouble sleeping is that he is a great worrier. He takes things hard, and ponders and puzzles and broods. Then he usually purges himself with an exercise in his most congenial mode of self-expression—writing. (He has never painted.) Like his mother, he is a political liberal, and these days he worries a good deal about freedom of expression in the arts. He recently gave considerable time to the successful fight to rescind the ban on Rossellini's movie "The Miracle." As an articulate worrier, he is the Museum's chief writer of letters to the editor. A typical example is one the *Saturday Review of Literature* published in August, 1950:

> I suppose it is natural for the editor of a literary magazine to feel that he may cut an article before he publishes it, but cutting—or "cropping"—a painting is a different matter. Without warning your readers you have actually cropped large strips off both sides of this picture [Picasso's "Three Musicians," which the Museum had recently acquired], thus seriously damaging what is generally considered one of the half dozen greatest compositions in modern painting. . . . In France literary people, including many of the greatest, are seriously interested in contemporary painting and sculpture. . . . Here in America the literary world seems comparatively blind so far as the visual arts are concerned.

The personality of the man who shaped the Museum is as low-keyed and ascetic as that of his creation is vivid and worldly. Barr has a sound knowledge not only of art and ornithology but of politics, history, military strategy, popular songs, and other subjects, weighty and trivial—a range of interests his fellow-workers find awe-inspiring. Such a range is not usual in the world of art, whose denizens, like those of the allied worlds of music and the theatre, tend to be culturally one-sided. Barr is also respected for his rock-bound integrity; he is probably the only person on record who, when asked if he had a minute, has



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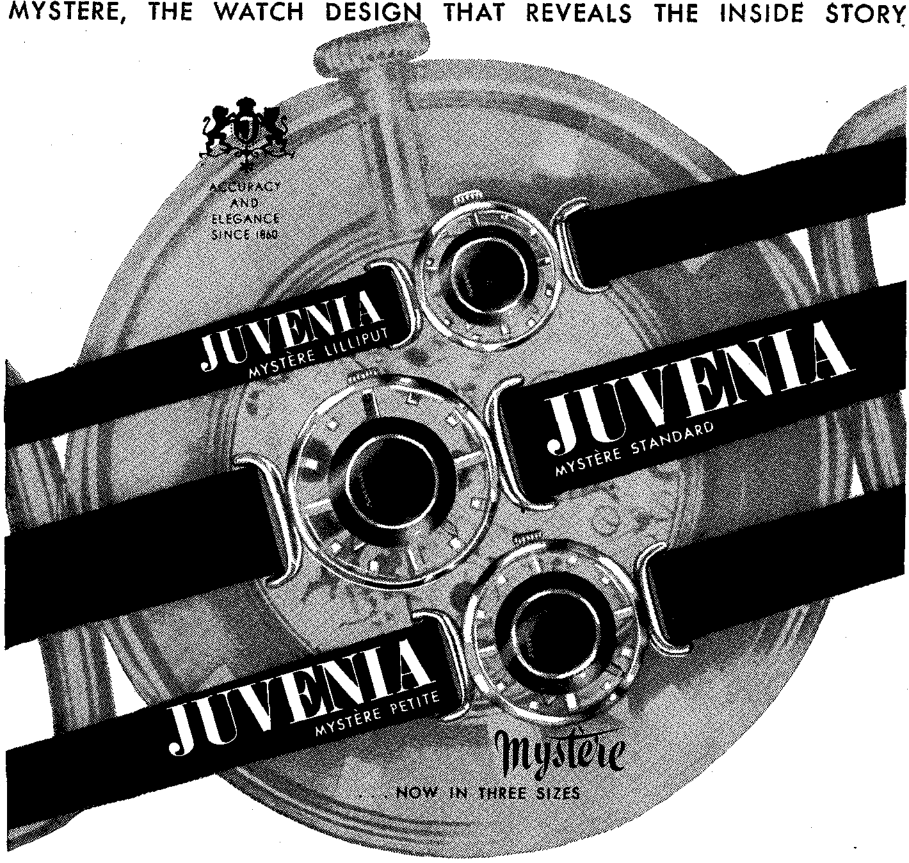

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replied "No." The recipient of this blunt intelligence did not take it amiss, for the chill wind of honesty in Barr is tempered by courtesy and a shy concern for the people who work with him. "Alfred will think about any problem you bring him, no matter whether he's directly concerned or not," says D'Amico, the director of the People's Art Center. "He never makes you feel as if you had asked a foolish question."

One disconcerting habit Barr has is that of thinking before he speaks. "If you say, 'It's a nice day,' Alfred has to stop and decide if it really is a nice day before he answers," William Lieberman, who has worked with Barr in various capacities for many years and is now head of the Museum's print department, said not long ago. "On more complicated issues, he may turn and look out of the window for what seems an eternity. It's not that he's bored or rude. He's just thinking. When he finally does say something, it comes out in organized sentences, with beginnings, middles, and ends, and he doesn't take it back later." It is all the more difficult to know what is going on inside Barr's head because his expression has the impassivity commonly associated with Orientals. When he visits a gallery, he inspects the pictures carefully and methodically, without revealing his reactions by so much as the twitch of an eyelid; this is sometimes unnerving to dealers, always to artists. He indicates enthusiasm by silence, which might be helpful if he did not also fall silent when he is irritated. No one has ever heard him raise his voice in anger, though there are some who think they have detected, in moments of great stress, a slight grinding of the teeth.

Barr often seems absent-minded because he thinks at odd times. During a talk on modern art under totalitarianism that he gave at the Museum last winter, he read a quotation from Lenin out of a book and then lapsed into silence as his eyes continued to travel down the page. Finally, he looked up, smiling apologetically, and said, "I'm sorry. I got interested." His efforts at camaraderie, while conscientious, are hampered by an almost total incapacity for small talk, as well as by his shyness and woolgathering. He has been known to ask, rather desperately, as a conversational gambit, "Have you heard any funny stories lately?" And there was the sad case of the new young curator. He had met Barr before he took the job, but for months after he joined the staff he received only covert glances when the two men passed each other in the corridors. At last, Barr abruptly materialized in the newcomer's office and, after some backing and filling, managed to get out, "I want you to know, Mr. ——, how extremely happy we are that you are with us." The young curator was pleased, but considerably less so a few days later, when Barr again materialized, again hung fire, and then said, "I want you to know, Mr. ——, how," etc.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard Barr as simply another nice old absent-minded professor. In his quiet, rectitudinous way, he is more than something of a politician. Patiently and persistently, he works behind the scenes, and one morning the trustees wake up to find that they have a new department, which up to that moment they had not realized they wanted. What Goodyear used to call "the fine Italian hand of Alfred Barr" has had its part in creating an atmosphere of intrigue in the Museum, where things are not necessarily what they seem to such an extent that one bewildered artist has called the place "The House of Mystery If Not Mirth." Staff life has always been chancy at the Museum, though much more so in the past than today. During the forties, there was an almost Renaissance flavor to the Museum's inner life, with trustees and department heads forming cabals, making forays, and consummating administrative assassinations like so many *condottieri*. In 1943, after fourteen years as director, Barr himself was demoted to advisory director, a phantasmal post in which he languished briefly before beginning a remarkable comeback.

Describing her relations with the Museum, Peggy Guggenheim writes in her autobiography, "I did not then realize all the machinations of that institution and never will." She also found Barr puzzling: "Alfred Barr's books on modern art had been my Bible for years, so I was naturally longing to meet him. We went to see him one day, and I was surprised to find someone who looked like Abraham Lincoln. His conversation was serious and learned. He was shy but very charming and I liked him at once. Later, when I knew him better, I hated his cagey quality, and never

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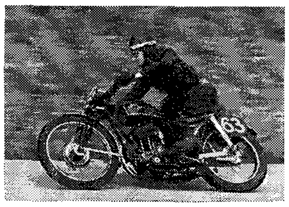

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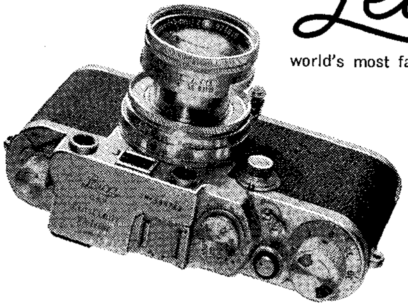

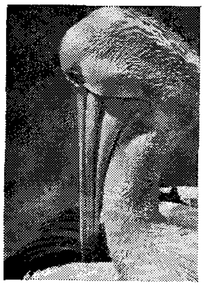

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knew what he was driving at; but he is one of the people whom I respect in the world who has done a pioneering job and done it well." A friend of Barr's feels that except for the resemblance to Lincoln, which no one else seems to have caught, this is a reasonably accurate impression, and he does not consider it derogatory. "There is something of the Jesuit about Alfred," he says. "But as the Jesuits practiced their wiles *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, so Barr maneuvers always for the greater glory of modern art and the Museum."

Barr is indeed a dedicated man—a Presbyterian missionary bringing the life-giving Word to the heathen, whose ranks he has helped deplete considerably in his thirty years of labor in the vineyard. "Alfred is hard to work with because he *knows* he's right, and the hell of it is he generally is," says Philip Johnson, director of the Museum's architecture-and-design department. "That reasonable air of his is deceptive. It's just the sugar-coating on the pill of absolute certainty." Barr's certainty appears to come from moral and intellectual convictions rather than from aesthetic reactions of the sort that involve enthusiasm, disgust, delight, and other unkempt feelings. A writer in *Vogue* once described Barr as "a simple man who can make enemies in the fanatical field of modern art by not moving a muscle of his face," and continued, "He has retained his pure sense of the judicial, which is always infuriating to partisans. . . . Probably there is no one in this country who has looked at so much modern art and has remained so tolerant and so anti-dogmatic." This imperturbable tolerance and judiciousness may indicate some lack of emotional response to art, inasmuch as in other ways Barr is a very passionate person, having the scholar's greed for data, the intellectual's joy in refining the crude stuff of reality, the pedagogue's pleasure in instructing and explaining, and the crusader's righteous zeal. "I don't think it has ever occurred to Alfred that art is something to enjoy," a member of the Museum staff once declared. Barr is said to have turned down a Matisse because it was "too easy"—it didn't offer any problems at all, he complained—and to have objected to another canvas by saying, "It's too pretty. I don't trust it." The contrast between the Guggenheim Museum, as it has been done over by its new director, James Johnson Sweeney, and Barr's galleries is instructive. Sweeney presents his pictures for themselves rather than as objects for instruction or scholarly study. He hangs them on pure-white walls to bring out their colors freshly, rules out wall captions, and even frames, as distracting, and "composes" each wall by arranging the pictures on it with an eye to their aesthetic effect on each other and on the whole wall. Barr, on the other hand, while he too "composes" his walls, does so within a pedagogic framework, grouping his pictures according to their historical relationships and often providing long and informative captions.

Barr on paper is as persuasively articulate as Barr in the flesh is not. Literary talent is not common among museum officials and almost too common among critics of modern art. To anyone familiar with the wooden inarticulacies set forth by the former and the heady brew served up by the latter, Barr's light, clear, and reasonable style is refreshing. His range is wide. There is his Wall Caption, or In a Nutshell, style, typified in a summary of the De Stijl movement: "Three elements or principles formed the fundamental basis of De Stijl, whether in painting, architecture, sculpture, furniture, or typography: in form, the rectangle; in color, the 'primary' hues—red, blue, and yellow; in composition, asymmetric balance." There is his Reassuring Expository, or This May Hurt Just a Little, style: "Art changes gradually. Even radical innovations develop step by step. Much modern art may seem queer and unintelligible to us simply because we may not have followed these successive steps. . . . To begin to appreciate such a picture [a Cézanne], to let it sink in, a few minutes, at least, of careful study is necessary." There is his Freewheeling, Rhetorical style: "Competitive structural virtuosity helped raise both the Empire State Building and the vertiginous vaults of Beauvais, abetted of course by twentieth-century real-estate values on the one hand and on the other by thirteenth-century municipal rivalry and some concern with the glory of God." There is his High Level style, as in his appraisal of B. H. Wilenski's "The Modern Movement in Art" as "an attempt by means of an exasperatingly repetitious dialectic to divide all modern painting into three clumsy categories—architectural, romantic, and descriptive—which in turn can be modified by hyphenation with three other adjectives: original, derivative, and popular. Cartesian fallacy could scarcely be carried further." Barr can also handle the Popular Punchy style, as in a piece he wrote in 1942 for

PM: "Now there's a war on, and the artists are up against it. You say, 'So what? Art can't help us win the war anyway. Art's a "frill" '—at least that's what congressmen seem to think when they pick on art in the OCD or starve out small-town WPA art centers. And that's what the editor of *PM* thinks when he fires his art critic because of the pressure of war news—but keeps his sport pages. These gentlemen are wrong. Art *can* help us win the war."

Barr does not lose his literary aplomb even when he is confronted with the more impenetrable productions of the avant-garde's avant-garde. There is, for example, his description, in *Harper's Bazaar*, of "Galaxy," a large and baffling artifact constructed out of lumber by Frederick Kiesler, which occupied an entire room in the Museum's 1952 "Fifteen Americans" show and was subsequently purchased by Nelson Rockefeller:

> *Galaxy* is architecture for sky-gazers; its plan is a cross with arms raised in amazement; its major axis slopes abruptly toward a vanishing-point like Borromini's false perspective in the Palazzo Spada; its four caryatids are a dolphin's spine, a hippocampus, a lobster claw and an ichthyosaur caressed by a boomerang; its lintels are driftwood and a comb-finned gar.
>
> *Galaxy* is a four-poster in which Sinbad, Jonah, Crusoe, and Ahab may sit eternally, back to back, telling each other their stories, slowly, with low voices and credulous ears.
>
> *Galaxy* is a pergola built of jetsam where refugees from the compass and ruler may dry their nets in peace.
>
> *Galaxy* is a drifting raft where common sense, watched by the skeletons of the four winds, will die of thirst.
>
> *Galaxy* is a conspiracy for discrediting Cadillacs.
>
> *Galaxy* is the tomb of know-how, the supreme anti-technological gazebo.

Although this at first glance appears to be in the Heady Brew style of modern-art criticism, it carries matters so far as to become a *jeu d'esprit* whose effervescent rhetoric is at once a genial parody of that style and also a charming prose poem in itself.

WHILE people often regard Barr as a fine example of the New England conscience, which, indeed, he is, he was born in Detroit and brought up in Baltimore. His father was a Presbyterian minister, like *his* father, and, in his later years—he died in 1935—professor of homiletics at McCormick Theological Seminary, in Chicago. Two of Barr's uncles were Presbyterian ministers, one a missionary in Persia who preached every Sunday in four languages—Turkish, Persian, Armenian, and English—and the other a professor

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of Semitic languages at Princeton Theological Seminary. If there is an ecclesiastical sobriety in Barr's manner and an evangelical fervor in his approach to modern art, it is hardly surprising. In Baltimore, Barr attended the Boys' Latin School, where he was an earnest student, an enthusiastic end on the football team, and a sedulous collector of plants, butterflies, stamps, rocks, and almost everything else. While his classmates were trying to decide whether to become locomotive engineers or professional ballplayers, he was rather inclining in the direction of paleontology. Toward the end of his school years, he began to suspect he was a writer. "I got excited about words and started to write longer themes than I had to," he says. When his Latin teacher gave him Henry Adams' "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" as a graduation present, Barr added art historian to his list of possible careers.

Barr was still wavering between art, literature, and paleontology when, at sixteen, he entered Princeton. Two courses he took in his sophomore year decided him. One was a survey of ancient art. "I had to do an essay on the Greek temple, and for the first time I read more than one book on the same subject," he has said. "I was amazed, and rather shocked, to find that authorities disagreed on even so simple a point as how many columns a certain Greek temple had. That was my introduction to scholarship." The other course, and the one that really fixed his decision, was in medieval art. It was taught by Professor Charles Rufus Morey, and Barr was immediately fascinated by Morey's synthetic method, which brought every aspect of medieval culture, from folklore and handicrafts to theology, to bear on the subject. By his junior year, Barr was majoring in art history, and was developing an interest in modern art, partly because he liked what he saw of it in *Vanity Fair* and the *Dial* and partly because his teachers made fun of it. "I've always had to guard against a tendency to be in opposition for the sake of opposition," he says. "Maybe it's got something to do with being Scotch and Presbyterian." Barr graduated in 1922, and the next year he took an M.A., also at Princeton. Then, at twenty-one, he drew up a Five Year Plan for himself, the essence of which was that he would change his job every year, travelling about like a sort of journeyman-scholar learning his trade. The first year, he taught at Vassar, where he acted in amateur theatricals, put on a Kandinsky exhibit, and made

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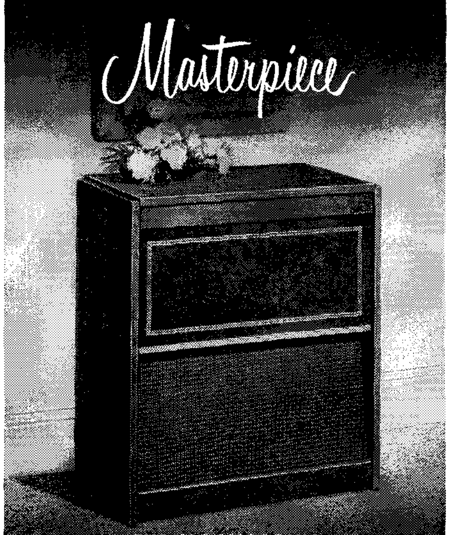

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an impression on the not unimpressionable student body with his pale young scholar's face, his patient and brilliant teaching of Renaissance art, and his custom of wearing unmatched coats and pants, an informality then so novel that he was known as Mr. Mixed Suits. That summer, he made a rapid and economical Grand Tour of Europe, sometimes "doing" two or three towns in a day; in all, it cost some five hundred dollars, including passage in "student-third." The next year, he studied at Harvard, teaching there just enough to pay his bills and spending one afternoon each week examining the Boston Museum of Fine Arts' great collection of Chinese paintings, most of which were stored away in the cellar. He was already getting a reputation as a forward youth, who read papers at College Art Association meetings telling his elders and presumptive betters how to teach their subject. Professor Morey, affectionately worried and hoping to lure the stray back onto the home range, persuaded him to return to Princeton as an instructor in art in the fall of 1925.

But it was too late. The stray had become a confirmed maverick. When, the following year, Wellesley offered to let Barr teach a course in modern art, he accepted instantly. The Wellesley course was a highly original affair. Not only was it the first course in any American college to be devoted entirely to modern art but it was also a preview of the Museum of Modern Art. Besides painting and sculpture, it included the movies, photography, music, the theatre (Barr took his class to see things like an Expressionist performance, in Yiddish, of "The Dybbuk"), architecture (the girls rode the Boston & Albany from Wellesley to Boston to inspect the stations along the way that had been designed by the great nineteenth-century architect H. H. Richardson), and machine art (each student spent a dollar in the local five-and-ten on what seemed to her the best-designed objects, and these were then arranged on tables to form Constructivist designs). To find out how much prospective students knew about modern art, Barr drew up a questionnaire, which was printed by *Vanity Fair*. The maverick was kicking up his heels. "BOSTON IS MODERN ART PAUPER" ran the headline over a front-page article by Barr in the *Harvard Crimson* of October 30, 1926. "It is surprising, and even shocking, to find so little interest in modern art in Boston," the article began. It went on to present a survey of the Bostonian wasteland and ended with

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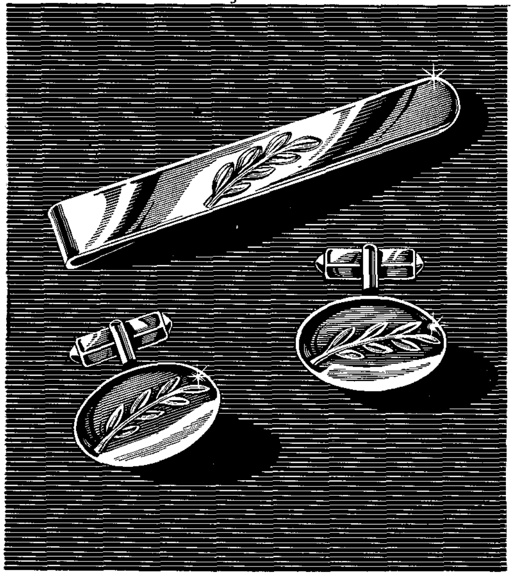

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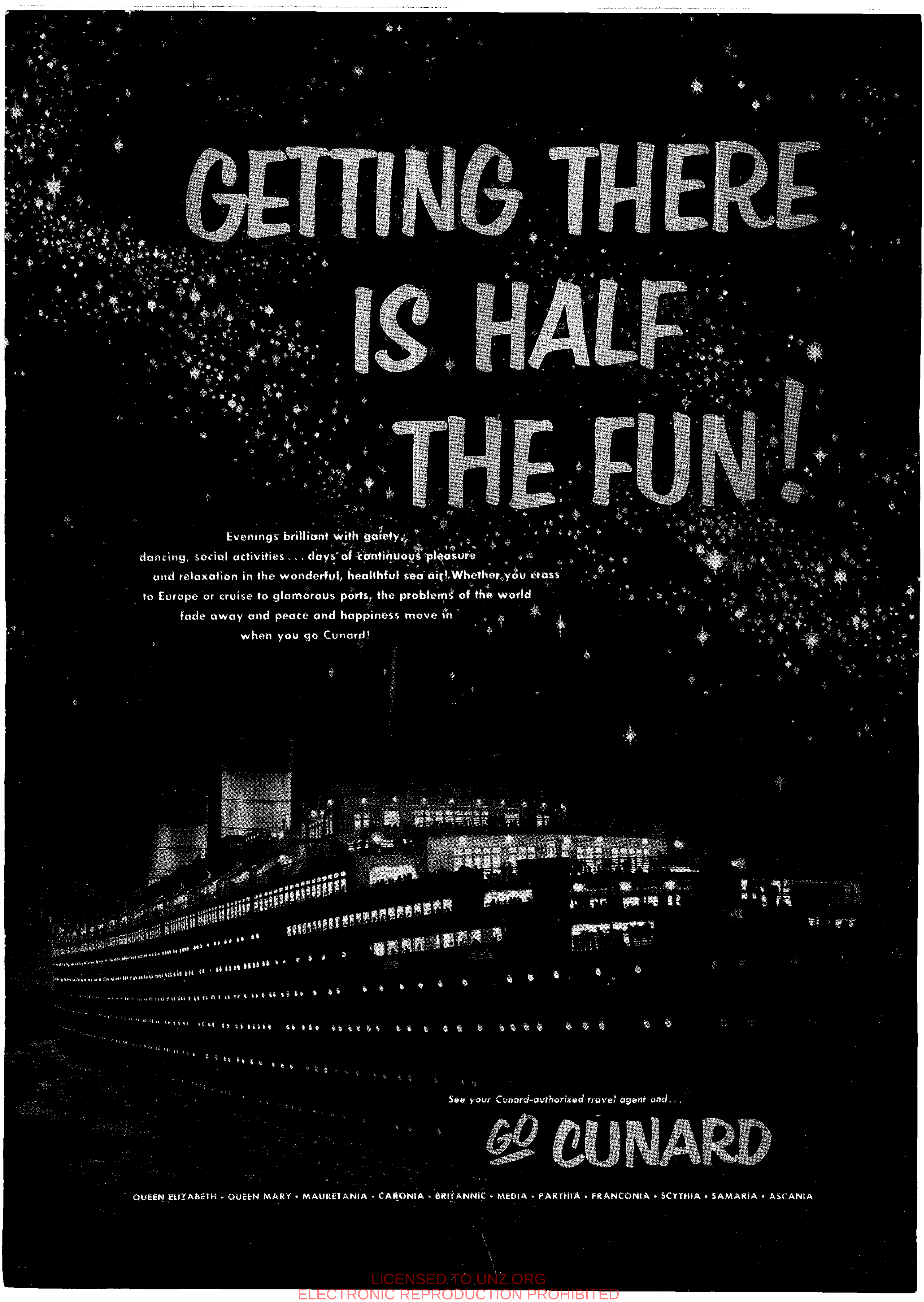
glad tidings of an exhibition at the Fogg Art Museum of the *Dial's* portfolio called "Living Art—Twenty Facsimiles." (Out of modesty or calculation, or both, the author omitted to mention that he and his friend Jere Abbott had presented the portfolio to the Fogg.) The art critic of the Boston *Herald* rose to the bait like a hungry pike. "Cézanne was a poor painter with bad eyesight," he wrote. Van Gogh was "a crazy galoot who painted for years in an insane asylum" and Gauguin a perpetrator of "gross caricatures in the name of art," while as for Seurat, "his quaintness is liable to degenerate into affectation." Fifteen years later, Barr wrote happily that this attack "prepared me to accept with enthusiasm the miraculous chance for a constructive revenge which the Museum gave me in 1929 when these same four masters triumphed in our first exhibition." Revenge is sweet, and constructive revenge doubly so. The Boston critics of 1926-27, however, unaware that progress was marching in Barr's direction, continued to grumble about "the very modern Mr. Barr of Cambridge and Wellesley."

In those days, Barr was like an alert hunting dog nosing out the indubitably modern in art. There was a singular dearth of even simple knowledge of the subject in academic circles; between 1925 and 1930, according to his count, this country's two leading journals of art history printed, between them, just five articles on any aspect of modern art. Obviously, he felt, he would have to go abroad, where the study and practice of modern art was less arcane. In an application for a Harvard fellowship "to enable me to spend a year in Europe," he explained, "I wish to study *contemporary* European culture . . . to gather material for a thesis, 'The Machine in Modern Art.' . . . Contemporary art is puzzling and chaotic but is, to many of us, living and important in itself and as a manifestation of our amazing though none too lucid civilization. I confess I find the art of the present more interesting and moving than the art of the Sung or even the Quattrocento." The fellowship was not forthcoming, but by the summer of 1927 Barr had saved enough to spend a year abroad without it. Accompanied by Abbott, he stayed several months in England and travelled widely on the Continent—particularly in Germany, where the modern movement was most enthusiastically accepted and where, in Dessau, the teaching and the practice of advanced tendencies in painting, sculpture, architecture, furniture, typogra-



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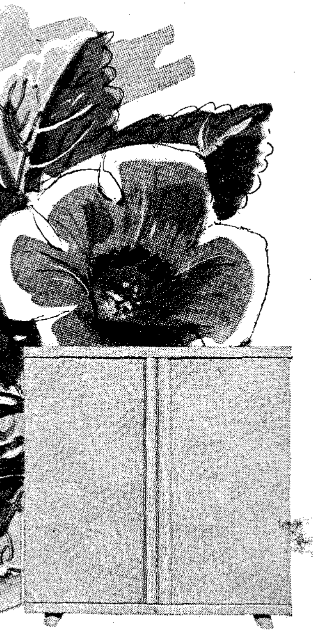
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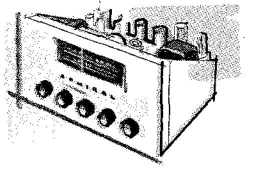
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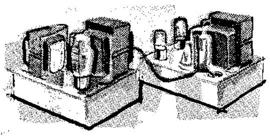
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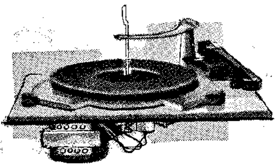
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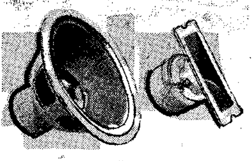
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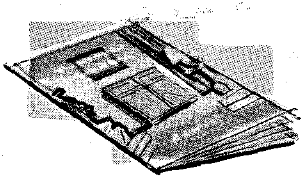

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phy, and industrial design were carried on under one roof at the Bauhaus, a spiritual ancestor of the Museum of Modern Art. Barr and Abbott also spent two months in Soviet Russia. At first, it was exhilarating, but soon the two young men became aware of some disturbing signs of the times. The Museum of Abstract Art had been closed down by the authorities, and the guides in Moscow's Museum of Modern Western Art sermonized on its modern paintings as examples of bourgeois decadence; there was also a visit Barr and Abbott paid to a Bauhaus-trained designer whose wife took them aside to lament that he had ever returned to Russia. A typical entry in the journal Barr kept of the trip is that for January 6, 1928: "The exhibition to which Diego Rivera was to take us was closed suddenly. Two reasons were suggested by the Mexican: first, there were portraits of the opposition; second, in a composition representing Lenin's funeral, some figures were nude." Barr had gone to Russia with high hopes, but he left it disillusioned—permanently—with Communist art policy.

In a "Dutch Letter" that Barr wrote for *The Arts* while he was abroad, he complained that "the American takes it for granted that his public museums should be indifferent to modern art." After he had returned home and had given another year of his modern-art course at Wellesley, he was unexpectedly presented with an opportunity to do something about this indifference. In the late spring of 1929, Professor Paul J. Sachs, associate director of the Fogg Art Museum, who had taught him the history of drawings and prints at Harvard, told him that some ladies in New York were thinking of founding a museum of modern art there. Barr said that was a fine idea. "How would you like to run it?" asked Sachs. After dazedly coming to the realization that Sachs was in earnest, Barr said he liked that idea, too. Sachs, who has been called "the Felix Frankfurter of the American art world" because of his skill and assiduity in placing young protégés in important museum posts, had made a major placement. —DWIGHT MACDONALD

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Barr.*)

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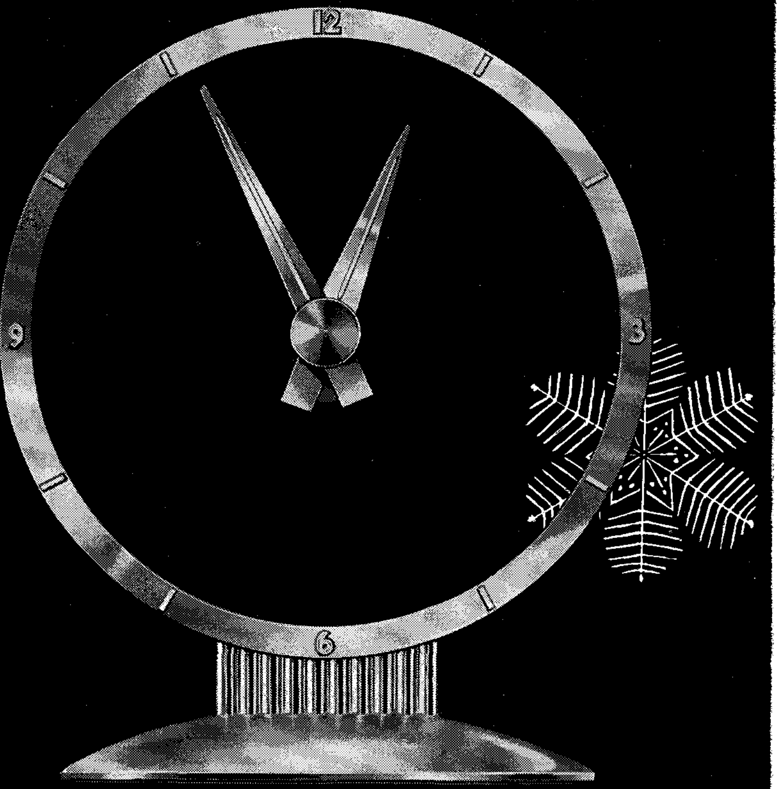

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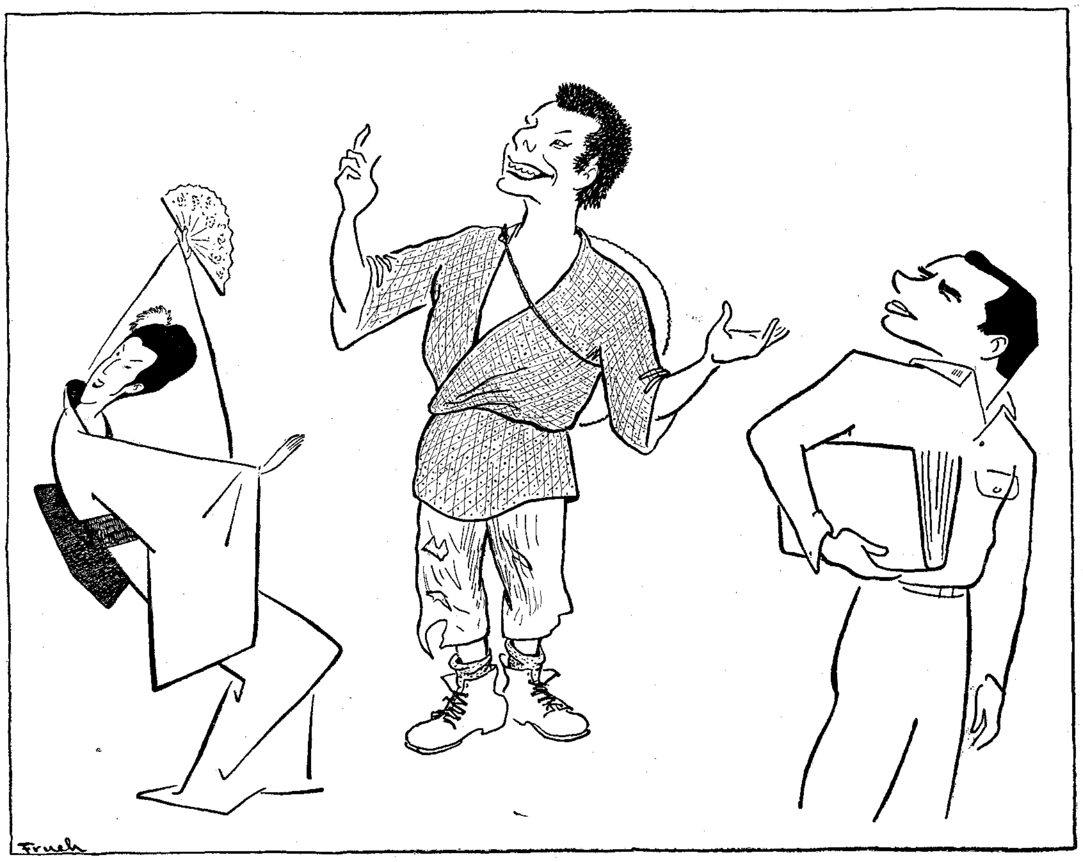
THE THEATRE

THE BEAU OF BAGHDAD

A MORE than satisfactory musical comedy opened last week at the Ziegfeld in the shape of a rearrangement of Edward Knoblock's bygone melodrama of the fascinating East called "Kismet." This piece may not be quite up to "South Pacific" or "Guys and Dolls" or "Wonderful Town" in intelligence, originality, or the quality of its music, but it undoubtedly has its strong and ingratiating points. The plot, while making no attempt to represent the actual behavior of human beings in any conceivable time or place, as is the modern manner, is still lively and entertaining; the humor, while broad and generally predictable, is adept and often pretty funny; the scenery and costumes have an old-fashioned opulence, a sort of innocent splendor, that is very gratifying to the eye; the dances have unusual wit and charm; the principal parts are played by extremely ornamental people who know their trade and obviously love it; and the girls are as bewitching a bunch as I've seen in many a season, and there is at least one, I should say, for every taste. The captious may easily hold that "Kismet" is something of a step backward for the musical stage—a return, that is, to the complex idiocies of story, the putty-nose comedy, the love-in-a-garden romance, and the superabundance of ladies of a notably chesty aspect that so enchanted our simple forebears—and they may not be entirely mistaken. For those, however, who do not insist on a perpetual process of improvement of the breed and are willing to settle for an evening of swashbuckling fun almost in the mood of an old Douglas Fairbanks film, complete with several tons of beautiful womanhood and several acres of exotic scenery, I should say that "Kismet" might well be just the thing. It all seemed wonderfully preposterous to me, and most of the time I was as happy as a bird.

I was a very young curmudgeon when "Kismet," in its original dramatic form, appeared here in 1911, and I remember little about it except my unbridled ecstasy when Otis Skinner, as the vagabond poet, held the evil Wazir underwater and counted his expiring bubbles as they rose. For the benefit of people who haven't even these fragmentary recollections to fall back on, the action of the play takes place in Baghdad in the great days of Omar Khayyám. The hero, who has assumed the name of Hajj and the occupation of beggar for scoundrelly purposes of his own, is a sort of Villon of the bazaars. He has, it soon develops, swindled a notorious Arab cutthroat out of a small fortune, and with this sum he plans to set himself and his beautiful daughter up in considerable style. Luck, however, is against him, and presently he is a prisoner of the Wazir, a cruel and unappetizing specimen (he is quite fat and his lips are painted blue) who proposes, among other things, to cut off his right hand. In the meantime, Hajj's daughter has met the Caliph, who has the traditional habit of wandering around incognito, and they fall in love. This, too, turns out badly, because the Wazir wishes his master to marry three other young women (if I were you, I think I'd begin skipping right here), and so he abducts the girl and inserts her in his own harem. Things, in fact, look pretty black, but Hajj is an ingenious man and, in rapid succession, he escapes torture by convincing his captor that he is a magician, gains his freedom by climbing out of a window, rescues his daughter from her imprisonment in the harem, throws her into the Caliph's ready



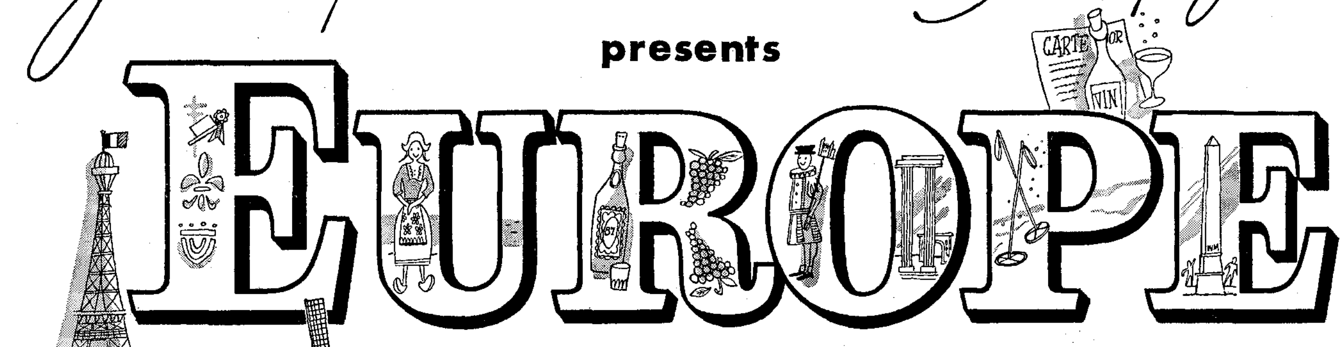
"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

David Wayne dominates the comedy at the Martin Beck just as genially as he does this picture. His companions are Mariko Niki, as an agreeable geisha, and John Forsythe, as the American captain who gets her as a present from his Oriental admirers.

January HOLIDAY *Magazine*

presents

EUROPE



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A portfolio of superb photographs taken by a superb photographer for this issue.

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by David Dodge

Here are Europe's best buys brought to you by a renowned expert.

EUROPE AMUSED

by Irwin Shaw

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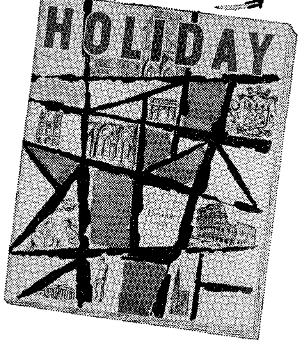

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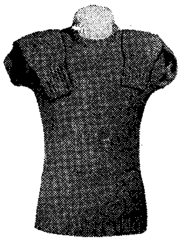
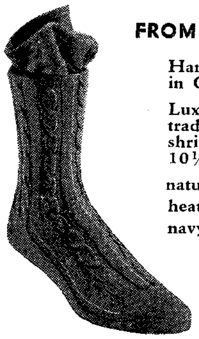
arms, drowns the Wazir in a satisfactorily public and protracted manner, and slopes off to an adjacent oasis with his victim's widow, a smoldering blonde with quite a knack for wrapping herself around people. There you have it—something interesting happening practically every minute.

As Hajj, Alfred Drake has almost as much fun as José Ferrer recently had with Cyrano, a not entirely dissimilar part, and he is, of course, a great deal handsomer, having, in addition to his other advantages, a fine curly beard instead of that outrageous nose. His acting is florid, various, and altogether, I think, an admirable piece of fooling, and his voice, as always, is strong and true. Doretta Morrow, one of the most appealing young musical stars around these days, is quite charming as his daughter, and she sings very nicely too; Richard Kiley makes a decorative and upstanding Caliph, though I can't help wishing that he weren't made up to look as if he were wearing steel-rimmed spectacles; Joan Diener is remarkably shapely and persuasive as the Wazir's wife and widow; Philip Coolidge is a dry and amusing Omar, in spite of the fact that I found myself agreeing with Hajj that the verses beginning "The moving finger writes" don't really amount to much; and Henry Calvin plays the Wazir somewhat as if it were the Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado," which I'm sure is the proper way to handle it. Of the others, Patricia Dunn, Bonnie Evans, and Reiko Sato do some beautifully comic and mannered dancing as three princesses from the Orient; Florence Lessing and Beatrice Kraft are equally effective in their brief appearances, also in specialty dances; and Truman Gaige, Richard Oneto, Earle MacVeigh, and Hal Hackett are all serviceable in lesser roles.

The score, a patchwork of themes from Alexander Borodin's "Prince Igor," Second Symphony, and other works, has been assembled and bridged together by Robert Wright and George Forrest, and it is always cheerful and appropriate, if not especially memorable. The book, adapted from Mr. Knoblock's original by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis, serves its fundamentally gymnastic purpose more than adequately, though there were occasions when the jokes struck me as almost too resolutely in period. Lemuel Ayers' mosques and minarets, and turbans and veils and little curled-up shoes, are as fetching as they can possibly be, with just the proper flavor of the Arabian Nights; and Jack





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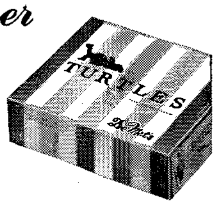

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Cole's dances are uniformly excellent, as is Albert Marre's over-all direction. A very pleasant evening all around.

THERE was every reason to approach "Madam, Will You Walk," by the late Sidney Howard, with hope. Mr. Howard, who also wrote "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Silver Cord," "Yellow Jack," "Alien Corn," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," and three or four other plays, was one of the most prolific and intelligent of our playwrights between the appearance of "They Knew What They Wanted" in 1924 and his fatal injury in an accident in 1939. "Madam, Will You Walk" played for one week in Baltimore and one in Washington immediately after its author's death. This was a version specially tailored by Robert E. Sherwood to suit the talents of George M. Cohan, and its failure to reach New York was said to have been caused by temperamental discontent on Mr. Cohan's part rather than by any basic defect in the script. The current offering was a return to what Mr. Howard wrote in the first place, with, of course, a few allowances for topical changes. The cast was to be headed by Hume Cronyn, in the role originally played by Cohan, and Jessica Tandy, as the lady on whom the action centers—a part first taken by Peggy Conklin—and the others in the company were also to be of a superior order. Finally, the piece was to be the first of a program of five to be presented at the Phoenix Theatre, at Twelfth Street and Second Avenue, under arrangements with the actors and the theatrical unions that it was hoped would permit first-rate productions without the murderous financial outlay required on Broadway. It was all very promising, and it is sad to report that the evening, as far as I am concerned, was something of an ordeal.

"Madam, Will You Walk," in my opinion, which I would like to think is a minority one, is a contrived and interminable fantasy, working its central joke (the appearance of a corporeal devil on the stage) for considerably more than it is worth, and relying for most of the rest of its humor on the statement of quite simple ideas in a remarkably involved and polysyllabic form—a device that has subsided somewhat in the theatre in the past fifteen years, though not, unfortunately, altogether. The gospel from Hell, as far as I was able to disentangle it from nonessentials, is that there are no important virtues except curiosity and uninhibited behavior and no real vices except conformity and resigna-

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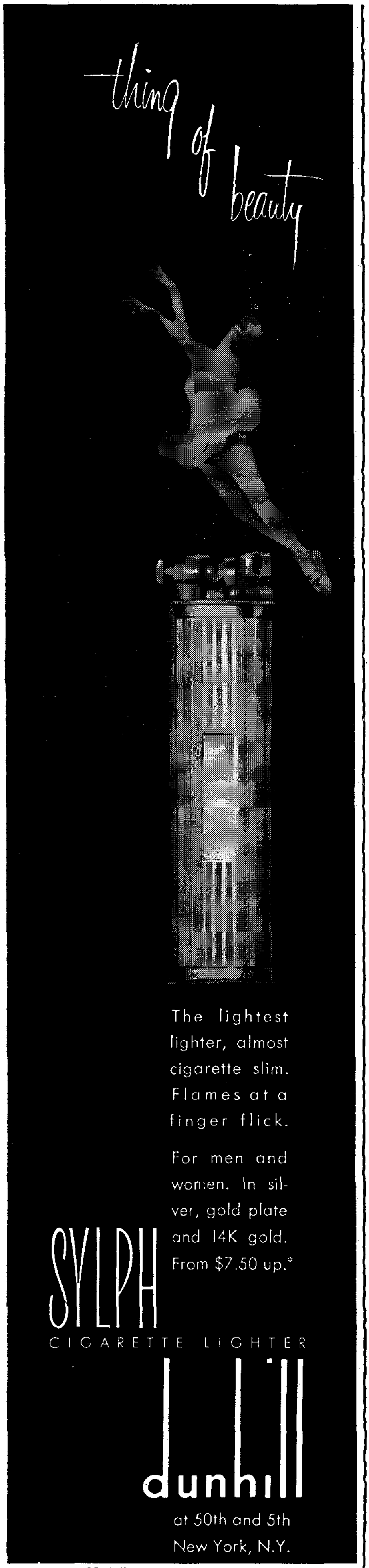

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tion. This message, which has, of course, its contemporary applications, especially with regard to the Soviet Union, is conveyed in five scenes that meander from a haunted mansion on Fifth Avenue to Central Park, then to a police court, and finally back again where it all started. Its principal recipient is a young woman whose dead father was a convicted Tammany grafter and who has consequently withdrawn in embarrassment from the social life of her time, and her reaction to it is such that she is almost instantly mixed up with the young conductor of a symphony orchestra and with a philosophic taxi-driver who wants to be a tap-dancer in vaudeville. Her carefree goings on with these men are frowned on by the reactionary members of the community, including the family lawyer and a parish priest, both of whom think it might be wise to commit her to an asylum. The body of the play deals with her liberation from the bonds of convention and with the confusion of her adversaries. There is some gaiety in all this, especially in the Park and courtroom sequences, when the satanic delegate produces a few pretty fancy supernatural effects and the conversation rises to a fairly satisfactory level of satiric nonsense, but on the whole it is labored, uninspired, and elfin in the less complimentary sense of that word. My impression is that a fundamentally serious writer undertook a form for which he had neither any marked gift nor any particular enthusiasm, and that its resuscitation now can hardly be called a happy tribute to his memory.

As Satan or one of his leading emissaries (the exact status of this character was never clear to me), Mr. Cronyn performs with his usual dry precision, and since Miss Tandy, as the heroine, plays in the same neat, unaccented style, it might be said that the central roles suffer just a little from monotony. Of the others, Norman Lloyd has some pugnacious appeal as the conductor; Robert Emmett is a lively dancing cabby; and Arthur Jarrett, John Randolph, Susan Steell, Edwin Jerome, and Leon Janney carry out lesser assignments with visible relish. The play was directed by Mr. Cronyn and Mr. Lloyd, whose attention might be called to the fact that some of the players, notably Miss Tandy in the first act, are somewhat inaudible.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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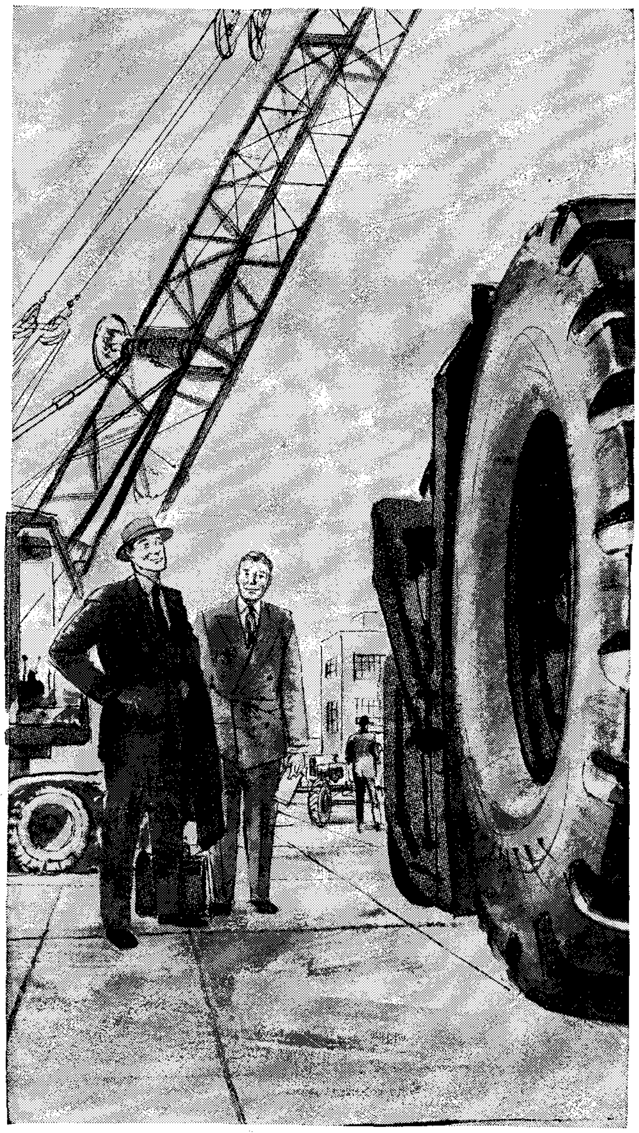

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". . . but you may have trouble getting it."

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So, in a club bar recently, we turned to an irascible old gentleman who was complaining about the shortage. We murmured something about more being on the way.

He snapped back: "Why didn't you ship enough in the first place?"

A fair question—with two answers. To begin with, we didn't have very much. Chivas Regal is Scotland's Prince of Whiskies. A whisky with this rare flavor, this unmatched mellowness cannot be produced by the boatload. And you can't rush 12 years of aging.

The other answer? Well, as we said before, we're Scotch. We didn't want to send over more than we could sell. The joke is on us. We didn't realize we could sell a lot more than we could send over. *We* knew that Chivas Regal is the noblest whisky ever to come out of the Highlands, but we didn't know *you* would catch on so quickly.

Believe us, we are now shipping all we possibly can. But you see our problem. Somebody with the gift of prophecy should have told us years ago how popular Chivas Regal would be in America in 1953. We're happy to say, though, that more and more of this great whisky is coming to maturity every day.

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•

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THE RACE TRACK

Curtain

Bowie rounded out its meeting and the Eastern track season in either a blaze of glory or an unexpected, cockeyed frenzy of betting, depending on how you want to look at what went on down there last Saturday. Maybe it was because the sun shone so brightly that everybody thought it was spring again, or maybe it was because everybody knew it was the last chance to get even. At any rate, a crowd of more than twenty thousand tossed nearly two million dollars into the tote. The exact sum was $1,988,470—a new high for the Southern Maryland Agricultural Association, which runs Bowie. The daily double got a big play; $146,798, another record sum for Maryland, went into the pool, and holders of tickets on the winning combination of Jibe and Friendly Frank collected $87.60 for their two dollars. To judge by the shouts of joy, there were a lot of collectors. The President's Plate, which fifteen horses ran for, was the best race of the afternoon. Sunny Dale, who finished third in the Barbara Frietchie Handicap on Thanksgiving Day, seemed to drop out of the clouds in the last furlong of the mile and a quarter, and won by half a length from Parnassus; Kaster was third. Maybe the finish wasn't quite as spectacular as all that, but anyway Sunny Dale was last in the backstretch, and did some very sprightly broken-field running around the turn for home. Incidentally, she stepped the distance in 2:05, a second and three-fifths faster than the course mark set by Frivolity earlier in the meeting. As for the others, G. R. Petersen led for a mile and then tired, and Guy, the favorite, couldn't raise a good gallop. Oh, well.

No doubt about it, Bowie is popular again, which only goes to show what face lifting and fresh paint can do. I'd also like to note, in passing, the improvement in the track; it's fast, but horses can run over it without the risk of getting fallen arches or housemaid's knee. This, of course, is due to the care it gets from Martin Meyer, the superintendent, who has done a first-class job. Although the quality of the runners at the meeting was nothing extra, the racing was exciting, most of the finishes were close, and there were plenty of horses to bet on. Remarking on all this the other day, Jack Campbell recalled one winter when he was racing secretary at New Orleans and there were so few racers on the grounds that he sometimes had to go around begging for entries. Once, he went to a trainer we'll call Bill, and said, "Bill, I need that bay colt of yours awfully bad to fill up this race. Besides, I think he can win it." Bill didn't like the idea; he was planning to work the colt for a handicap that weekend, and maybe the race wasn't just right for him anyhow. Finally, however, Bill agreed. "The next day," Campbell said, "I sat in the stand—I was also a steward of the meeting—and saw Bill's rider snag that colt all the way around the track. At that, he was fourth. I went down to the paddock fast, but Bill was waiting for me. He said, 'Judge, don't you say a word to that boy. I let you have my horse, but that boy did with him just like I told him to.' "

For your holiday reading, this department recommends "This Was Racing," a posthumous collection of Joe H. Palmer's writings, edited by Red Smith and published by A. S. Barnes. Practically all the pieces originally appeared in Joe Palmer's column "Views of the Turf," which ran in the *Herald Tribune* every Monday, and here they are again to delight the hearts and mist the eyes (as they did mine) of his friends and admirers. They are stories of horses and men and of the things that happen around the race track—from how three hornets changed Polynesian's outlook on life to how Alfred Vanderbilt exchanged his hat for a large gold cup. Here also is the one about the wooden-legged cat, owned by a character called Lyin' Fitz, which could catch mice with one paw and blackjack them with the other, and—my favorite of all—an item on protecting the public. But why should I be telling you all this? Buy the book. —Audax Minor

•

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[*William Chapman White in the Herald Tribune*]

"It's a fine way to live," Ed said. "Mail can't reach you unless you want it to. No telephones, of course. From what I hear from some of the trailer people even the tax collector has a tough time catching up with some of them. And rent—almost nothing for six months in the year. At Hollywood we pay $9 a week—that's $218 a year, and that's cheap."

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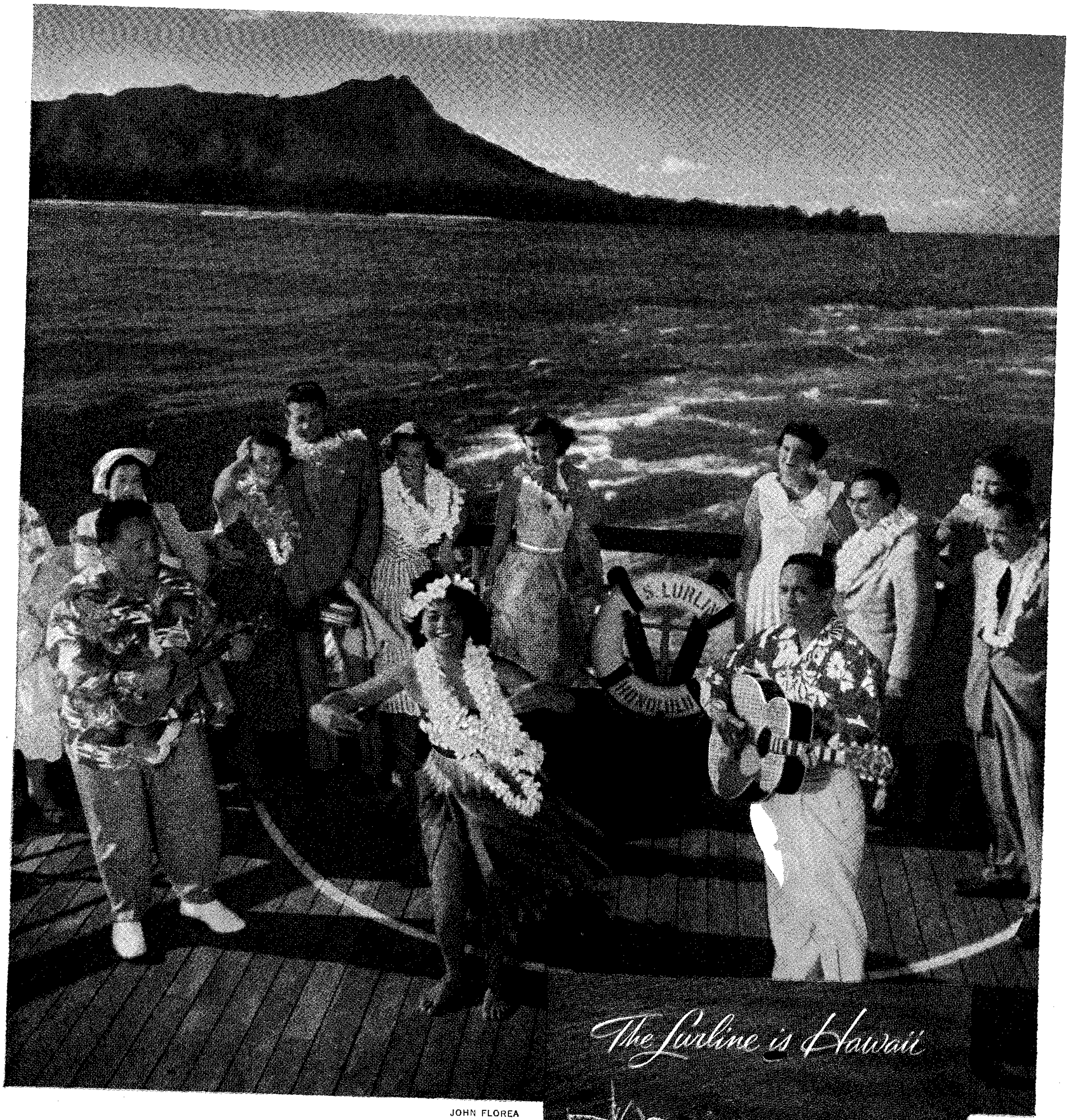

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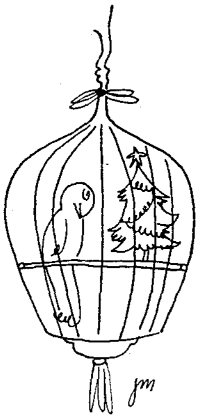
INSIDE

I DON'T like superhighways, I realized a few weeks ago when I was driving down from New England to Virginia. It is the country through which they run, I thought—something to do with its atmosphere, at once of frantic commercialism and of total unreality. As I entered the New Jersey Turnpike, I felt that the sense of unreality was perhaps to be expected of the Jersey flats, for those low, misty lands stretching for melancholy miles are so precisely like the marshes that surround one in illness. I drove at fifty-five; someone had set the speed limit at sixty, and all the grim-faced drivers who passed me were clinging to their sixty as though they had an obligation to meet the speed limit—a compulsion in which free will played no part. There was nothing human about any of it, the sad swamps or the driven drivers or the signs that said, "Service Area 27 Miles." At least when one is ill the voices calling across the lowlands of one's feverish mind do not use the word "area."

At the end of the Turnpike, I saw ahead of me the great, fantastic arch of the Delaware River bridge, as preposterous as a giant's toy. I told myself that the hills one approaches when driving are never so steep as they appear to be from a distance, but this bridge *was* precipitous and my car seemed to climb it like a child's bug car being pushed up a table leg. I saw that the only way to manage the thing was to leave it to those hidden reflexes set at the age of fourteen, when one first learns to drive. The arch turned and came down, and at the bottom I was again conscious of the rush, the push, the concerted drive all around me of speeding cars, and I wished I had picked a slower, more winding route than this—one lined with real houses in which real people lived real lives.



I hadn't stopped to buy any gas on the Turnpike, and soon after I left it, I drew up at one of the stations where my credit card is honored. The man who waited on me had criminal ears, shifty eyes, and four fingers on one hand. None of this surprised me, but when I asked for a package of the cigarettes I smoke, he said they didn't carry that brand. I followed him into the office while he wrote out the slip for my gasoline and oil, and as I waited, I found myself facing a cigarette machine with my brand prominently displayed.

"Oh, you *do* have my kind of cigarettes!" I exclaimed.

His eyes flickered. "So I do," he said.

I felt almost frightened as I put my twenty-five cents in the slot.

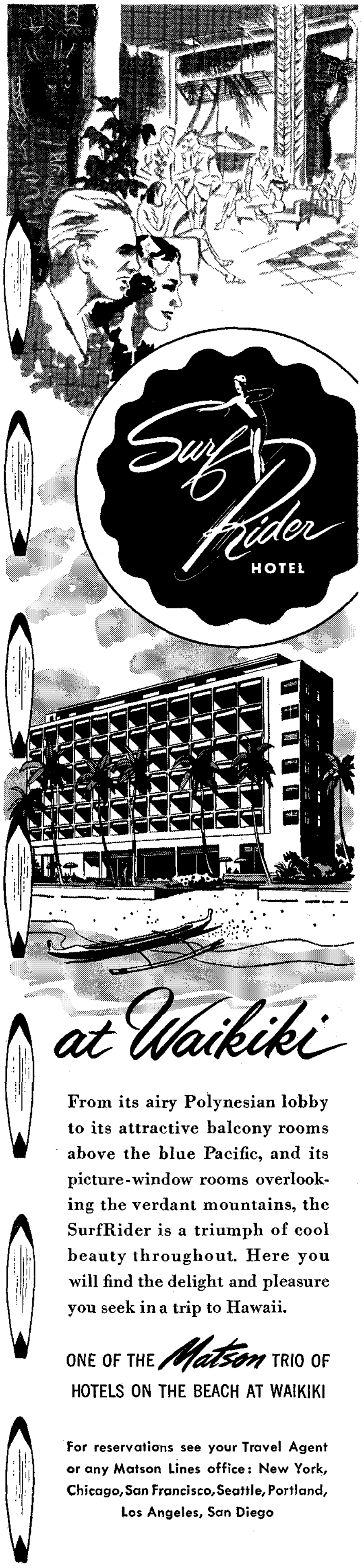
Later, I stopped for a midafternoon snack at a super snack bar, where I paid thirty-five cents for a hamburger and twenty cents for an ice-cream cone to a brittle waitress with abstracted, inhuman eyes. Then back into the car again, to press down the road toward Baltimore, passing trucks on the upgrade, being passed by them again on the downgrade, eyes straight ahead, and the tail of one eye or the other glimpsing nothing more rural than shabby billboards and the promise posted of more and bigger motels to come.

IN the late afternoon, I stopped for the night at a motel a few miles north of Baltimore. I chose it because it had a tree growing in its front yard and because, just beyond, there was a small house with a sign in front saying, "Chicken Dinners." An old man with one eye and a limp showed me to a cabin and collected six dollars from me. I did not like him; he, too, looked inhuman—like everyone, I suspected, who would choose to live on a superhighway. And after I had paid and showered and changed to a clean dress, I realized I had not picked my motel well, either; it was at the top of a long grade, and the trucks were laboring hard.

The sound of the traffic was overwhelming. It whistled, it whined, it roared by. That incessant noise was the one immediate fact. As I locked my door and set off across the strip of grass to the house next door for dinner, I wondered whether I would be able to get any sleep that night.

The little house had its very threshold on the highway. I opened the door and walked into a semi-Victorian parlor, much like the one my old nurse used to have when she retired to spend her old age in Dorchester, Massachusetts—overstuffed horsehair chairs, gilt-framed photographs on the walls, a carpet with cabbage roses, a calendar hung on a hook. It smelled like my nurse's parlor, too. At one end of the room, there were four tables set with silver on old-fashioned white tablecloths.

A lady of perhaps sixty, with a curly



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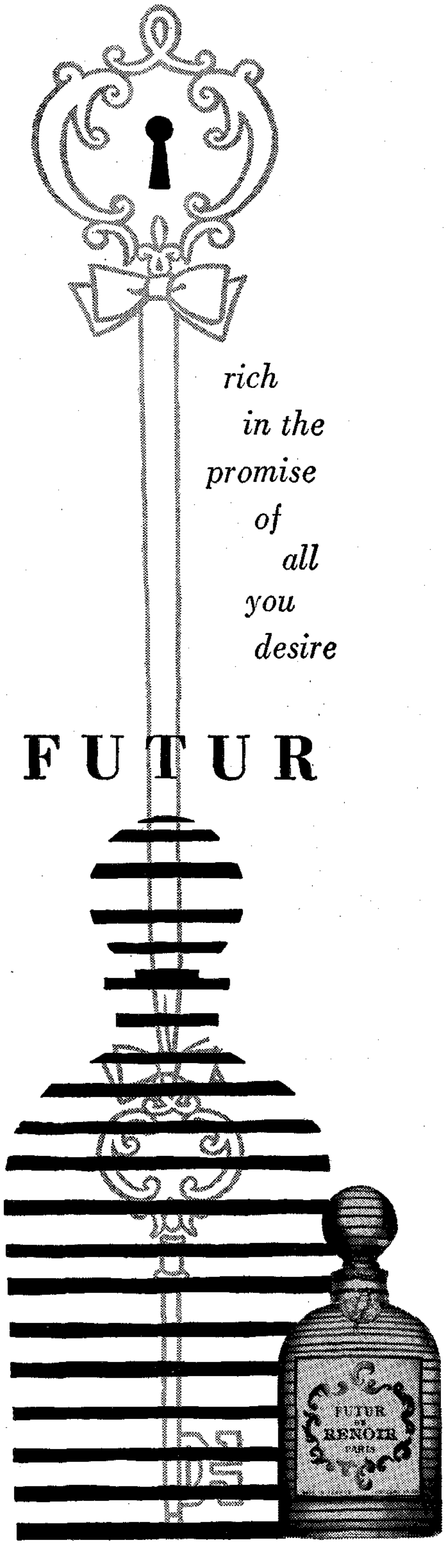

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fringe dyed dark brown, rose from one of the horsehair chairs as I came in.

"I would like to have dinner," I shouted, above the scream of the cars.

"The regular?" she shouted back. I nodded. When I had sat down at one of the tables, I read the menu, printed on an orange card:

Chicken Dinner	$1.50
Half a Chicken two peices of bread	$1.00
Coffee and cake	.25

The lady had gone out into the kitchen, which I could glimpse through maroon plush portières, but it was impossible to hear any sound of getting a meal; it was impossible to hear anything, even a fork lifted and set down upon a plate before one.

There was no one else there. It was almost as if I had invented the place—this comfortable, ugly parlor like my nurse's in Dorchester long ago, this homey, slightly smelly, human habitation set down on the edge of the nightmare road.

In a short time, the lady brought in a round platter on which were the fried pieces of half a chicken; a plate of cole slaw; a plate of sliced tomatoes; dishes of three different kinds of relish—spiced crab apples, mustard pickles, and peach preserve—and six hot rolls.

"Do you want I should shut the windows?" she asked me, her voice still raised. She had dark, snapping eyes.

I nodded, and she closed them. After they were shut, the noise was still overwhelming.

"It must get on your nerves," I yelled at her.

"Oh, you get used to it," she said, and went and sat down in her horsehair chair at the other end of the room.

I did well by that platter of chicken, and the cole slaw was delicious, with a mustard dressing I have never tasted anywhere else. I ate three of the hot rolls, and when I had finished, the lady brought me a big slice of chocolate layer cake and a cup of excellent coffee.

"Did you ever see an orange tree?" she called across the room at me suddenly as I was drinking my coffee.

"Have you got one?" I called back.

"Two. And a lemon tree. My son brought them to me. He goes to Florida winters."

"I'd like to see them," I said.

After I had paid her the dollar and a half for that huge meal, she led me out the front door and around the side over the soft grass. There, at the back of the yard, were three sturdy little trees bearing large green fruit in clusters.

"And that's an angel-trumpet," she

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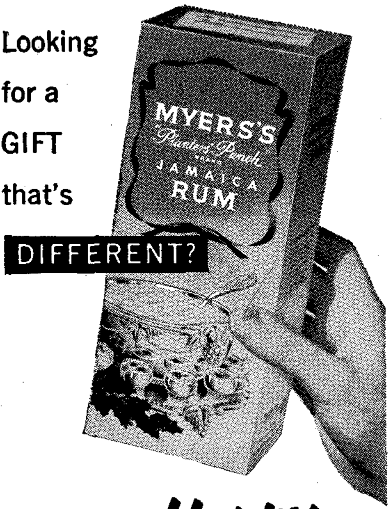

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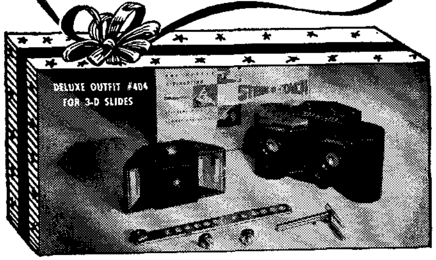

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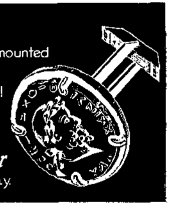

The Ancient Mariner
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said, pointing to a plant. "Do you know anything about angel-trumpets? I've had this one a year and it hasn't bloomed yet."

"Oh, it takes at least two years," I said, to be encouraging. "What beautiful dahlias!" I was looking across a low picket fence at a bed of autumn flowers in front of a cottage.

"Those are my son's. He built that house when he got back from Japan after the war. He was a prisoner of the Japs. They had him in that camp two years, and you should see his legs—all cigarette burns. And they had him in irons." She pronounced it "ahns."

"It's a nice little house," I said, thinking of the wonder of returning from the wide and various world to build a cottage on the highway. "Is he living here now?"

"Yes. He just goes to Florida winters. That's his son." She nodded toward the highway. A boy of fourteen or so was slowly pedalling along by the side of the road, his head bent. "My grandson. He's been out doing his chores, cutting folks' lawns."

I watched the bicycling boy pump slowly up the grade in the early twilight toward his home. The lights were being turned on over at my motel. "Do you know the man who keeps the motel?" I asked her.

She looked a little surprised. "John? Why, yes. He's First Reader at our church."

"What happened to his eye?"

"Kicked out by a horse. John used to keep the livery stable around here."

THE twilight was deepening in the yard. Outside, the cars and trucks were roaring by, their lights on now. She walked toward the road with me as I turned to go.

"It must be tiring—never any letup in that noise," I shouted as we stood at the edge of the yard.

She shrugged her shoulders. "You get used to it," she said again. "I forget about it. Sometimes it don't seem quite real, those folks in their cars, or like they had real lives of their own."

—NANCY HALE

•

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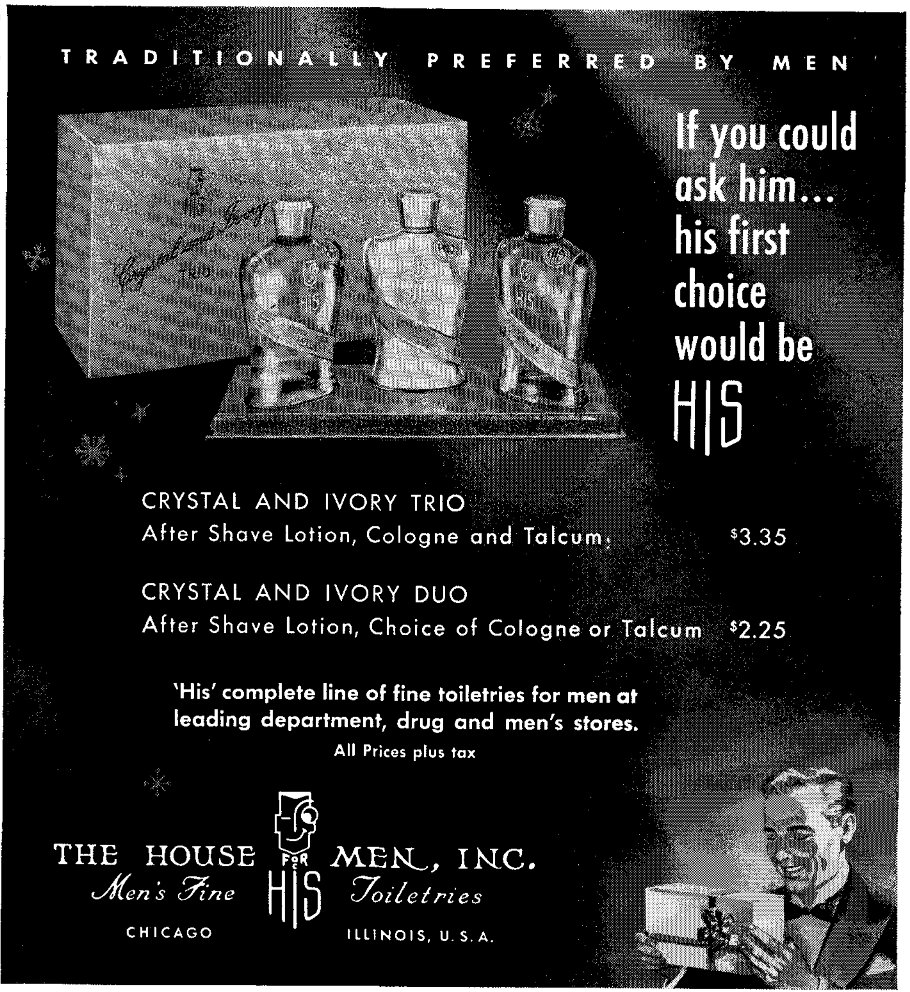
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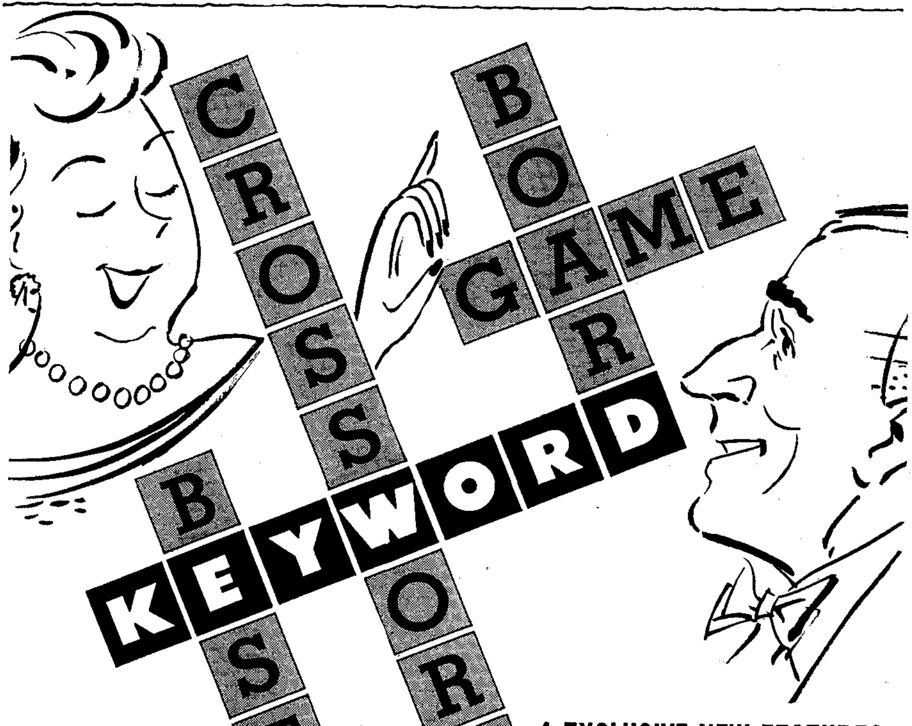

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LETTER FROM BERN

DECEMBER 1

THE election of the President of Switzerland is scheduled to take place here in Bern, the capital, on December 17th, at a joint meeting of the two houses of Parliament, which will then be holding one of its four annual three-week sessions. The Presidency is the subject of one of Switzerland's few national jokes, and it is told in all four of the country's languages—German, French, Italian, and Romansh. Swiss jokes are usually highly cantonal in character. For example, a Swiss who lives on the vine-covered sloping shores of Lake Geneva, in the canton of Vaud, will tell you that a certain vineyard in the canton of Zurich is surrounded by a fence of fine wire mesh, because a railroad runs past it and it has been found that grapes from Zürcher vineyards derail trains. Another Vaudois joke, this one directed at the people in the canton of Bern, is about a Vaudois who visited the Palais Fédéral, here in the capital, and asked a Bernese, "How many people work in this building?" The Bernese replied, "Oh, about half of them." But the inhabitants of all the country's twenty-two cantons tell one another the same joke about their President. The joke runs as follows:

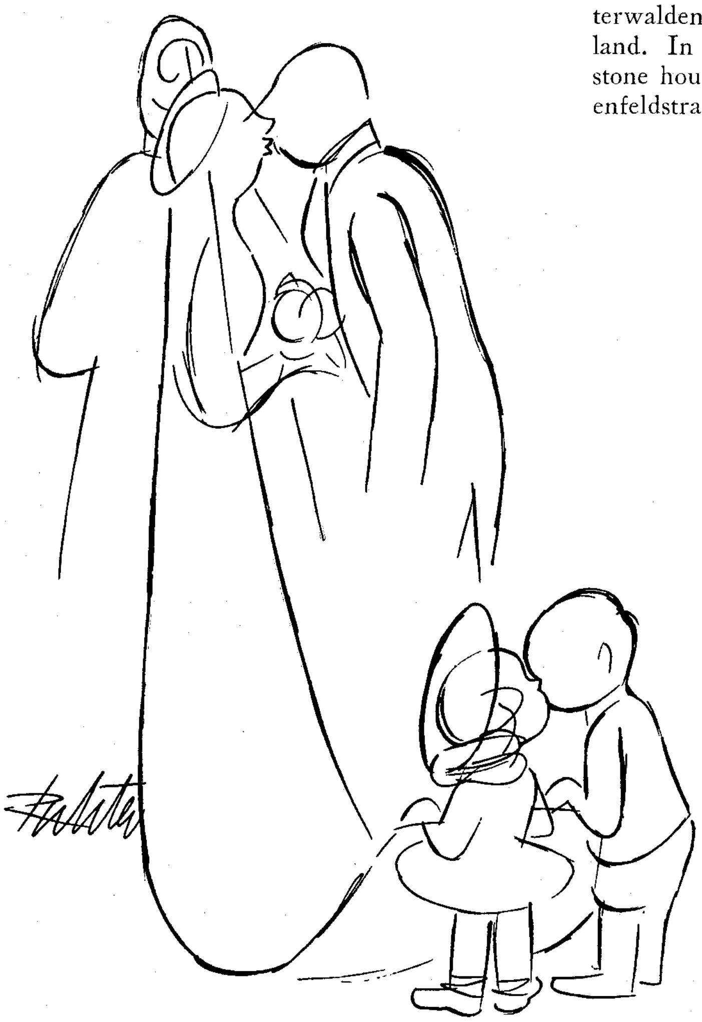
FIRST SWISS: "Who's going to be the new President?"

SECOND SWISS: "How would I know? I don't even know who the *old* President is."

The most sedate Swiss is likely to burst into wild laughter at this joke, and there is some pride in the laughter, too, for the people of Switzerland regard the joke as an indication of their success in decentralizing bureaucratic power while maintaining their federal unity. Every year, the Swiss Parliament, which is modelled after the legislative system of the United States and consists of the National Council (a hundred and ninety-six members) and the Council of States (forty-four members), elects a seven-man Federal Council, which constitutes the highest administrative body of the government. Actually, this election is pretty much a matter of form because in practice, unless a Councillor resigns or dies, it is taken for granted that he will be reëlected. Every December, one of the members of the Federal Council—a different one each year—is elected the President of Switzerland by the Parliament, and for the next twelve months he also presides over the Federal Council. Here again the election is little more than a formality, for the tradition is that the Presidency passes from one Councillor to another in accordance with an annual rotation system. Because ignorance of the President's identity is considered a kind of civic virtue here, it is professed even by citizens who can rattle off the most obscure names in Swiss history, and Swiss history began on August 1, 1291, when the leaders of three forest districts called Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, seeking mutual protection, drew up the pact upon which the present Swiss Confederation is based.

The President of Switzerland at the moment is a serious, hard-working, bald-headed gentleman of sixty-one named Philipp Etter. Actually, there are several people here in the capital who recognize him on sight and are not ashamed to admit it. Shortly after seven every morning, President Etter boards a trolley for the ten-minute ride to his office, in the Palais Fédéral—or Bundeshaus, as it is known to the German Swiss, of whom Etter is one. The fare is thirty centimes (about seven cents), but because the motorman of the trolley is one of those who recognize the President, Etter is never asked to pay it. Etter has a brand-new Cadillac limousine at his disposal for official rides, but going to work is not one of them, nor is his return home for the nationally observed two-hour lunch.

Etter was born in Menzingen, a small town just south of Zurich. He can speak all four of his country's languages, as well as Latin and Greek, and has travelled extensively in the Swiss cantons. As a private tourist, he has also visited France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Austria, but he has never been to the United States and he speaks no English. His favorite pastime is hunting; two or three times a year he takes a few days off to hunt hare, roe deer, or chamois—preferably in the old cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, in the heart of Switzerland. In Bern, Etter lives in a square stone house on a corner of the Kirchenfeldstrasse, facing a large, modern *Gymnasium* built mostly of glass. The *Tierpark* is not far away, and the President usually walks over there on Sundays to look at the animals in its zoo. He has ten children—five sons and five daughters—and four grandchildren, and he and his wife usually have a refugee child staying with them. When he visits the zoo, he takes the refugee child along. One of Etter's sons is a monk and one of his daughters is a nun, and Etter himself is a devout Catholic. He is a member of a middle-of-the-road party, the Catholic Conservatives.



This is Etter's fourth term as President and he is due to be President again in 1960, provided he is still a Federal Councillor and none of his colleagues drop out. His first term was in 1939, meaning that deaths and resignations have con-

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siderably speeded up the seven-year cycle during the time he has been a member of the Council. Each Councillor is head of an administrative department, and, upon being elected President, he continues to administer it, in addition to performing such Presidential duties as receiving foreign ambassadors, and speaking over the radio to the four and a half million people of Switzerland on New Year's Day and again on August 1st, which is a national holiday commemorating the birth of the Confederation. As Councillor, Etter is in charge of the Department of the Interior, which makes him responsible for forest conservation, federal construction programs, and federal hygiene. In this capacity, he receives a salary of forty-eight thousand francs, or about eleven thousand dollars, a year, like the other Councillors, and he is paid an extra three thousand francs for being President. The office of the Chief of the Interior is a cool, high-ceilinged room with dark-brown walls; two long, narrow windows look out on a public park to the west, and two more long, narrow windows face the Bernese Alps, to the south. On the walls of Etter's office are several oil paintings of mountains, cloudy skies, grazing cattle, and the like. The Swiss government buys hundreds of paintings every year as part of a federal program to encourage artists, and because the Swiss museums cannot hold them all, a good many of them end up in government offices. Etter has one secretary, which is what the Chief of the Interior is entitled to. A Councillor gets no extra office space or clerical help just because he happens to be the President of Switzerland.

THE Councillor who is next in line for the Presidency is a gray-haired, spectacled French Swiss named Rodolphe Rubattel, who is now serving as Vice-President. A lawyer and journalist, he was born in 1896 in Villarzel, a small town between Bern and Lausanne. This will be his first term as head of the Swiss Confederation. He is in charge of the Department of Public Economy, which concerns itself with such matters as foreign trade, price controls, and the federal old-age-insurance fund. (Every Swiss contributes two per cent of his wages to the insurance fund, which entitles him to an average of about twenty-five dollars a month after the age of sixty-five.) Rubattel speaks French and German, and has visited Italy, France, and Austria, as well as every canton in Switzerland. He belongs to the Radi-

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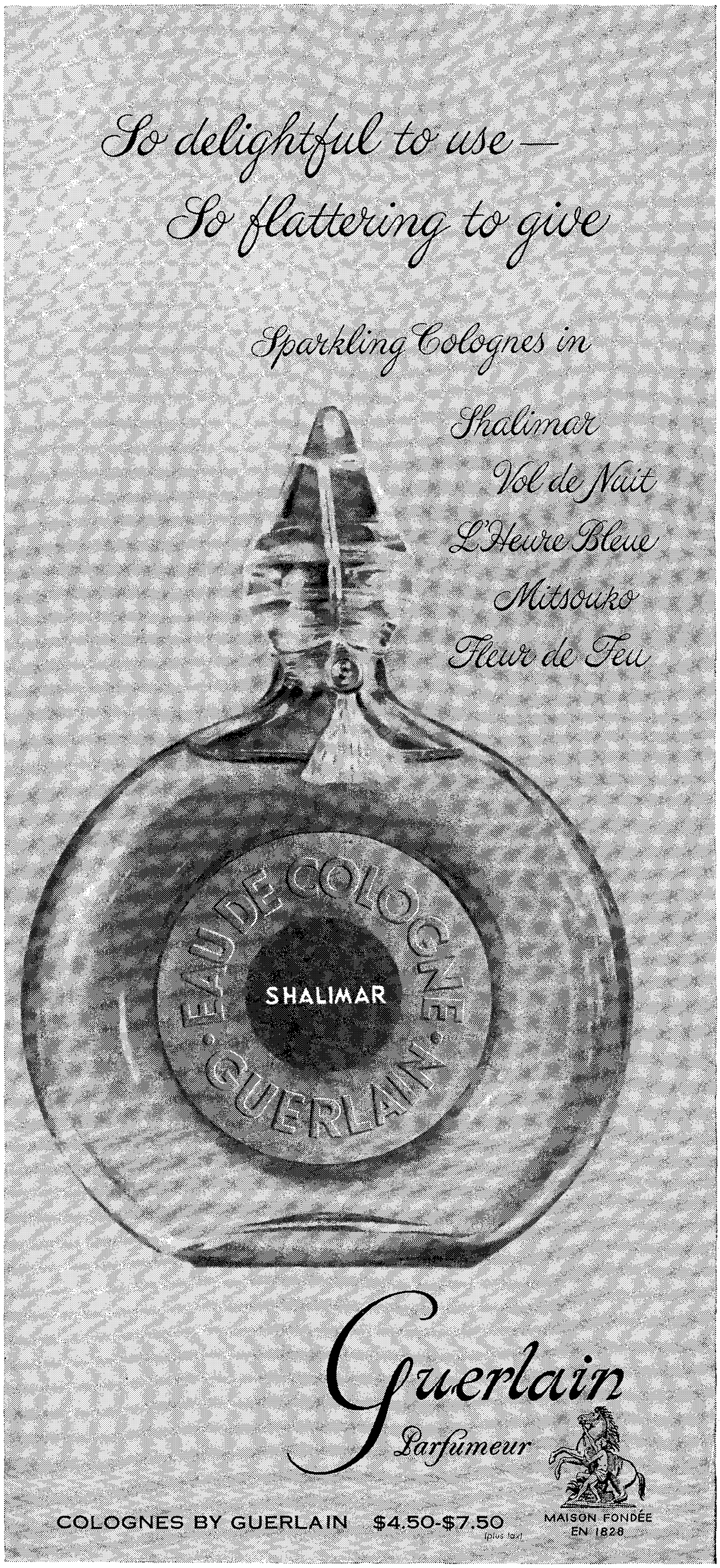
cal Party, which is another middle-of-the-road group but lives up to its name in at least one respect. Before the local elections were held a couple of weeks ago in the canton of Vaud (each canton sets its own election date, usually for a weekend in October or November), some of the campaign posters in Lausanne, the canton's leading city and the center of Rubattel's legal and journalistic activities, were extraordinarily violent, and the most violent of all was the Radical Party's. It read, "Who dares to criticize the Radical Party? *Nobody!*" The Party won the election, but enough people dared to criticize it to make the Socialist Party a close second, and the election itself was severely criticized by civic-minded folk for having brought out only sixty per cent of the electorate, which, in Switzerland, is all male.

At the University of Lausanne, where Rubattel studied law, he won quite a reputation as a debater. So great were his forensic powers that his fellow-students, feeling that these were bound to lead him into politics, used to twit him by singing, "Someday we shall all be brothers and Rubattel will be Federal Councillor," to the tune of the "Internationale." Nowadays, most of Rubattel's former classmates are rather heavy, precise, slow-moving, slow-talking fathers of University of Lausanne students, but whenever he runs into two or three of them, they still burst into their old song. Rubattel's office, like Etter's—and, for that matter, like the offices of all the other Federal Councillors—is in the Palais Fédéral and is cool and dark brown. Rubattel is not paid anything extra for being Vice-President.

Both President Etter and Vice-President Rubattel will remain in their cool brown offices while the Parliament is electing the new President and Vice-President. The two houses meet in the chamber of the National Council, which is the lower house and which is much like our House of Representatives, except that it convenes against the background of a huge mural showing the Lake of Lucerne, with puffy clouds floating in the sky above and puffy mountains in the distance. Like the Councillors' offices, both chambers are in the Palais Fédéral, a large stone building with a green copper dome and a fountain at its entrance in which stone swans spout water. A large stone sculpture depicting the three forest-district leaders who formed the Confederation stands in the foyer. This winter's session of the Parliament opens at six o'clock on the evening of December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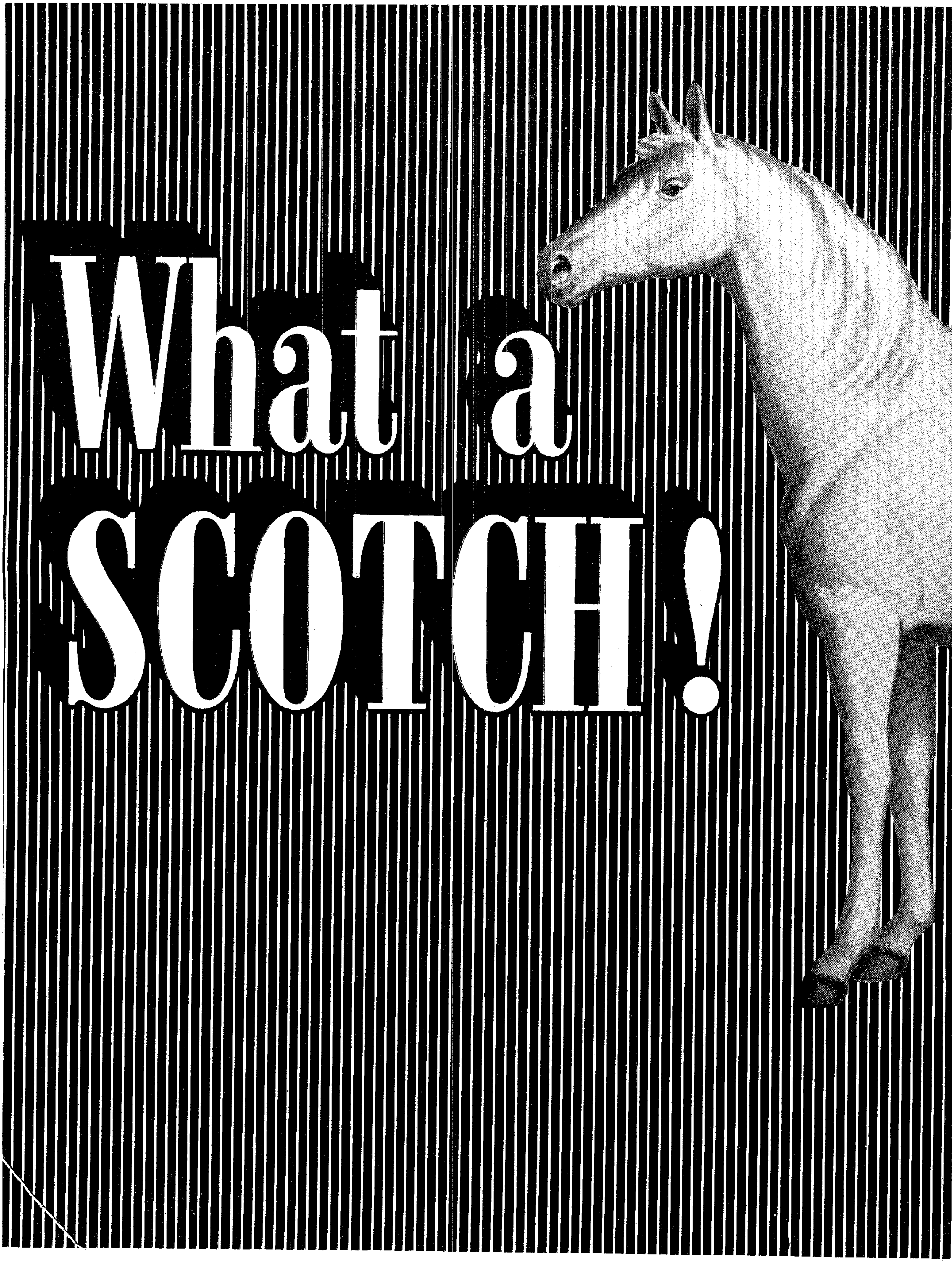
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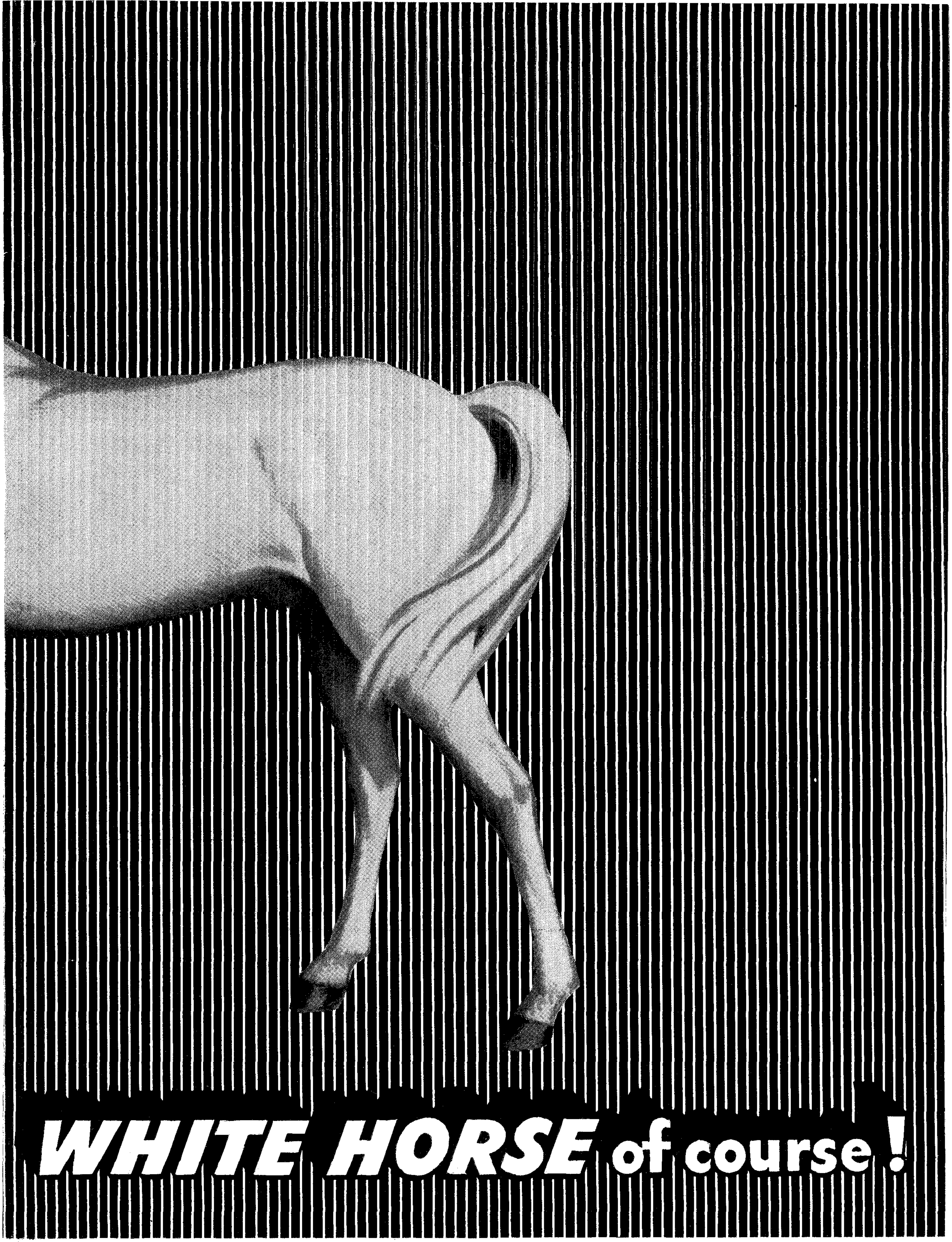
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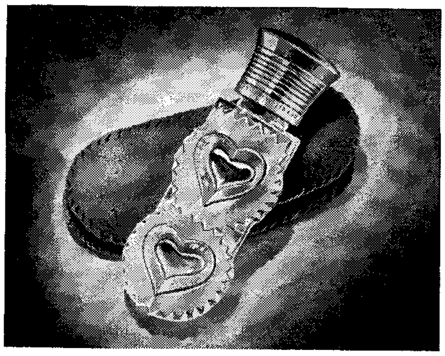

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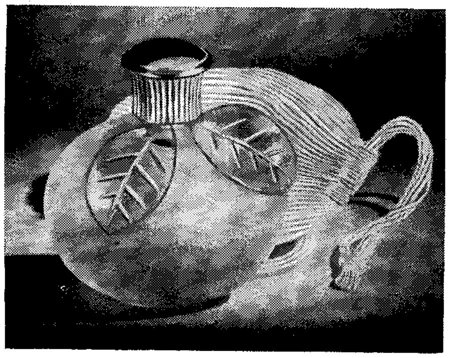

FILLE d'EVE

Daughter of Eve...the tempting Lalique apple in a pleated chiffon case, 4.50
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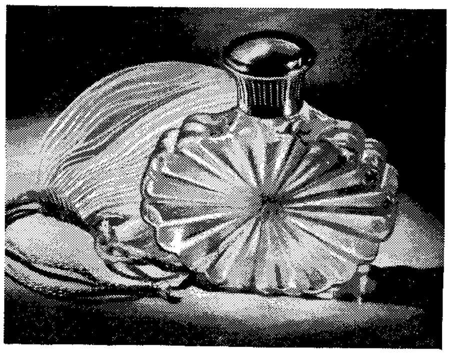

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7th. At eight o'clock in the morning, ten days later, the President of the National Council will open a joint meeting of the two houses by ringing a little bell and saying, "Now we are going to elect the President of the Swiss Confederation." Ballots will be passed out to the members of both houses, and everybody will be expected to write in the name of Rodolphe Rubattel. Then the ballots will be counted, the result will be announced and applauded, and that will be that. After a while, somebody will get around to visiting the new President and shaking his hand, and on January 1st, he will assume office without any ceremony and make his New Year's speech over the radio. At the start of his term, a photograph of him may appear on the cover of a picture magazine called *Sie und Er*. During 1954, he will prepare the agenda for meetings of the Federal Council and will preside at them. He will also make a few public speeches, probably on the subject of neutrality. It is a subject on which a Swiss President can hardly go wrong.

Assuming there is no change in the makeup of the Federal Council, the President scheduled for 1955 is Joseph Escher, a lawyer, who is Councillor in charge of the Posts and Railways Department. Then will come Max Petitpierre, a French-Swiss lawyer and professor of law, who is Councillor of the Foreign Affairs Department and thus Switzerland's Foreign Minister; Markus Feldmann, still another lawyer, who is in charge of the Justice and Police Department; and Max Weber, a social-science professor at the University of Bern, who is the head of the Finance Department, the only Socialist on the Federal Council, and the only one of its members who speaks English. Weber is also the only one of its members who has ever been in the United States. He made the trip, with his wife, in 1922, in the hope of finding a job. After visiting New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, and Chicago without success, he came back to Switzerland. Still assuming that the status quo remains the status quo, in 1959 Weber will be succeeded as President by Karl Kobelt, a civil engineer, who is in charge of the Military Department, and then it will be President Etter again.

DURING the past few months, many Swiss have been acting as if mountain climbing, a sport they have so long taken for granted, had just been discovered. Seven thousand fervent climbers have recently joined the Swiss Alpine Club, bringing the mem-

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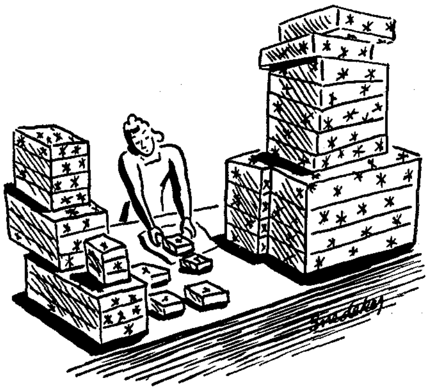
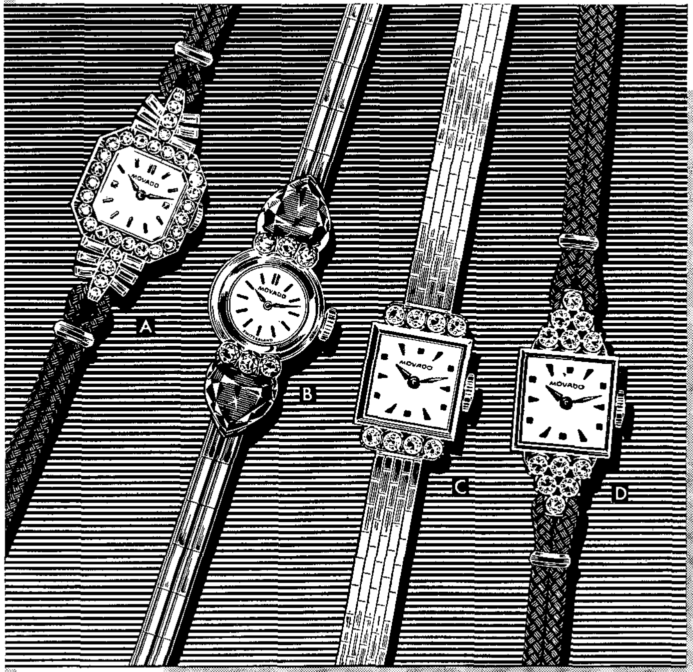
bership, which is restricted to men, to thirty-nine thousand. There are also Alpine clubs for women and young people, and more thousands are members of these. This reawakening to the challenge of high peaks is due partly to the admiration the Swiss feel for the British conquest of Mount Everest in May but even more to the admiration the Swiss feel for the *near* conquest of Mount Everest last year by two Swiss expeditions, one of which came to within nine hundred feet of the summit. Swiss Alpinists don't show the slightest resentment of the British achievement. They point out that there are twelve mountain peaks of twenty-six thousand feet or more in the world—all of them in or near the Himalayas, as it happens—and that of these only three (Annapurna, Everest, and Nanga Parbat) have been scaled. That, the Swiss think, still leaves the field wide open for anyone with enough zeal, ability, and money to have a go at it.

A Swiss candy called Bonbons Organos is now done up in a cellophane bag that also contains a photograph of Mount Everest, with the route taken by the British marked in, and a caption explaining that bonbons like those in the bag were carried by the two Swiss expeditions as well as by the British one and asking, "*Peut-il y avoir de meilleures références?*" Swiss almanacs for the coming year unanimously record both the conquest and the two near conquests of Mount Everest with far more dramatic appreciation than they devote to the coronation of Queen Elizabeth or to the death of Joseph Stalin. The Swiss have long been almanac-crazy, because the isolated way of life in their mountainous land has made them cherish the simple, homely verities in which such books abound. The nation's oldest almanac, called *Le Véritable Messager Boiteux de Berne et Vevey*, has just been published in the little town of Vevey, near Lausanne, for the two-hundred-and-forty-seventh consecutive year. The





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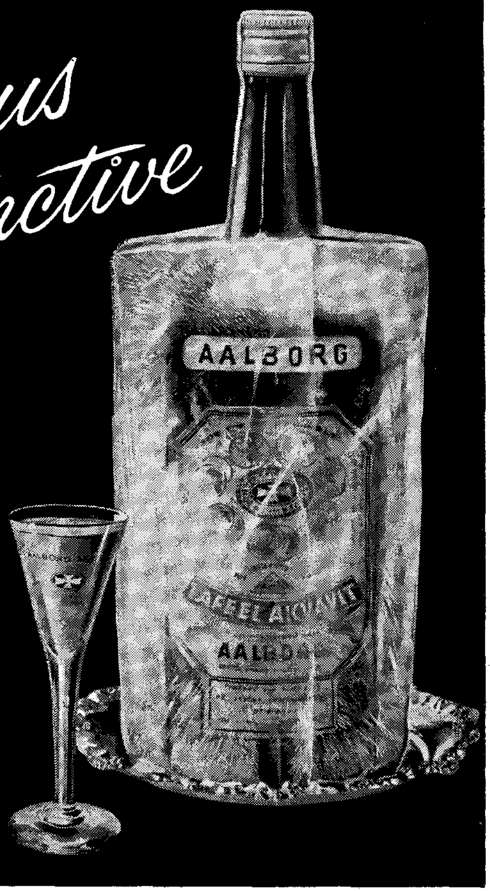

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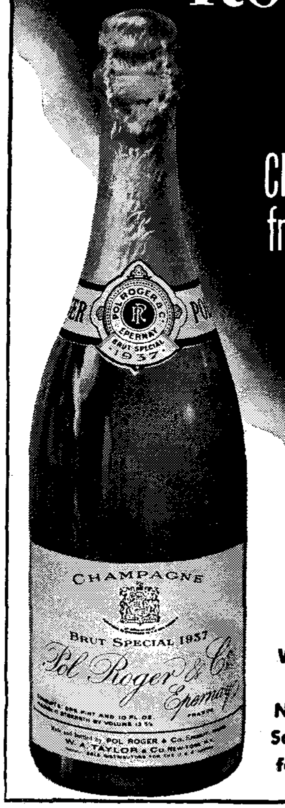
current issue devotes its two center pages, always reserved for the most significant event of the preceding twelve months, to a diagrammatic study entitled "La Conquête du Plus Haut Sommet du Monde," which shows exactly what the Swiss and British expeditions accomplished. For generations, the *Messager Boiteux* has had the same cover design—a woodcut of a lame messenger bringing news to a group of Swiss, comprising a solid citizen, a clergyman, a soldier, and a child, and the whole surrounded by symbols, such as a snail, representing the domestic hearth, that are greatly appreciated in Switzerland. The *Almanach Pestalozzi*, named after the founder of the present system of public education, is an almanac put out specially for children. The *Almanach Pestalozzi* for 1954 not only records the conquest of Mount Everest but includes, in addition to essays on how to read a thermometer, how to sew (for girls), and how to build a birdhouse (for boys), a long, illustrated essay on the joys and benefits of Alpinism (for boys *and* girls).

The best-selling book in Switzerland at the moment is "Avant-Premières à l'Everest," by Gabriel Chevalley, René Dittert, and Raymond Lambert, three of the Swiss who participated in one or the other of the two expeditions that came near reaching the top of Mount Everest. Published by Arthaud, in Paris and Grenoble, it sold thirty-four thousand copies in its first three weeks. The subject is the Swiss journeys to India and Nepal and treks through the jungles to the base of the mountain, and the labor and pain involved in the attempts to attain the summit—attempts that were frustrated by glaciers and monsoons. Somehow, the book describes the failures without making them sound like failures. Swiss mountain climbers are particularly proud of the tributes that the British conquerors of Mount Everest paid the Swiss expeditions. A paper band around the dust jacket of the Chevalley-Dittert-Lambert book quotes Sir John Hunt, leader of the British expedition, as saying, "*A vous autres, une bonne moitié de la gloire.*" The latest issue of a Swiss Alpine journal (its name appears on its cover in all four Swiss languages—*Die Alpen*, *Les Alpes*, *Le Alpi*, and *Las Alps*—and its contributors write in whichever of the four they please) carries an article by Hunt and a colleague, in which they thank the Swiss for making information accumulated during the two unsuccessful tries available to them. "This played an incalculably



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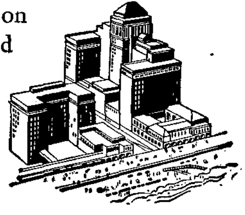

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great part in the final result," they write. "We climbed on the shoulders of our Swiss friends to the top of the mountain." Swiss Alpinists are touched to the point of tears by this last statement.

THE Swiss National Tourist Office has bravely accepted, along with many other new problems, the shift of interest from the Alps to the Himalayan region as the goal of serious mountain-climbing expeditions, and it is trying to stimulate interest in the Alps as the best training ground for would-be scalers of the highest peaks in the world. Another problem the Tourist Office faces is what is widely referred to here as the *trou de janvier*—the January vacuum. January is the slowest month of the year in the Swiss tourist business, and, coming after the crowds that swarm to Alpine resorts around Christmastime, the slump has a particularly depressing effect. Switzerland depends on its income from tourists to make up most of the difference between the five and a quarter billion francs it spends on imports and the four and three-quarters billion it gets back from its exports. A couple of years ago, the Swiss Association of Hotelkeepers, in a determined effort to induce tourists to linger on through January, offered a bonus of fifty francs to every tourist who stayed on at a hotel for at least two weeks after the holidays. Some twenty thousand tourists—about half of them from England and about a tenth of them from the United States—took advantage of the offer. The hotelkeepers were disappointed, however, because most of the tourists, when they were hopefully asked whether they wouldn't like to take the bonus in credit for an even longer stay, asked for cash, checked out of the hotels, and spent the money—a total of 1,018,000 francs—elsewhere. At the present time, the United States is one of the few nations (Switzerland itself is another) that do not limit the amount of currency a person can take out of the country, and for a while the Swiss were looking across the Atlantic for the tourists they so badly want. For the past three years, the government has made an annual appropriation to present an alluring picture of Switzerland to American tourists, but the results were discouraging and the appropriation was not renewed this year. The Swiss are now pinning their hopes on West Germany. A survey of the situation published here not long ago states, "The spotlight is on the tourist from West Germany, owing to

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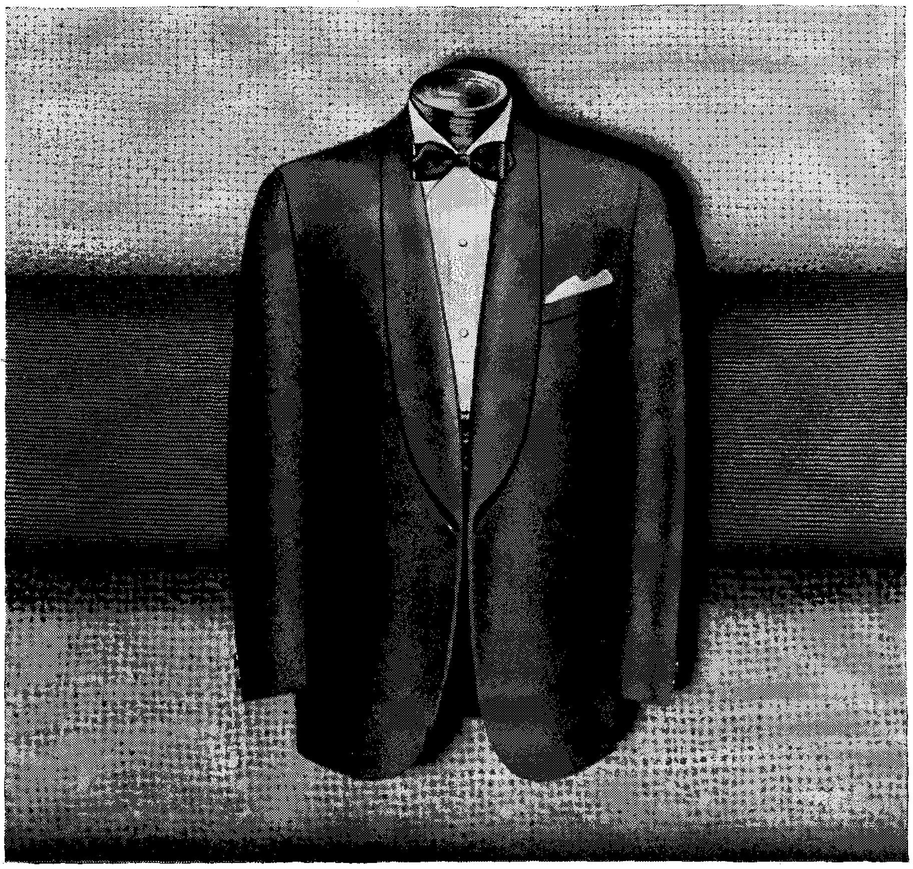

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To pep up the fight against the January vacuum, the Tourist Office is trying to popularize the slogan "*Qui dit ski, dit Suisse*" on the Continent, and newspaper articles keep pointing out that Switzerland has kept her tourist prices constant for three years, while most of her neighbors have increased theirs. There are projects in various parts of the Alps for making ski runs longer; the one at Monte Rosa has been extended upward from the Gorner Grat, at 10,283 feet, to the Stockhorn, at 11,402. A resort in the Rhône Valley is preparing to spend twenty-five thousand francs to have the snow on its slopes firmly packed. The Swiss ski instructors, who are now attending their annual school in Arosa, near St. Moritz, are not only brushing up on all the latest techniques of skiing but are being taught ways to persuade Americans to get up early (as early as, say, the British), so that they may take skiing lessons before sunrise as a preface to a day of skiing on their own.

For all their enterprise, however, the Swiss refuse to sacrifice Alpine beauty for monetary gain. The Federal Council recently rejected a proposal to operate a chair lift in summer over the Aletsch Glacier in the Bernese Oberland. The chair lift operates during the spring, for skiers, but the government feels that it would spoil the summer landscape. For the same reason, the Swiss are opposing Italian plans to run a chair lift all the way up the Matterhorn, whose peak is in Switzerland but whose southern base is in Italy. From the Italian village of Cervinia, at the foot of the Matterhorn, a cable car now goes up as far as the Furgg Grat platform, at the Swiss frontier; from there the Italians want to operate a chair lift to the summit, but the people of Zermatt, a town on the Swiss side of the mountain, have enlisted the support of the Alpine clubs not only of Switzerland, France, and Great Britain but of Italy itself to oppose the plan. They maintain that mountains should be climbed and not travelled up in chairs, unless, as in the case of the Jungfraujoch, a track can be built inside the mountain, where it is invisible.

THE busiest man in Switzerland this winter may well turn out to be a thirty-eight-year-old airplane pilot named Hermann Geiger, who runs the

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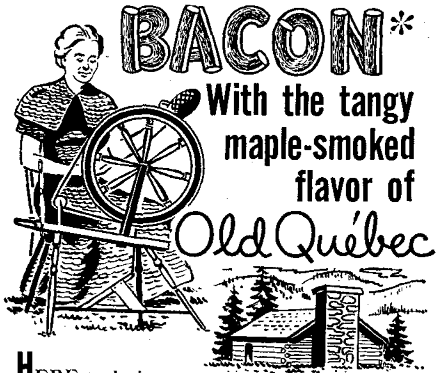

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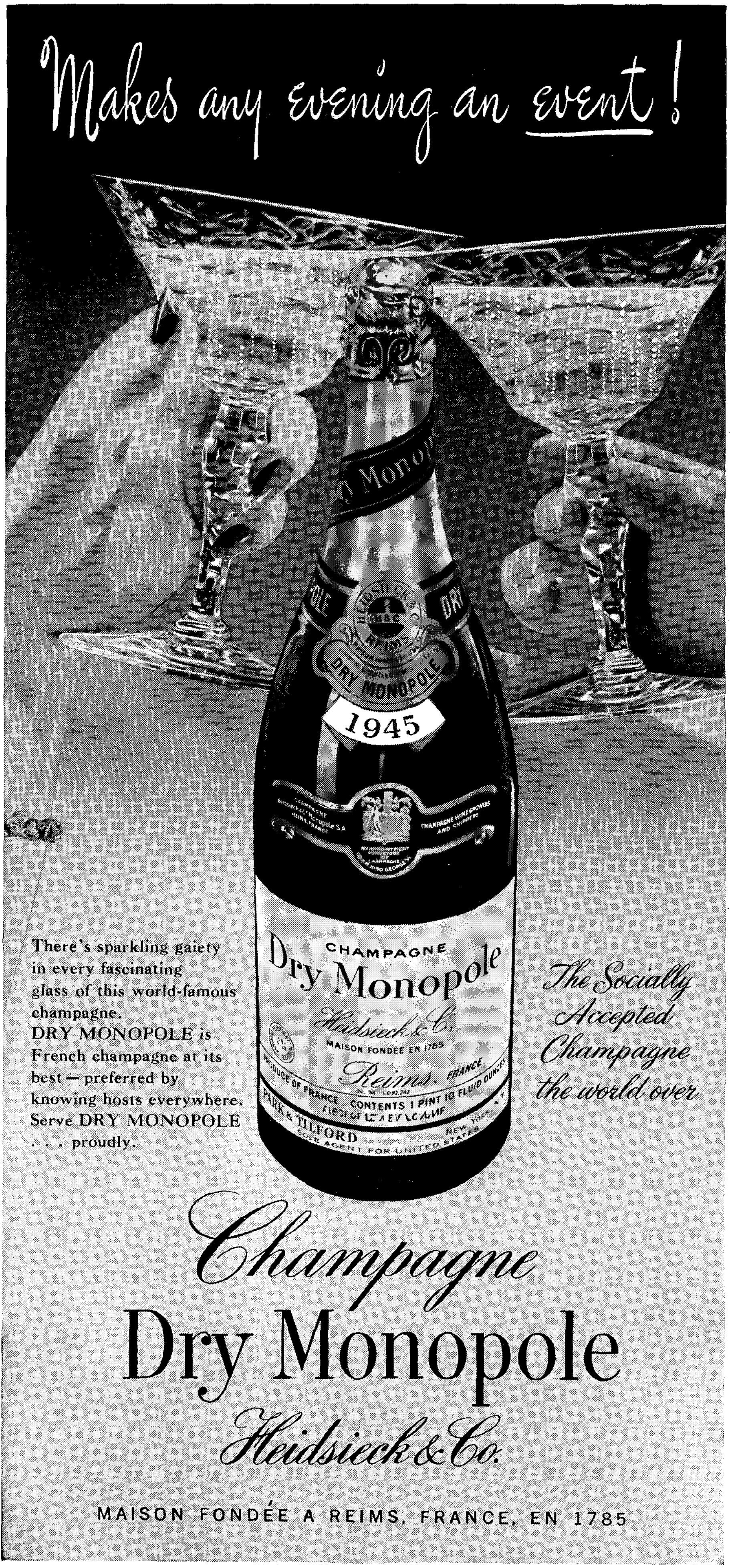
only Alpine air service. It is based at Sion, in the sunny Rhône Valley. Geiger is a small, gentle, deeply sunburned man who likes nothing better than to land ski planes on small patches of ice high in the mountains. He runs his service with two American planes—a four-seater Cessna 170 and a two-seater Piper Super Cub—which he has equipped with both wheels and retractable skis. Geiger's work includes rescuing injured skiers, carrying luggage to and from mountain cabins, bringing food, wood, and mail to the Swiss who live on mountaintops the year round, parachuting doctors down to sick people, and, on Sunday mornings, bringing a priest ten thousand feet up the Weisshorn to say Mass for skiers who don't want to take the time to go to a church. The skiers start out for the Weisshorn at 5 A.M. Five hours later, Geiger delivers the priest, and after Mass the skiers, feeling well protected, set off down the mountain. Last year, Geiger carried forty tons of stone, cement, wood, glass, and equipment up to the 9,975-foot Mutthorn to build a tourist cabin, which sleeps two hundred. The job required five hundred and thirty-five landings. Geiger can carry three passengers or six hundred and sixty pounds of freight in the Cessna and one passenger or five hundred and fifty pounds of freight in the Piper Super Cub. He charges the equivalent of about seven cents a pound—of passenger or freight—from Sion to any point up to a height of thirteen thousand feet. He charges passengers seventy francs (about sixteen dollars) an hour for flights anywhere in the Alps. Geiger has found two hundred and forty glaciers in the mountains that he can land on. The smallest one—twelve thousand feet high and thirty-seven hundred feet from the top of Mont Blanc—is two hundred and twenty-five feet long and ends in a sheer drop of three thousand feet. Geiger has landed there about fifty times. At another of his frequent stops, he has to land at a forty-degree angle



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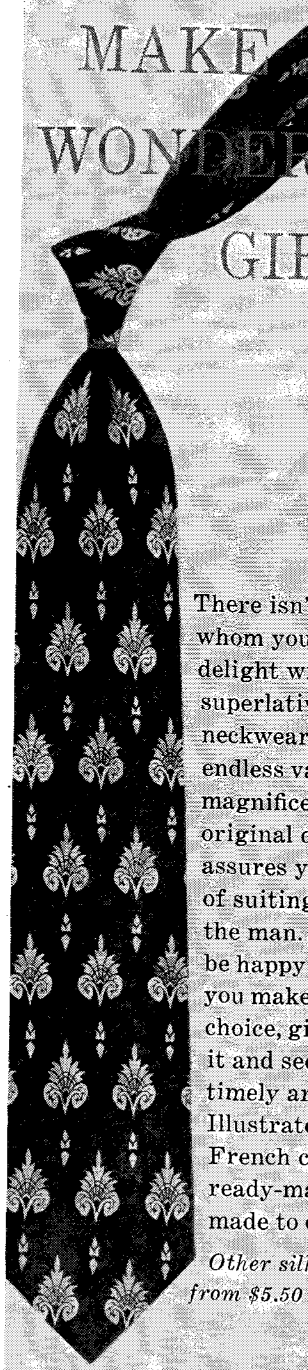

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on a strip two hundred and sixty feet long, halfway up the side of a mountain. This is the landing strip that Geiger's wife and six-year-old son, who often accompany him, like the best.

SWISS private schools are so crowded this year that many foreigners living in Switzerland have had to enroll their children in the public schools. The parents of a couple of children, both under ten, who were until recently enrolled in a private school in the United States, are now living just outside Lausanne, and they have been overwhelmingly impressed by the fine deportment their children are learning in a public school there. At the beginning of the term, the school authorities sent the parents a list of rules that the children are expected to abide by. These rules state that students must show respect to their elders, and especially to magistrates, the aged, the infirm, and women. They must not use coarse language or commit brutal acts. They must respect private property. They must prepare their homework. They are forbidden to loiter on the streets, to smoke, to carry arms, to mistreat animals, to go out alone after 8 P.M. between November 1st and March 31st or after 9 P.M. during the other months, to enter public establishments like cafés, bars, and beer halls without their parents or a school matron, or to go to the cinema without their parents. The parents of the two children from America were asked to sign this document—and they did, happily. —LILLIAN ROSS

•

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT
(LATEST THING IN LA JOLLA DIVISION)

[*From the La Jolla Light*]

The latest thing in La Jolla is to end all your sentences with prepositions. Preferably "at." On purpose. It is very chic. There is a certain euphony in "What have you been up to? Where have you been at?" It makes even the simplest sentence interesting. If you have nothing to say, and feel compelled to talk, it is quite a lot of fun to be trying at.

•

Mrs. H. E. Consigny, 722 Miami Pass, has just returned from a visit to Colorado and Yellowstone. While in Colorado, she visited her brother-in-law and sister in Golden, and the Stanley Ashbys (formerly of Madison) in Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Consigny's four days at Yellowstone National Park were interesting since many geysers which have been inactive for some time erupted while she was there. —*Wisconsin State Journal.*

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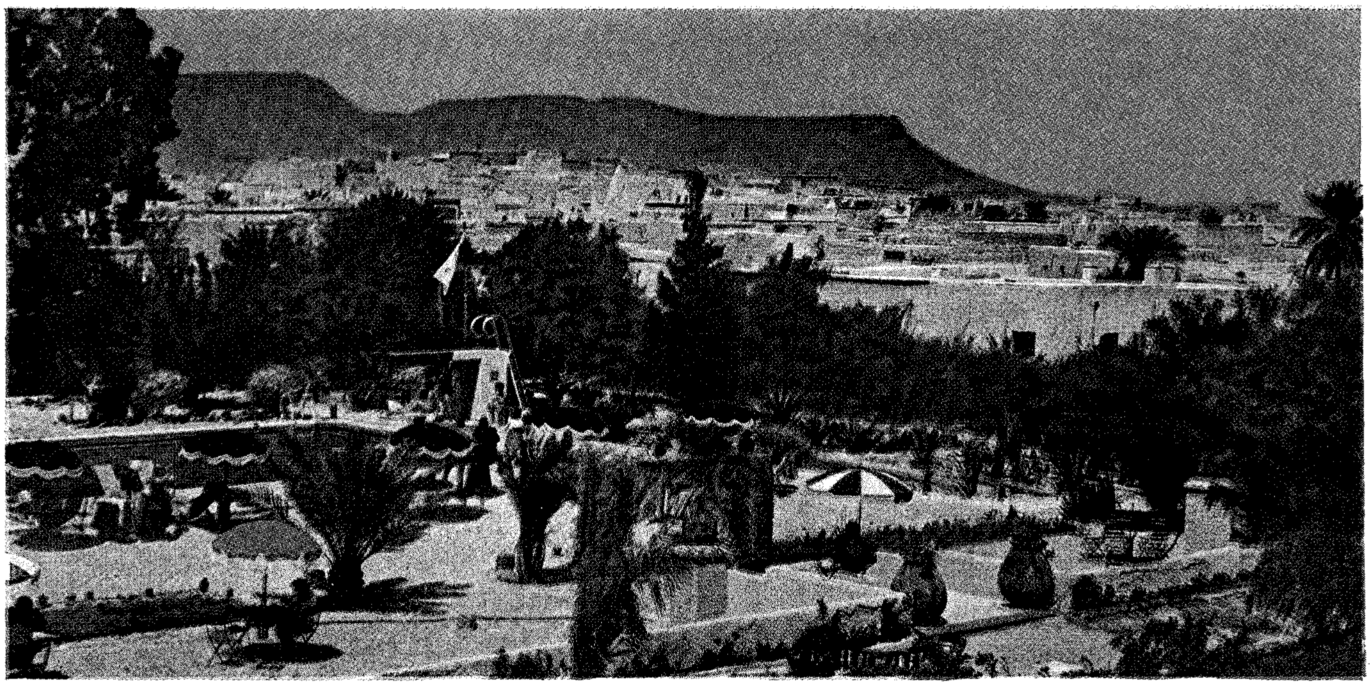

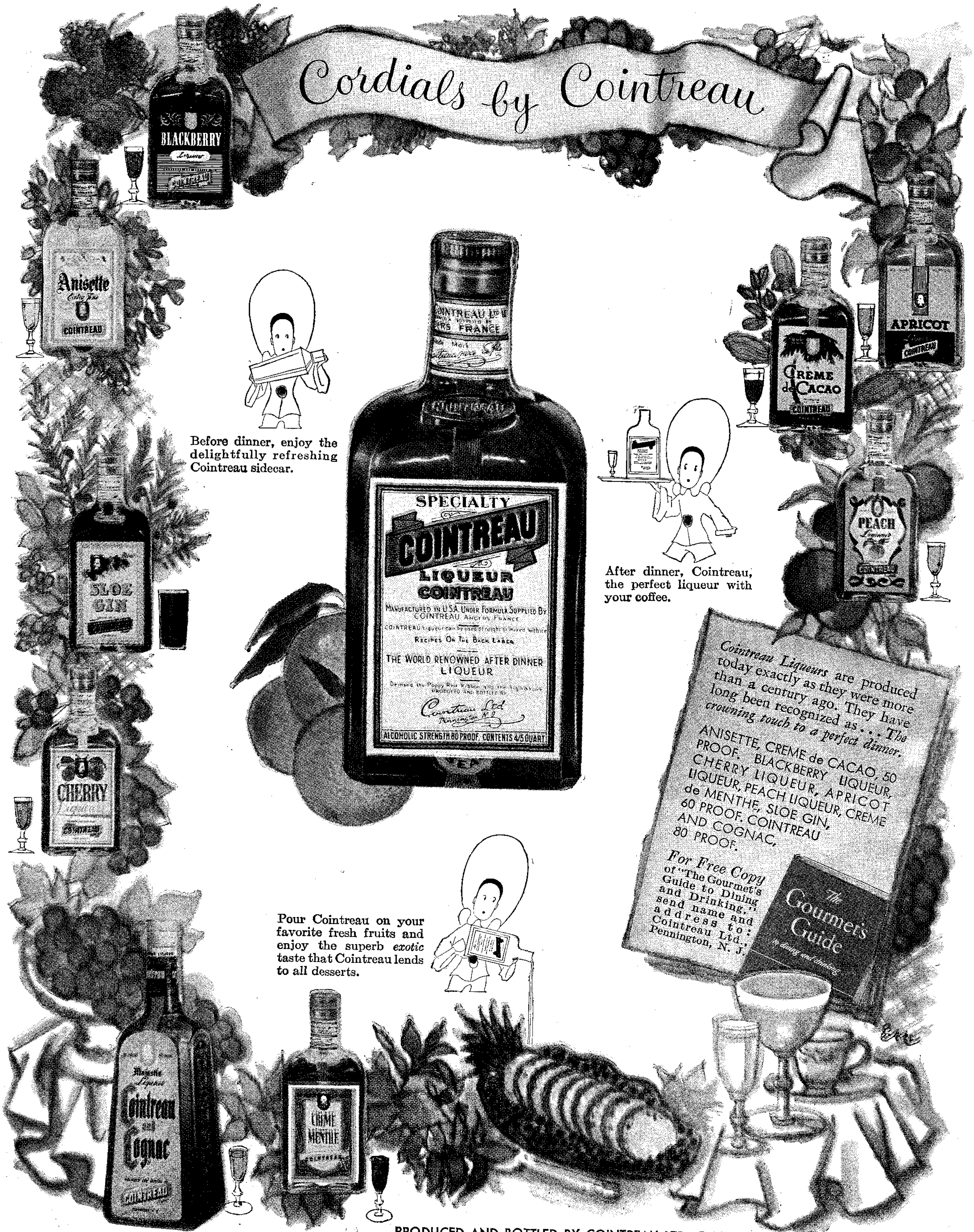
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TABLES FOR TWO

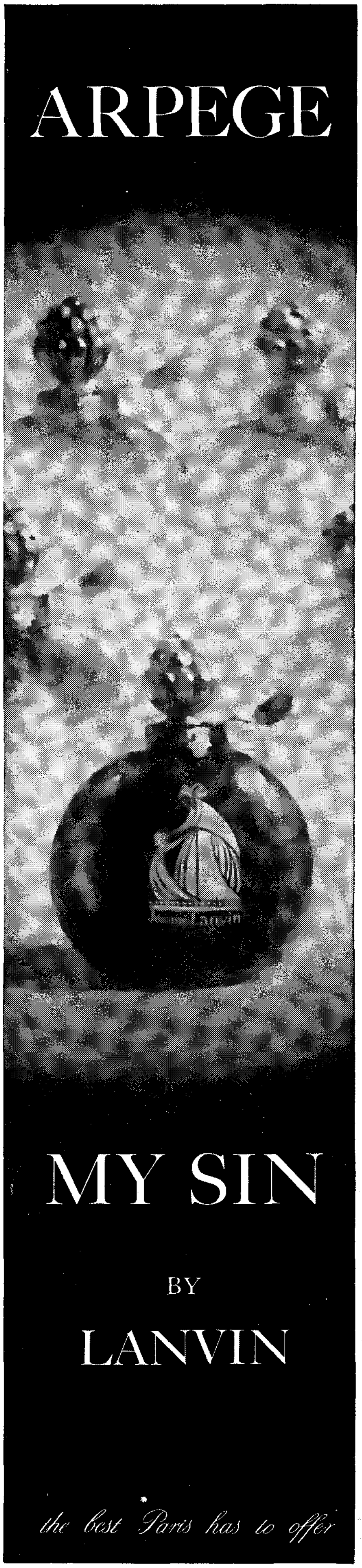
What's the Password?

ALTHOUGH the Copacabana is actually on the East Side of town, it is nevertheless the chief temple of the Broadway school of night-club entertainment. One of the tribal practices of this sect is to set up a protective screen of cabalistic names and places, behind which its disciples carry on their devotions. In the Copacabana's current rites, for example, a singer named Norman Brooks pays obeisance to the late Al Jolson during his relatively brief tour of duty. A little later, the Kean Sisters, a comedy act, appear and, in the course of their protracted ceremonies, either imitate or invoke Ava Gardner, Betty Grable, Richard Rodgers, Marilyn Monroe, Mae West, Joe DiMaggio, Jane Russell, Joe E. Lewis, Wally Cox, Polly Adler, Sid Caesar, Jackie Gleason, Lena Horne, Arthur Godfrey, Julius La Rosa, Errol Flynn, Lilo, Rita Hayworth, Dick Haymes, Aly Khan, Christine Jorgensen, Louella Parsons, Sophie Tucker, Sadie Banks, and Jules Podell, and refer in passing to such sacred institutions as Minsky's and the Stork Club. Early in the formalities, the Dunhills, a trio of hoofers, make a modest start on the protective screen by devoting a song to two of the tribe's familiar gathering places—the Roxy and the Paramount. By the time the evening's rites are at an end, a heathen perched on any one of the various ledges of this subterranean cavern is likely to feel that the air is choked with the spirits of strange deities; actually, it is only filled with the fumes of burning tobacco and Chinese food, and a journey up to the pure, vital air of East Sixtieth Street will immediately clear the head. The three performances I have mentioned are separated by the elaborate functions of the Copa priestesses, young singers and dancers who are handsomely costumed in the light habiliments of the order.

To get down to cases, it may be that you will find Brooks, a toothy and wide-eyed young man, somewhat tiresome to watch as he stands before the microphone with a mechanical smirk on his face, but if you close your eyes and avoid trying to find any thread of continuity in his odd repertoire ("I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Hello Sunshine," "C'Est Si Bon," "My Yiddishe Momma," and other bonbons), you will discover that he owns a full and rather pleasant voice, which he distorts until it sounds uncannily like Jolson's. The Dunhills, once they have got through proclaiming their arrival in song, settle down to conventional buck-and-wing and soft-shoe routines. As for the Keans, they are quite funny, even though their humor—their verbal humor, anyway—is of a parochial sort. Jane, a good-looking girl, does most of the singing and some of the imitations, and also serves as straight woman for her sister Betty. The latter, a gangling clown, staggers drunkenly around the floor, breaks up Jane's songs and mimicry with offhand remarks, and flirts outrageously with men at ringside tables. She was wearing a simple but stylish black dress when I saw her, and over it she put on, at different times, a monstrous red sweater, a Hawaiian sports shirt, and a funereal black overcoat, supplementing these items with, respectively, a red wig, an outmoded aviator's helmet, and a stovepipe hat. Much of the time, she smoked and brandished a big cigar with all the aplomb of a veteran male comedian. You get the idea.

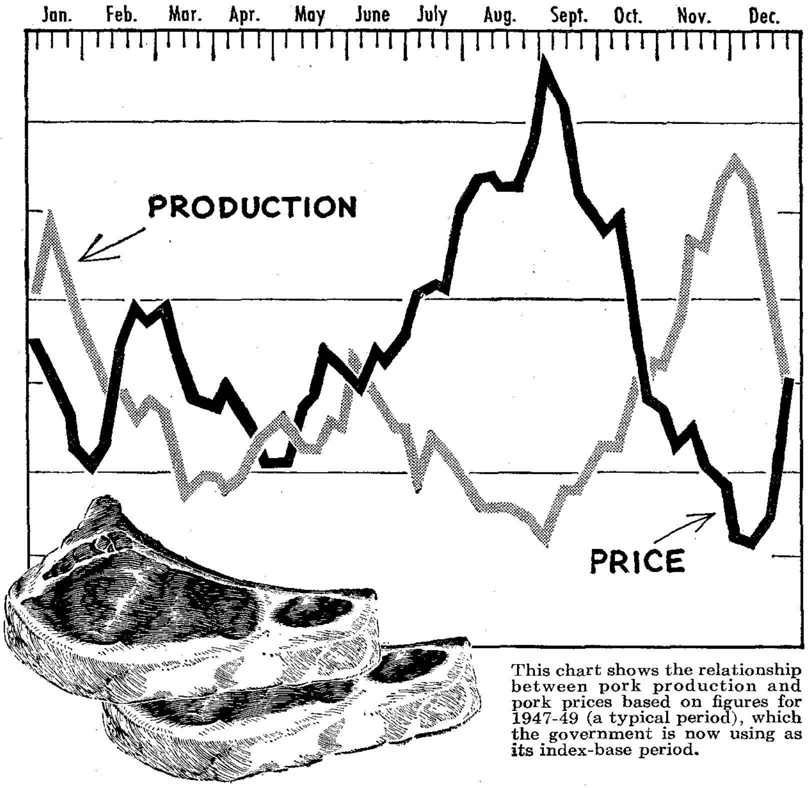
FINDING myself in the neighborhood of La Vie en Rose, and being curious to see what changes a recent redecorating job had wrought in the club, I ventured inside the door late last Friday night and looked down in wonderment upon a babbling throng that was milling around in the long foyer. I had never seen the place so crowded. The foyer and the bar appear to be the same as ever, but the main room, a sunken place that I remember as small and fairly cozy, has been vastly expanded. The attractive twisted-wire decorations along the walls have been replaced with enormous painted flowers—there is one every few yards—with spectral white petals, and the stage seems better laid out than before.

After what seemed a long time, the show began, with a woman singer whose only achievement was to make the customers look at the stage. She was followed by a young comedian, Dick Shawn, who is a solidly built fellow with strong features and a shock of unruly black hair that gives him a mildly formidable appearance. He was new to me, and impressed me as being the most authoritative and adept member of his species to come along in several years. His material was inspired nonsense—a compound of song and speech that he



BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

What law
makes pork cost less
in December
than it does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as its index-base period.

The well-known law of *supply and demand.* With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature.* They spend a good 6 months growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *More pork*—lower prices during the winter followed by *less pork—higher prices* through the summer months.

Summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

The medical school of a leading university reports a recent study in which a number of overweight people lost up to 100 pounds on diets featuring *double portions of lean meat.* Meat means so much to so many—in so many different ways—that it's good to know meat packers can help put it on your table at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.

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made taut and absorbing—and it was tied together with a running gag about an imaginary uncle of his who was trudging home from the Civil War and to whom on occasion he excitedly beckoned above the heads of the audience. This bit of foolishness had its payoff toward the end of the stint, when Shawn, in a voice that was fervid, if not quite equal to the demands of the music, embarked on the aria "Vesti la giubba," from "Pagliacci." As he neared the climax of the piece, obviously heading for disaster, his eyes lit up and he suddenly began shouting encouragement to his weary old uncle. He then whipped offstage, returning quickly to sing a chorus of "I'll See You in My Dreams" with easy assurance. Nat (King) Cole, the star of the show—he's leaving this weekend, but the rest of the cast will be there another week—came on next and sang a batch of songs with his familiar polish and clarity, bending over a small piano from time to time to rattle off some chords.

Tommy Dorsey's big brass band—the billing reads "With Jimmy Dorsey," but I noticed that the music stands all bear the initials "J.D."—has come off the road to settle down for a spell in the Café Rouge of the Hotel Statler. With Tommy's superb tromboning, Jimmy's excellent sax and clarinet work, energetic singing by two accomplished vocalists (male and female), and a bookful of first-rate arrangements splendidly played by a complement of expert musicians, the band is one of the very best. If you want to hear it let loose, though, you'd better wait until after the dinner hour to drop in at the Café Rouge. Hotel bands, even superior ones like this, have to be on their good behavior most of the time, and are allowed some latitude only late in the evening. —D. W.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*The entry for January 11, 1943, in "Rumor and Reflection," by Bernard Berenson*]

It is not likely that Russia will want to extend her frontiers westwards beyond what was allotted to her by Germany in August, 1939, if indeed she will want to retain all that rather than to return to her frontiers of 1914.

•

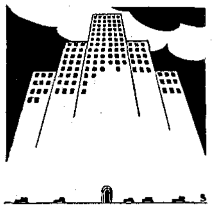
Eva—Contact me immediately. Very important. John.

John—Phone me at my home. Eva.—*Personals in the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

Whose move *is* this?

THE SKY LINE

A Phoenix Too Infrequent—II

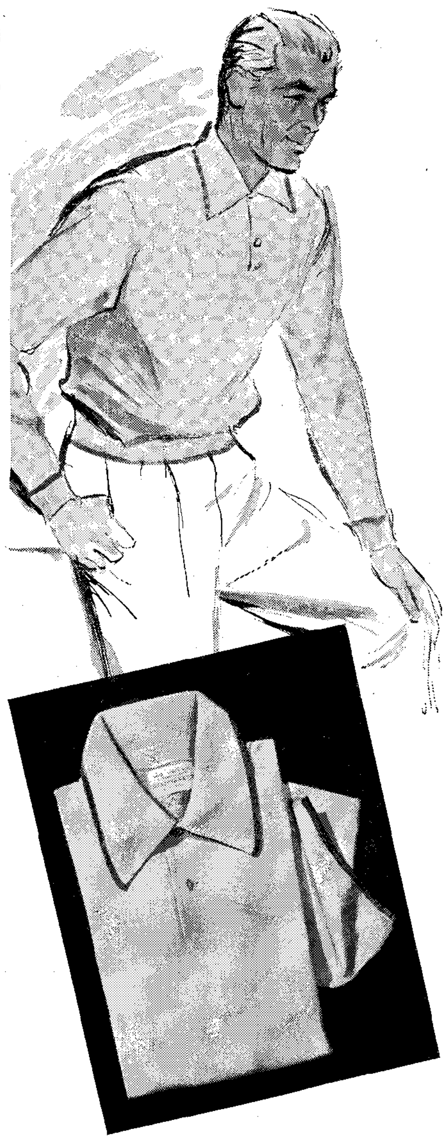


BECAUSE one of Frank Lloyd Wright's characteristic prairie houses has been temporarily set up next to the hut that shelters his show, "Sixty Years of Living Architecture," on the site of the projected Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, just off uptown Fifth Avenue, one might all too easily decide that his major successes are his dwelling houses. That conclusion would overlook some of his most original achievements, and perhaps his greatest potentialities. Except for Bernard Maybeck and Louis Sullivan, there has been no architect in his generation who has had anything like Wright's audacious capacities for handling nondomestic structures. Unfortunately, the growing gentility and middle-aged discretion of American businessmen, even in adventurous Chicago, caused the big opportunities for building warehouses, factories, railroad stations, and public structures between 1893 and 1933 to go mostly to derivative minds, devoted to merchandising Gothic, imperial Rome, or Renaissance hand-me-downs. Rarely has Wright had the sort of chance that H. H. Richardson had to show the full span of his powers. Happily, though, a long succession of projects and buildings, beginning in 1897 with the Luxfer Prism offices in Chicago (never built) and the Larkin Administration Building in Buffalo (razed in 1950), give us more than a hint of Wright's range.

In his larger structures, even more than in his dwelling houses, Wright's university training as an engineer has stood him in good stead. All these big buildings show, in one degree or another, the combination of qualities that makes up his specific genius—his fertility in technical invention and the endless play of his fantasy, largely in relation to new forms provided by the machine. Like sculptors who find heads and torsos and abstract forms in driftwood, Wright quickens in the presence of any building material; he can think of more ways of using glass and concrete, sheet metal and precast blocks, than any of his contemporaries. To respect "the nature of materials"—a phrase often on his lips—and to create original forms in harmony with the mechanical processes that shape them are perhaps his main concerns. These preoccupations override any regard for the varied natures of men whenever they are not in harmony with this effort. Add to this his respect for regular, geometric figures, which, he notes, "have acquired to some extent human significance, as, say, the cube or the square, integrity; the circle or sphere, infinity; the straight line, rectitude." From his willing submission to materials, mechanical processes, and geometric forms, he gets the deepest subjective satisfaction; indeed, to him all this has a moral quality that justifies his indifference to less architectonic human needs and desires. This aspect of his strength partly accounts for a human failing that goes with it: the client he seeks above all to satisfy is himself.

In an age that has released energies and dissolved established forms in every field, Wright's imperturbable readiness to break old molds and improvise new ones has made his less gifted contemporaries look like tired routineers. No one but Wright could have thought of such a fresh departure in store buildings as the V. C. Morris shop, in San Francisco—an all-brick front broken only by a single round-arch opening at one side as entrance, with the sales floors connected by a spiral ramp reaching from the entrance to the glass-bubble skylight. Once he has conceived such a form, he will often reach out for further occasions to use it, and possibly only he would have dared to apply this one to the design of an art museum, like the projected Guggenheim building. When thwarted, Wright seems to lie in wait for a client capable of matching his own audacity and sanctioning the new form. This gives some of his best designs a factitious air when they finally are built. Thus his idea for a skyscraper with floors cantilevered out from a utility core (elevators and the like), the whole to be sheathed in a curtain wall of glass and copper, was originally applied to a projected apartment house for St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie back in 1929, but only now has it finally found actual embodiment, in an office building in Oklahoma. About the technical virtuosity of Wright's buildings there can be little argument. His Imperial Hotel, in Tokyo, though wrought of stone and brick without benefit of metal skeleton, has survived more than one earthquake, because it was designed to yield to the ground shudder rather than to resist it. But the infrequency of his commissions for such buildings seems sometimes to have resulted in an infelicitous overcompensation in those that do get built.

The Larkin Building (1905-06),



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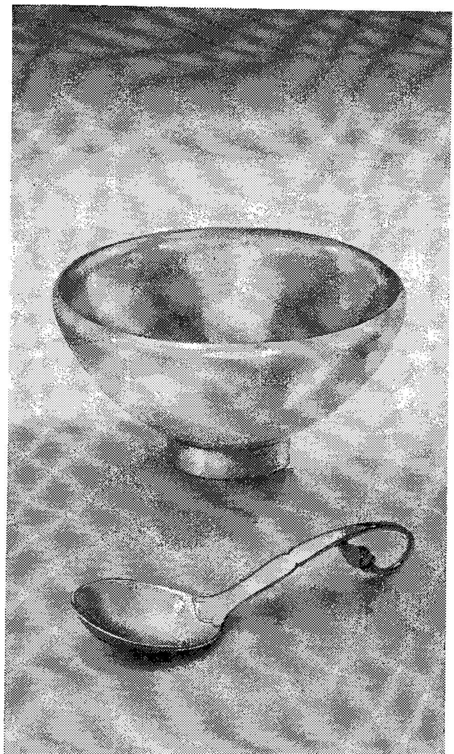

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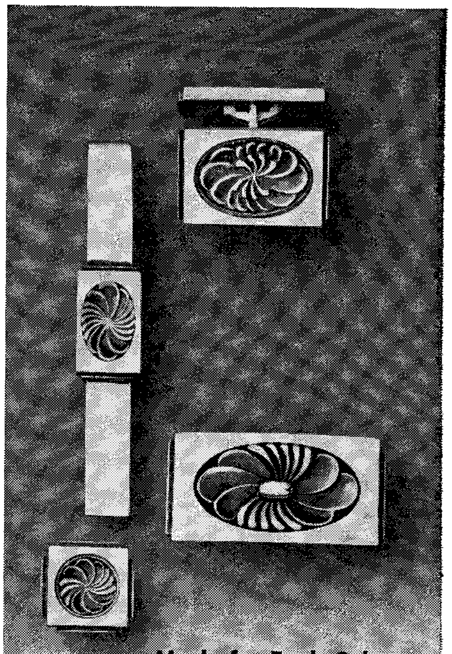
one of Wright's most consummate achievements, will serve as an example. Professor Henry-Russell Hitchcock, so far the main historian of Wright's work, has described it as an expression of "the innate monumentality of an industrial building." As a matter of fact, it was not an industrial building, and its monumentality was at odds with the quiet, direct treatment of its interior. This edifice, far more imposing as a temple than Unity Temple, which Wright built shortly afterward in Oak Park, Illinois, stood by itself in a grimy industrial area of Buffalo. Despite its commercial purpose it had the acoustic properties of a cathedral and the sober austerity of a vast law court, and who could have guessed, on approaching it, that soap coupons were sorted there? What the American office building needed at this point was not greater aesthetic dignity—Sullivan had achieved that—but a layout that would provide more light, air, storage space, and workaday efficiency than the overcrowded skyscraper as yet afforded. Wright's basic plan for the Larkin Building was so sound that it might have shown the way, but his fresh contribution was hidden behind an irrelevant monumentality.

Here is an instance of misplaced creativity, perhaps the first but certainly not the last in Wright's prodigious opus. Denied a sufficient outlet for the imperious demands of his genius, he has too often been impelled to make his own opportunities. So when he finds a client willing to play with him, he has a tendency to project into a building, regardless of economic limitations or functional requirements, all his pent-up creativeness. In the building of the Midway Gardens, in Chicago, in 1913, Wright's elaborate effort to bring together sculpture, painting, and music into an architectural whole (restaurant, beer garden, dance hall) taxed the financial capacity of the owner, and that fact may, almost as much as the coming of prohibition, have hastened its untimely demolition some fifteen years later. In the Larkin Building, Wright expended an enormous amount of talent and energy on a structure whose imposing masses had no meaning for either the dreary site or the business performed in it. In both instances, he may have been overcompensating for the denial of a more normal outlet for monumental building.

Except for a sere interlude between 1920 and 1934, when legal and financial difficulties dogged him and clients lacked the courage to carry out his many



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MILT SHAW and his Orchestra

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projects, Wright was never a neglected architect. But he has not ever been sufficiently employed on the sort of work most suited to his talents—schools, theatres, concert halls, such huge concepts as the San Diego Fair of 1915, the Chicago Fair of 1933, and the New York World's Fair of 1939—or on such schemes as the Jefferson Memorial and the National Art Gallery, in Washington, and the United Nations headquarters, in which cases the free play of his imagination might have saved us from a succession of impeccable failures. Both Wright and his countrymen have lost by this oversight, his countrymen most of all. The sorry effect upon his work has been to encourage him, in his lordly contempt for popular mediocrity, to coddle his idiosyncrasies.

Significantly, when Wright's forms are most strikingly and unmistakably his own, they are sometimes least successful as aesthetic expressions. This is usually due to a too zealous application of logic. That logic, admittedly, often serves him well in a simple building, like the Luxfer Prism offices, in which the client's requirements for uniform ventilation, light, and easily divisible space were translated into squared bays framed in concrete and filled with glass. Once such a solution of a specific problem was found, other designers could take it over, and, as Wright has acidly commented, they did. But in some buildings his logic overpowers his aesthetic sense; in his passion for geometric form, he turns the polygon into a paragon. Having seized upon a certain geometric form—a hexagon or a triangle—he will, for the sake of consistency, apply it to every nook and corner of his design, thus creating a far too insistent series of harsh, angular forms in the furniture he designs as well as in the meetings of beams, the shape of his windows, and the layout of his rooms. One's eye vainly seeks relief from this almost obsessive reiterativeness. This exaggeration goes hand in hand with an essential trait of Wright's character: a tendency to replace the engineering principle of least effort with the baroque principle of the greatest show. There are moments when this even turns into a Hollywood director's love of the supercolossal. Whether it is quantitative or qualitative, one must admit that this exaggeration is an American trait, and Wright, for all his mastery of the domestic scale, may succumb to its specious enticements even when they contradict his basic principles of life. Fortunately, the most grandiose of his designs, such as the gigantic, hive-like recreation center for Pittsburgh's

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Golden Triangle district, remain in the paper stage. Wright's best effects are usually simple, as when he cantilevers the corner of a bedroom, so that as one opens the casement windows one has an unbroken view of the garden outside. When he is least showy, he generally puts on the best show.

IN holding an assize on Wright's work as a whole, one has to ask two questions: what it stands for in itself, as the unique expression of a powerful and superbly endowed personality, and what it means in relation to the time, the place, the community, the civilization. Wright's methods and concepts, his hopes and ideals, have not pliantly conformed to the dominant modes of our time. To what extent are his buildings architectural sports, destined to be engulfed in the chaos of vulgar building, and to what extent are they prophetic, as Wright doubtless believes, of a new movement in modern culture that will transform our environment and our way of life in a fashion that will increasingly conform to his own philosophy? Has he struck a note to which our whole age will in time resonate? (Something like this has already happened in America, through his transformation of the dwelling house.) Wright's proposals for the new city and his use of the machine should provide at least partial answers. In both these fields, we are brought face to face with some of his psychological blind spots, particularly his apparent disinclination, or perhaps his inability, to understand any type of personality but his own, or any way of life but the one he enjoys—an attitude that links him to the antipodal personality of Le Corbusier.

Though Wright got his start in Chicago and his first international recognition in Berlin, he has no love of the city as an entity and reveals little comprehension of either its architectural or its social possibilities. This is not strange; the city is no place for soloists, and Wright, by deepest inclination, is a soloist. That one might need or profit by the presence of other men within an area compact enough for spontaneous encounters, durable enough for the realization of long-range plans, and attractive enough to stimulate social intercourse appears never to have entered his mind. Save for the family, he scarcely recognizes the need for social groups or associations; for him coöperation is a kind of self-betrayal. When he approaches the problem of urban building, he does so contemptuously, and instead of inventing new forms he lowers his sights

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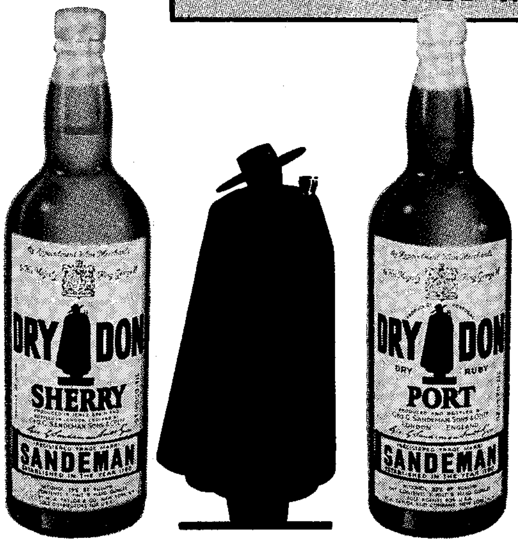
to the real-estate operators' level. One of Wright's unbuilt projects (Lexington Terrace, Chicago, 1909) would have created what one can only describe as an urban ghetto of back-to-back apartment houses, and his 1940 plan for the Crystal Heights apartments in Washington would have produced just another collective barracks, indistinguishable in the large from other monstrous urban agglomerations. Yet there is an unrealized design of Wright's for a neighborhood community that proves he had real gifts for urban design, had he wanted to develop them. This is the plan for the development of a quarter section (six hundred and forty acres) of Chicago, offered *hors concours* in a competition held in 1913 by the City Club of Chicago. His handling of the open spaces and the public buildings in that plan is so brilliant that it would repay study. But the greater part of the housing area was to be devoted to upper-income dwellings, only four to a block, each house with a corner plot! The possibility that even the well-to-do might benefit by closer association as neighbors, pooling some of their private space in a common, seems never to have occurred to him. By 1932, Wright had turned his back on the city and predicted its disappearance. As a substitute, he offered his plan for Broadacre City, in which the houses of even the least-favored members of the community would stand on an acre of ground. Roughly, this would mean that an area as big as Central Park would hold not more than three thousand people. What is this but the countrywide suburban nightmare that H. G. Wells prophetically pictured in his "Anticipations" half a century ago—at best a somewhat more ordered framework of isolated buildings in which both city and country would vanish, in which one would never get far enough away from one's neighbor to have solitude or near enough to him, without the kind of tedious effort one already needs in Los Angeles, to enjoy the advantages of daily communion or coöperation in common tasks?

This dream of total dispersal, which would carry further the spontaneous disruption of the city that is now going on everywhere, may be only the logical expression of a dominant trait in Wright's architecture: ideally, each building of his must stand alone, free from the support of other buildings, in a completely natural setting. If you put all his structures together in a city, the result would be an aesthetic jungle of dissident, competing buildings; far from



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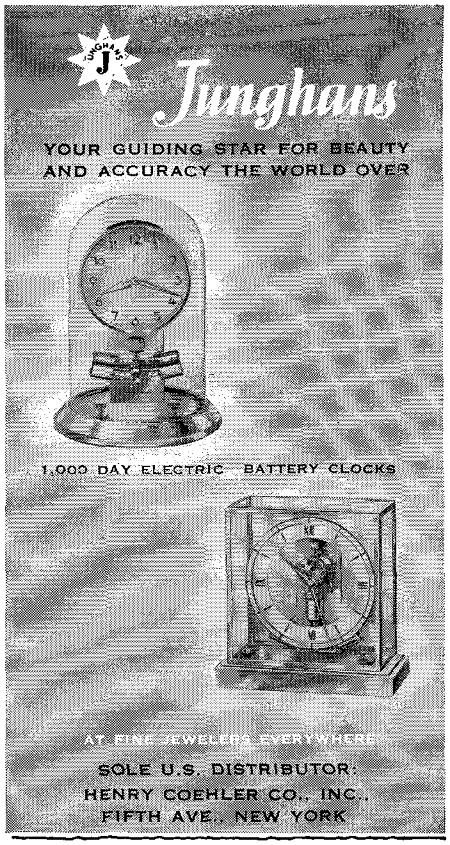
lending themselves to contrapuntal treatment, they are all solo performances. To be free, for Wright, means to be free from one's neighbors. That individuality may reside in the collective whole, as in a symphony, and that for the sake of this whole one might willingly surrender some of one's individuality to have it given back, enriched, at a higher level, is contrary to his philosophy of life and his mode of design. In this inability to understand either the urban or the urbane, Wright's attitude discloses the limitations of Romanticism, with its rebellion against everything that demands conformity to a general social pattern. To the problem of bringing individuality, personality, spontaneity, freedom back into the huge mechanical urban collectives that now operate so compulsively, he has no answer except "Clear out!" Thus he has never faced the paramount problem of modern architecture—to translate its great individual accomplishments into an appropriate common form in which, by pooling economic and social resources and coöperatively integrating designs, advantages that are now open only to a wealthy few will accrue to a great many. If the contemporary architect has not as yet found an adequate answer to this problem, Wright characteristically has not even asked the question.

As for the machine, Wright's approach to it has been ambivalent, not to say paradoxical. Though he was possibly the first modern architect to freely accept the machine, in ornament as well as construction, he has little use for its indigenous forms—the impersonal, the typical, the anonymous. Le Corbusier gave a fresh impetus to the modern movement by showing how much good form had already been produced by the machine, in ordinary drinking glasses, pipes, bentwood chairs, and office equipment; Wright, on the other hand, saw machine production as a way of producing new forms that would bear his unmistakable mark. So his furniture, specially designed for his houses, has fitted only his own unique architectural plans, both at the expense of the human carcass—he admits he always barks his shins on his chairs—and at the expense of the influence that a more neutral design might have exercised on furniture in general. Wright's dislike for the typical and the generic is probably also the explanation of his hostility toward those who have won favor by using less personal forms. But surely one of the reasons for the appearance of the cardboard-box style of architecture, which he so violently detests, was the desire, in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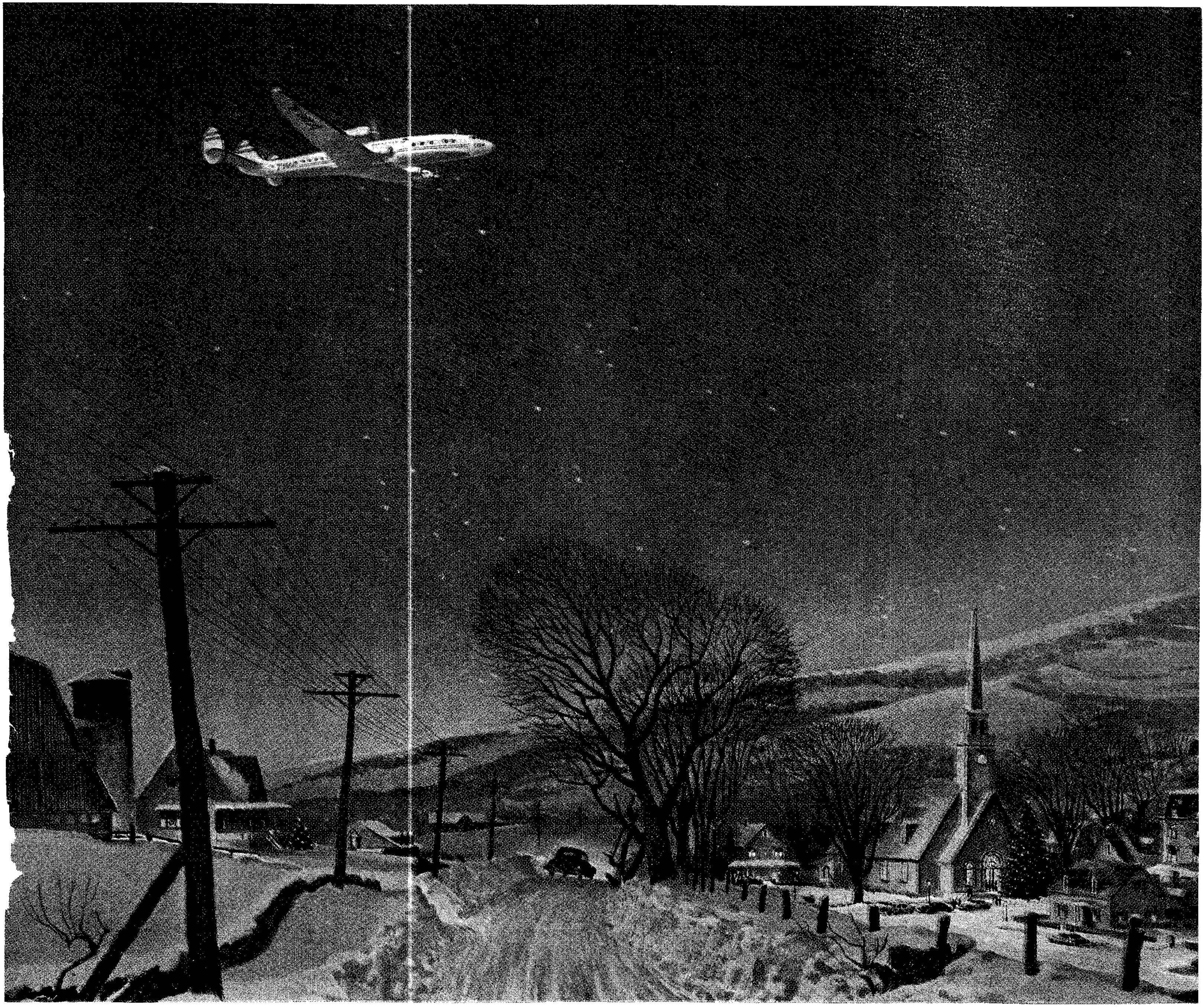

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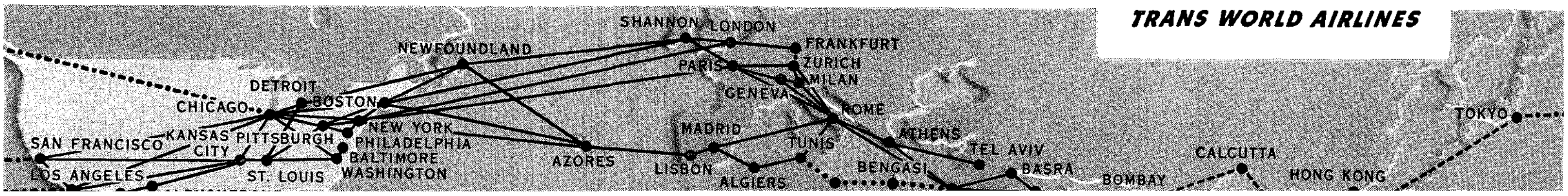
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a world full of assertive advertising and *art-nouveau* idiosyncrasy, for the almost monastic simplicity and anonymity of Cubism and purism. Wright, it is true, had no need to participate in that revolt, for he had kept away from *art-nouveau* curlicues as rigorously as he had from moth-eaten historic furbelows. Indeed, in many of his earlier houses, which were disciplined by his love for Japanese forms, he had achieved a similar cleansing, a similar clarity, in his own right, long before Ozenfant, Le Corbusier, Mondrian, and Gropius had discovered abstract art's antiseptic charm.

How, then, is one to account for Wright's hostility to the "box," a hostility that seems to deny that it is one of the eternal, basic geometric forms? Is he not chiefly offended by the fact that its neutral background might allow for intimate choices and delicately personal needs—for a picture or a statue, for a set of fine chairs from the eighteenth century—that would be put out of countenance in a room with a more positive aesthetic character? Probably the answer for Wright is that the room itself, as molded by the architect, is the personality to be considered, not the user (he is as insistent as Le Corbusier that the client should replan his life to fit the new structure), and if this means discarding cherished possessions, giving up pictures on the wall, accepting the natural colors and textures of the materials used, it is for him a better solution than the toleration of architectural anonymity or neutrality. Wright has identified his personal philosophy with "democracy" or "the Usonian [Wright for "American"] way of life," offering the implication that America must guard itself against all manner of foreign importations, especially architects. More than once, in expressing his opposition to the "box," he has spoken as if the work of his foreign-born architectural rivals were not merely "inorganic" but un-American. While Wright is sound in asserting the American architect's freedom from colonial servility, it is another thing for him to denounce architects of European origin, such men of integrity and humane understanding as Gropius, in language (and thought) that should be reserved for morbidly isolationist journals. The America First streak in Wright is a coarse, dark vein in the fine granite of his mind, and it has kept him from learning as much as he might have from those who by taste and temperament and training most differed from him.

The proportions of this loss become

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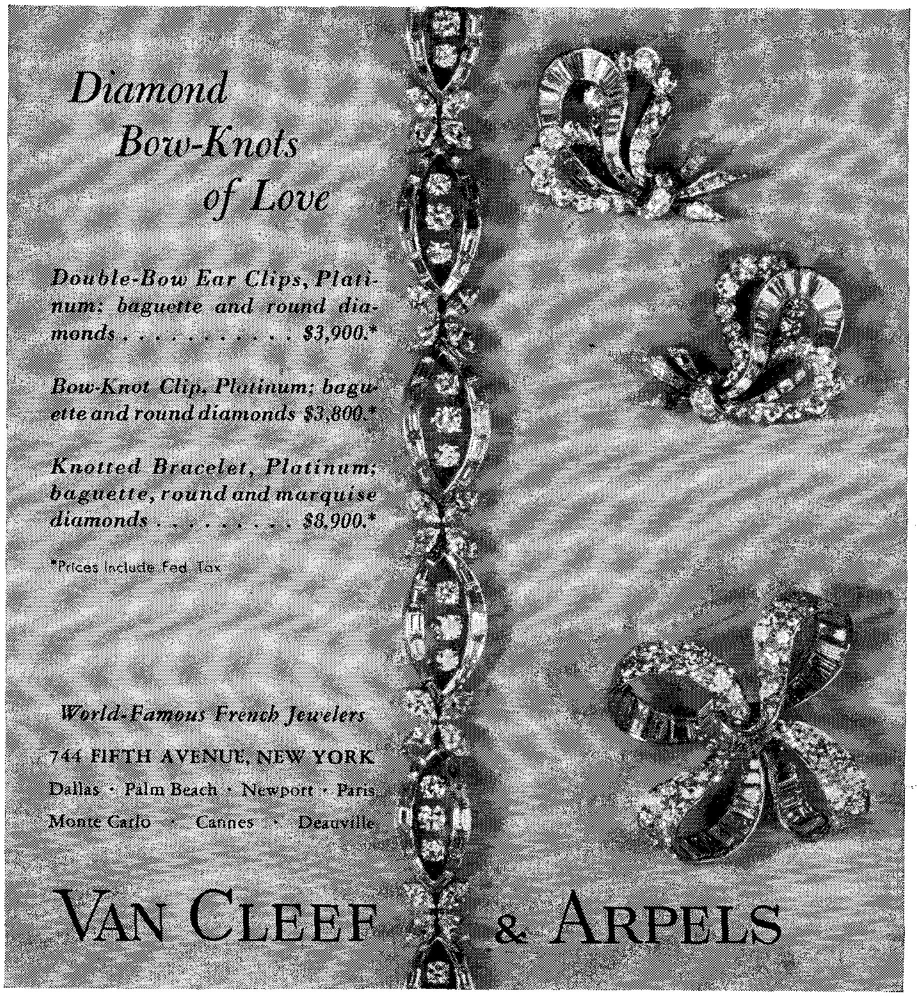

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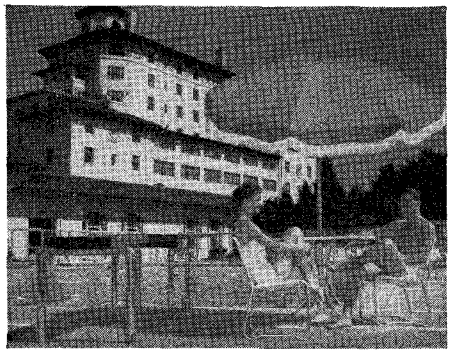
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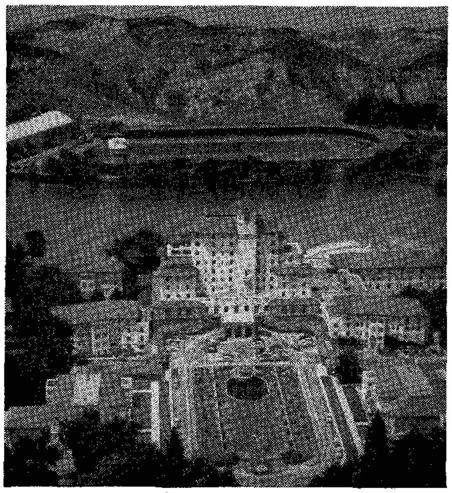
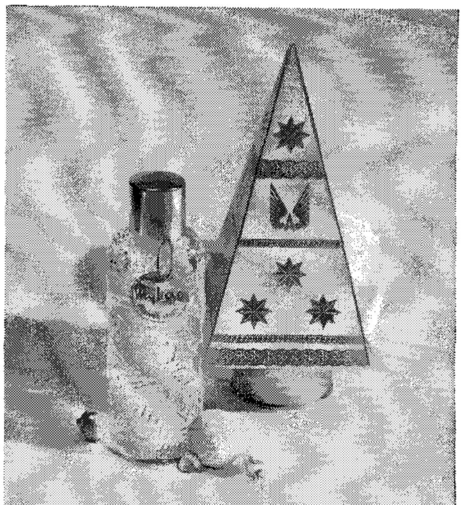

Air view of BROADMOOR HOTEL

clearer when one discovers that some of Wright's most distinguished buildings are those in which, consciously or unconsciously, he started from the same general premises as his foreign rivals, and in which he used their vocabulary, though admittedly with more eloquence. Take his Johnson's Wax Company tower, in Racine, Wisconsin, with its smooth bands of brick, rounded even at the corners, alternating with smooth windows of glass, without the slightest expression of the third dimension except for the shadowy forms within—what is this but an outplaying of Mies van der Rohe at his own game? Or take the building that is by critical consensus one of Wright's masterpieces, the Kaufmann house, at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, dramatically poised over a waterfall—what is this but a translation into three-dimensional concrete forms, with thrust and dynamic counter-thrust, of the structural elements that Le Corbusier so often reduces to a thin, two-dimensional envelope? When Wright is most susceptible to such discipline, whether offered by a client or a rival, his form is often most effective. His true genius, like the true genius of America, is expressed in neither his rejections of the foreign nor his self-assertions of the merely native but in his generous comprehensions and inclusions, his outgoingness and his receptivity, his unrivalled capacity for synthesis. The machine he celebrates was a gift of Britain, whose builders used glass and iron a generation before the designers of the first Chicago skyscraper; his cult of nature was a gift of the French philosophers and poets of the Romantic movement; his most stimulating education came via Froebel, from Germanic sources, like Bach and Beethoven, his lifelong loves. As for the influence of Japan, his readiness to accept it was an expression of the union of the East and West that began long ago in the minds of Thoreau and Emerson—a contribution to that One World from which Wright, in his more ingrown moments, shrinks. This receptivity, this universality have given the United States a special position as a sort of Grand Central information booth, a public meeting place where many races and many minds may freely exchange their best thoughts, perfecting their understanding of each other and thus increasing their tolerance, if not exalting their love.

This touch of universalism (for it is still only a touch) is what distinguishes American nationality from the more orthodox kinds. When Wright's words about American architecture—imputing to his own "Usonian" architecture a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monopoly of the democratic virtues and of organic design—seem to betray him, one must remember the meaning of his whole opus. The speech he has put into steel and glass and stone is a living refutation of his isolationist philosophy. What is great in his genius is perhaps what he values least—not his Americanism, not his Romanticism, not his originality—but his universality. The fact remains that in a period of specialist constrictions and nationalist conformities his lifework has expressed the full gamut of the *human* scale, from mathematics to poetry, from pure form to pure feeling, from the regional to the planetary, from the personal to the cosmic. In an age intimidated by its successes and depressed by a series of disasters, he awakens, by his still confident example, a sense of the fullest *human* possibilities. What Wright has achieved as an individual in isolated buildings, conceived in "the nature of materials," our whole community, if it takes fire from his creativity, may eventually achieve in common designs growing more fully out of "the nature of man."

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

FAREWELL TO LOVE

Love is vanishing. . . . People will give up love, just as they've given up drinking methylated spirits.—*Paul Valéry, as quoted in the London Times Literary Supplement.*

Love, it seems, is going out.
All that elevated passion
Keats and Shelley wrote about
Is distinctly out of fashion.

Lovers' pain and lovers' dream
Hardly tempt the novel-writer;
Poets reckon love a theme
Than which nothing could be triter.

Rigorous inquiry wrecks
Myth, by science's torpedo.
Love has dwindled into Sex,
Cupid cringes to Libido.

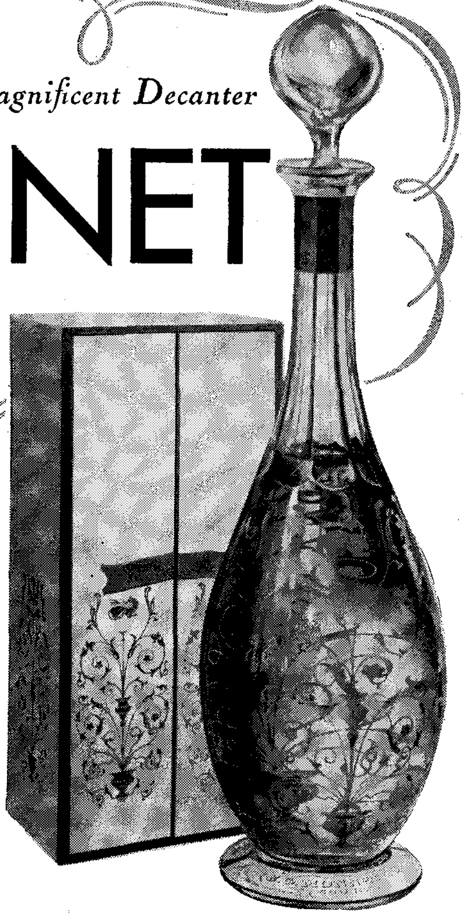
Still, you had a splendid day,
Queenly Love; and even though you
Now appear to pine away,
It was very nice to know you.

—MORRIS BISHOP

•

King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece made an "incognito" visit yesterday afternoon to Carnegie Hall where they heard the last half of a concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. . . . Though their visit was not an official one, a red carpet had been laid from the 59th St. curb to the backstage entrance.—*The Herald Tribune.*

That's quite a carpet.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS

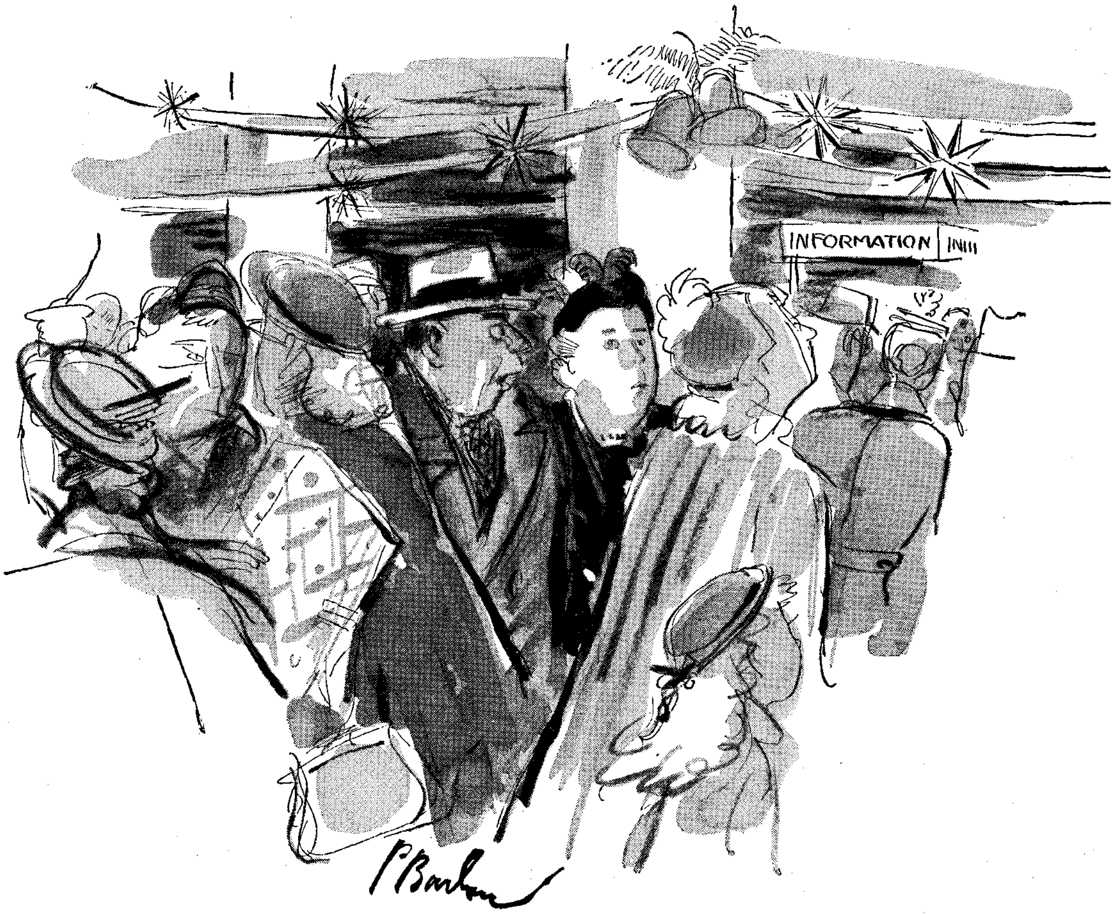
THERE'S still enough time left for hewing the Yule log and getting the children to the store to see Santa Claus, but it's getting rather late for shopping, as a glance at the turmoil on the avenues should tell you. If you've paid heed to our admonitory jingling of the Christmas bells during the past month, however, there shouldn't be a great deal of shopping still to do. We offered our annual suggestions in the way of jewelry and custom gifts in our issue of November 14th, took up the matter of presents for the house and the householder on November 21st, assembled quite an array of gifts for women and books for children on November 28th, and last week conducted a tour through the toy stores. This week, we'll deal with provender and drinks for the holiday table and tell what we've found in the men's stores. Also, we'll have a few words to say on perfumes and the like. Next week, we hope to fill in any gaps left on your Christmas list with a last-minute roundup of assorted presents, and then we'll call it a holiday.

The Christmas Table

IN former years when we lent a hand in setting everybody's Christmas table, it was our custom to start with what was newest and—we hoped—most delectable in the way of food for the holiday board and then to report, much more briefly, on the wines we found worthy to wash down the fine viands. This year, because there are more grand wines than ever before at not too ruinous prices, and more serviceable wines at downright budget prices, we propose to give most of this essay over to the current heartening cellar news, and follow it with a report on just enough fancy tidbits to heighten the pleasure of the drink.

Let's begin, then, with what everyone must surely agree is the high point of holiday feasting—that giddy, memorable glass of champagne at the end of Christmas breakfast, drunk while the palate and the day are innocent and while there is still dew on the Christmas tree. Obviously, it takes quite a wine to carry off such a moment, and we like to think that we have discovered in Moët & Chandon's 1943 Coronation Cuvée the perfect champagne for this or any other occasion. Since we've long been devoted to Krug and Bollinger, nobody could have been more surprised than we were at our reaction to this Moët & Chandon, which, by the way, was served at Buckingham Palace last June 2nd. Here is a bottle that, regardless of the bubbles, one finds oneself thinking of as a *wine*—a consideration inspired by all too few champagnes. It is rich and luscious, yet bone dry and without a trace of hardness; one feels that even if it suddenly went flat, it would retain the character of a great white wine. The bottle is like that of Moët & Chandon's classic Dom Pérignon—the same graceful long neck and gently sloping shoulder—with the addition of the extremely decorative cipher of Elizabeth II on the collaret. If the price ($8.37, as compared to $10.50 for Dom Pérignon of the same vintage) indicates that M. & C. rate this *cuvée* less highly than the justly famous Dom, that's where we make bold to disagree; as far back as we can remember, we haven't had a finer glass of champagne. It's available at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st); M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd); and at A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th).

As for the Krug and the Bollinger, we are glad to say that Lehmann; Sherry; Luria; Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th); and Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th), have a certain quantity of Krug *brut* or Krug *extra sec* of the 1943 vintage, at $8.66, and the Bollinger of the same year is on hand at Lehmann, Sherry, and Ellis-Meadows, at $8.83. The 1945 Bollinger, at $8.46, is to be had at Lehmann and Sherry, as well as at Luria; Ellis-Meadows; Vendôme; Surrey Liq-



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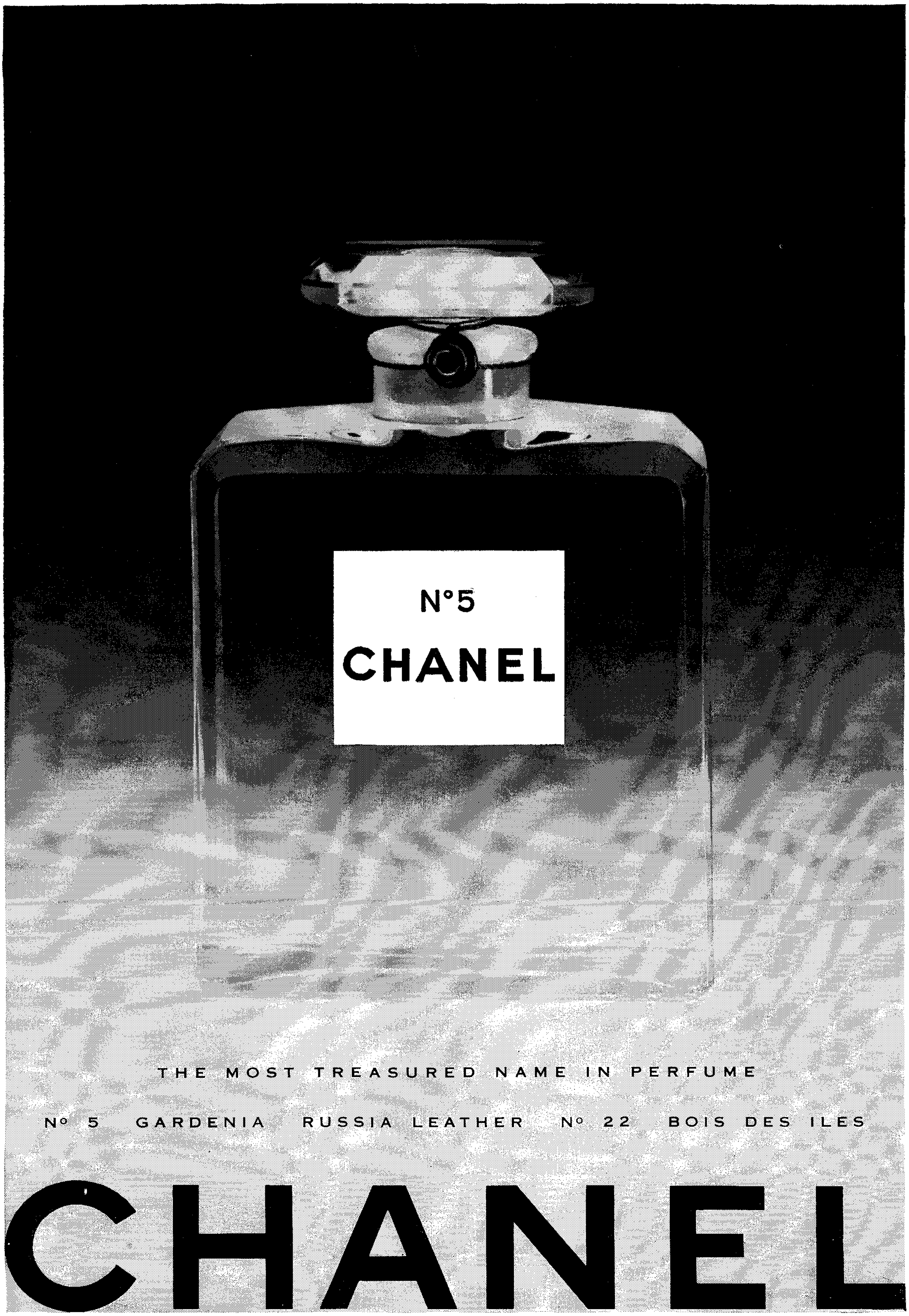
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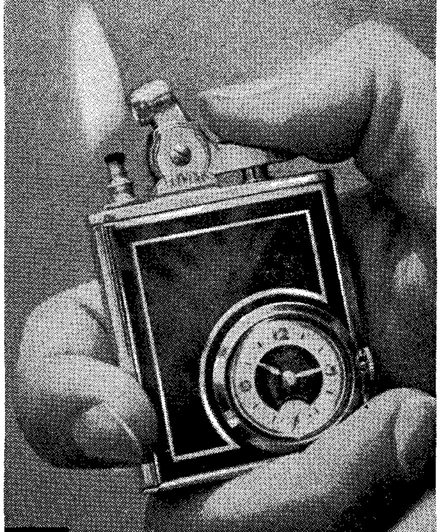

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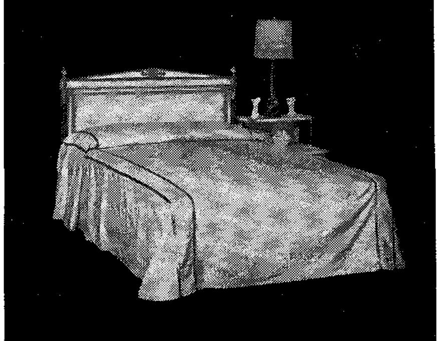

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uor Shop, 20 East 69th Street; Cork & Bottle, 1158 First Avenue (63rd); and Reed's Wines & Spirits, 31 East 72nd Street. Non-vintage Bollinger, which has long set the time of day in *sans-année* champagnes, can be found at pretty nearly any self-respecting shop, for around $6.50.

GREAT fun as champagne can be, we pass on with much pleasure to a roster of Burgundies and Bordeaux, even the least of which will, we think, provide considerable satisfaction. (The grand bottles are very grand indeed.) To begin with a group of red Burgundies that are not too overpowering for the family table but can be trusted to carry off almost any occasion with grace and style, we present a Clos de la Roche of 1943, which Lehmann offers at $2.19. This is a full, rich wine from Morey, on the Côte de Nuits—next-door neighbor to the celebrated Chambertin vineyard, from which it seems to have borrowed something of its character. It hasn't, of course, the noble dimensions of the best Chambertin, but then neither has it Chambertin's lofty price tag, and it deserves to be better known and loved in this country than it is. A 1945 Santenay, carried by Lehmann, at $2.27, is from a corner of the Côte de Beaune as far removed physically from the Clos de la Roche vineyard as a Burgundy could well be, but, allowing for the lightness of the Beaune, the wines are curiously similar. Here again is a Burgundy that is very little known on this side of the Atlantic and one that is certain to give a good account of itself. Our third entry in this collection of medium-grand, medium-priced Burgundies is another Beaune—an estate-bottled Clos du Roy, which is not to be confused with the much more distinguished Corton Clos du Roi. A light, soft, delicate wine, which would go as well with turkey as with red meat, it costs $2.19 at Sherry.

We come now to a collection of red Bordeaux—several of them never before imported into this country and all of them new to us—about which we have rather lost our head. There are not, perhaps, any bottles of first rank among them, but they are all uncommonly pleasant and offer highly gratifying returns on the modest sums invested in them. These wines are of the kind that are most often described not in the stylish vocabulary of the connoisseur, which sounds so precious to the rest of us anyway, but by a spontaneous "Fine" or a fervent "Delicious!" One of the most interesting of these clarets is a Château Coudert '47, an estate-bottled St. Emilion that has some of the characteristics of the more famous wines of this region, at a price ($1.99 at Sherry) well below that of almost any other comparable St. Emilion. Another is a Château Lafite-Carruades '50, new over here, whose appearance marks a significant innovation by the illustrious house of Lafite-Rothschild—the bottling of one of its wines under a secondary name. Whatever you may think of the propriety of the estate's putting out a lesser wine under its sacred label (the picture of the château is the same one that identifies the proudest Lafite bottles), you must surely admit that this is a perfectly captivating newcomer. (Carruades, we are told, is a Lafite vineyard planted with new vines.) It is easy to drink and, at $1.99, easy to pay for at Sherry and at H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street. A 1949 St. Emilion, *tête de cuvée* but not château-bottled, which was imported specially for M. Lehmann and is sold at $18.95 a case, is one of the most commendable table wines that have come our way in a long time.

We shall next consider a group of St. Juliens that ought to win favor among the many amateurs of these mellow wines of the Médoc. Of especial interest to such amateurs who hope to find their favorite at a humane price should be the 1947 Château Talbot—a velvet-smooth claret with a most agreeable bouquet, recently brought over for Sherry and sold at $1.99. A St. Julien with less obvious charm but with more subtlety than the Talbot is a Léoville-Poyferré '47, for around $2.20 at Sherry, Lehmann, and Colony Wine & Spirits, 809 Madison Avenue (68th). (Lehmann also has this vintage in magnums, for $4.59.) A delightful Gruaud-Larose, of the well-balanced '47s, is sold at Colony, Lehmann, Sherry, and the East 75th Street Liquor Store (at 125 East) for around $2.50; the 1943 vintage, which has more elegance, is at Sherry, Lehmann, and Luria, for about the same price.

For the benefit of people who may be growing impatient with all this comfortable, easy drinking and want to get on to something splendid enough for splendid dinner parties, we now report on a few unusual bottles that deserve an appreciative company. In this class, in spite of its moderate price, we would put a red Hermitage, Clos de la Sizeranne of 1937, carried by Sherry, at $2.78 a bottle. This is a hearty Rhone with a full bouquet and a dry after-taste, and it can hold its own with more costly Burgundies. The most sought-after red wines of the Côte de Beaune are the ones from the best vineyards belonging to the Hospices, and Lehmann has two of these treasures—a 1943 Hospices de Beaune, Cuvée Nicolas Rolin, at $5.50, and a 1949 Pommard, Cuvée des Dames de la Charité, at the same price. Lehmann also has the largest collection of first-rate clarets and red Burgundies in magnums that we have found anywhere: a 1947 Santenay, at $4.43; a 1947 Morey-St. Denis, at $5.36; a 1947 Château Beychevelle, at $4.25; a 1949 Château Latour, at $9.46; and a 1934 Château Lafite-Rothschild, at $12. And so on. Say what you please, there just isn't anything as sumptuous on a holiday table or under a Christmas tree as a magnum of fine wine.

While we long since learned not to predict anything about the disconcertingly uneven vintage of 1942, so much of which is mediocre and some of which is excellent, the very estimable bottle that the La Tâche of that year has turned out to be came as a particular surprise. After trying this alongside the impeccable La Tâche of 1933, a few blessed bottles of which are still in our possession, we feel qualified to say that here is a Burgundy with much of the character of the fully matured wines of the Romanée-Conti. Sherry and Lehmann have it, at the relatively reasonable price of $5.23.

THERE could hardly be anything more welcome right now than Lehmann's recently arrived Swiss wines (three whites and a red) from Sion, in the Canton of Valais, only one of which—a remarkably nice Fendant—we had ever heard of before, let alone tasted. Two of them are only $16.50 a case. They are a Johannisberg (grown from vines said to have been transplanted from the Johannisberg vineyards of the Rhine) and the Fendant, and both are so cheerful and light that their lack of great elegance probably won't be much missed. A lot of people, we think, will conclude that this is what white wine ought to taste like and what *all* wine ought to cost. The two other Swiss newcomers are really impressive wines; a white Ermitage (what on earth is that name doing in Switzerland?) has almost the body of a fine Meursault, with an added floweriness that is enchanting, and the red, made from the Dôle grape and bottled under that name, is like an extremely light and delicate claret with a most pleasant aft-

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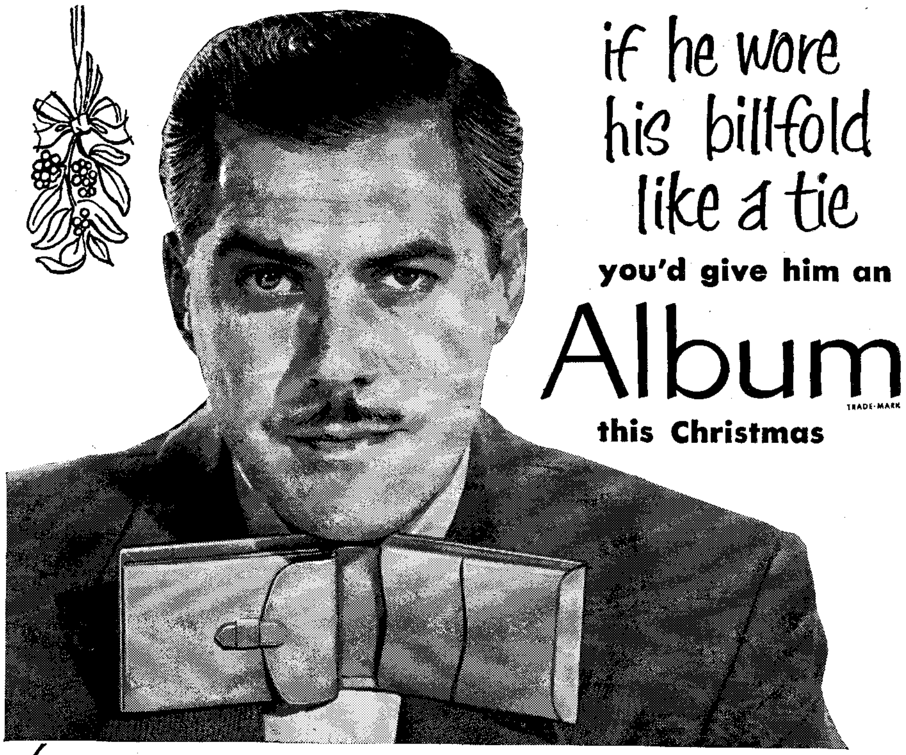

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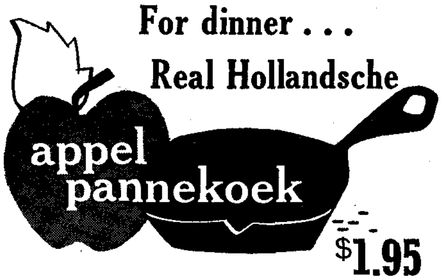

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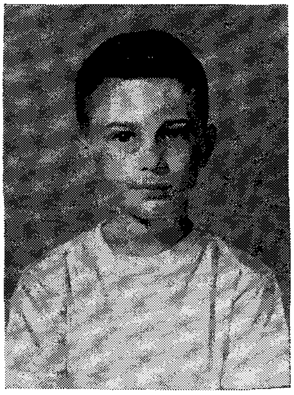

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ertaste. All four are of the 1952 vintage, which is a good age for Swiss wine, and the last two cost $2.19 a bottle.

For those unventuresome drinkers who have always served a white Bordeaux with their turkey and intend to find one this year that is both acceptable and inexpensive, we suggest a 1950 Château de Roquetaillade—a reasonably dry Graves that sells for $1.59 at Luria. And the recent additions to Luria's already considerable stock of half bottles are worth looking over—a Vouvray Clos le Mont, a Château Léoville-Las-Cases, a Clos Fourtet, an Aloxe-Corton, and so on, most of them in the 1947 vintage and around $1.25.

Although the majority of the better wineshops have ample supplies of German wines, we refuse to get bogged down among those interminably long German vineyard names. We will report, though, that Macy has brought over some new Rhines and Moselles, and that we have tried two of them—a 1952 Forster Jesuitengarten from the Palatinate, at $3.98, and a 1949 Schloss Vollrads, at $2.89. Both are original bottling and both are most enjoyable. Before closing the vinous section of this report, perhaps we should mention that Bloomingdale is bringing over a large collection of Italian red and white wines (they should arrive any day), priced at from $1.65 to $1.95, that were chosen by Frank Schoonmaker.

WHAT would Christmas be without a new and exciting cheese? Well, we nearly found out, for if Iceland hadn't come through at the last moment with a cheese that had never before left its native land, we would have had to worry along with the same old faces on the cheese board this year. We intend no disparagement of Iceland, but it certainly came as a shock to us that the island produces such a splendid cheese as the one imported recently by Phil Alpert under the name—obviously aimed at Americans—of Banquet. This is made from cows' milk by a farmers' coöperative at Reykjavik, which, we must say, knows its business, for the cheese has a beautiful hard texture (something like that of a Gruyère) and a nutty flavor that is worthy of the old cheese makers of Switzerland and France. It goes wonderfully with wine or beer, makes a flavorsome sandwich, and is good for munching without benefit of bread or cracker. The price is $1.39 a pound, at any of Alpert's six outlets, among which, by the way, is a new one, at 181 East Houston Street.

Straccino, that admirable Italian cheese, soft and runny like the Brie one always hopes to find but rarely does, used to be fairly common over here; then, at the beginning of the last war, it disappeared off the face of the earth. It is back now, at Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, and just as delectable as we had remembered it—very mild, and, like Camembert or Brie, a fitting end for a sumptuous meal. It comes in a six-and-a-half-ounce loaf, at seventy-five cents, and in a loaf that weighs from three and a quarter to three and a half pounds, at $1.60 a pound. (Because of its internal softness, mail orders are filled only for the larger loaf.)

We haven't tasted a blue Cheshire in such a long time that maybe we aren't to be trusted when we say that the specimen currently at Macy, at $1.39 a pound, is one of the noblest cheeses of this kind we ever ate. Cheshire in its three manifestations—red, white, and blue—is said to be the oldest of all English cheeses, and the blue of the species is unquestionably the best. Since it takes much longer to ripen than the red or white varieties, it is also the least frequently encountered. Its high cream content, we note with some satisfaction, makes it unsuitable for consumption by either peevish dyspeptics or people on reducing diets; just that much more for the worthy, we say.

BEFORE we start listing frivolous luxuries for the Christmas table or cocktail tray, we should tell you about a new and exquisite soufflé, made by Mrs. George Gilliland, 3544 75th Street, Jackson Heights, which would be a great help in coping with difficult before-and-after-Christmas menus. As is the nature of soufflés, this one falls flat a short time after it is baked, but, as is not the nature of any other soufflé we've ever heard of, it can be counted on to pop back to airy fluffiness when reheated in your own oven, even after a couple of days. Mrs. Gilliland, whose telephone number is Illinois 7-0544, makes two varieties of the same basic soufflé. Both are baked in a ring mold, but one is to be served as an entrée, the ring filled with whatever you choose to provide from your own kitchen (sweetbreads *poulette*, creamed mushrooms, and such things); the other, made with sugar and vanilla, is a dessert and should be accompanied by a *sabayon* or fruit sauce. The soufflé is delicious either way, and either way the price is $2.50 for a mold that serves

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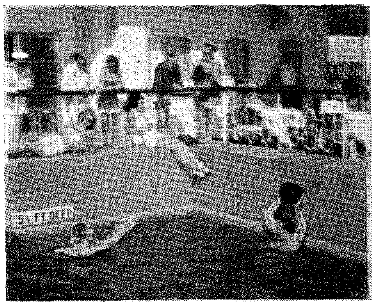

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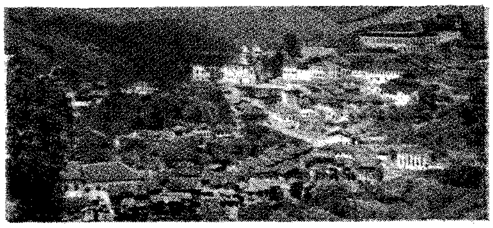

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six. Much less extraordinary but very good all the same is a sour-cream chocolate cake Mrs. Gilliland has recently added to her repertory. This is a rich cake baked in two layers and put together with either fudge or boiled white icing; the price is $2.75 for the nine-inch size. All orders with Mrs. G. must be placed at least twenty-four hours ahead, and there is a delivery charge of fifty cents.

The Leonard Baking Company, at 1814 Second Avenue (94th), is a commercial firm, but it turns out a sponge-cake that can stand comparison with carefully made home products. Not only is it lighter than any other cake of the sort we've ever had but it is exceedingly moist, with a nice orange flavor. Actually, it isn't a true sponge, being made with a small amount of baking powder, but it's a very good cake; the price is $2.25 for a very high ten-inch one, which will serve about sixteen people. It's exactly the right cake for a children's party, as an accompaniment to Schrafft's excellent vanilla ice cream.

A soup that is much too robust to start off an elaborate dinner but should prove a blessing on the nights the cook does *her* Christmas shopping is a frozen leek-and-potato potage packed under the name of Le Valois and sold at George H. Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st); fifty-nine cents for an eight-ounce container. This presents itself as vichyssoise for the warm-weather trade, but all that's needed to turn it into a capital winter soup is a saucepan and a gas burner.

A soup that *is* delicate enough for the beginning of a hearty dinner is the green-turtle consommé made and sold by the King of the Sea Restaurant, 879 Third Avenue (53rd). This one contains an unusually generous quantity of tender turtle meat and is well laced with good sherry. It can be heated and served as is or eked out with a purée of green peas, cream, and the rest, to make a notable boula; $2.50 a quart jar.

IT'S been years since we advised anybody where to buy a Christmas turkey, for the sufficient reason that we haven't had any outstanding success at the chore ourselves. Indeed, we would have been grateful to have somebody advise *us* on the subject. Well, somebody has, and we are now in a position to tell you about the magnificent Connecticut White turkeys—these are a strain of White Holland—from Candlewood Farms, near Danbury. We tried one of these birds recently, and its tenderness, succulence, and flavor

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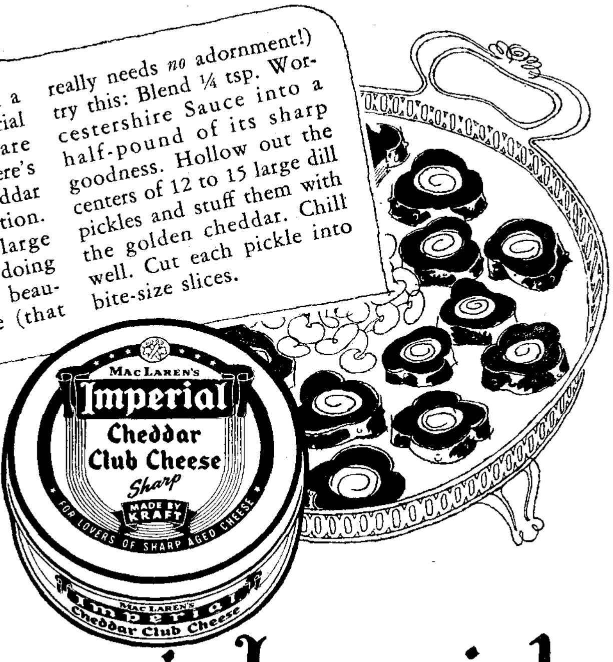
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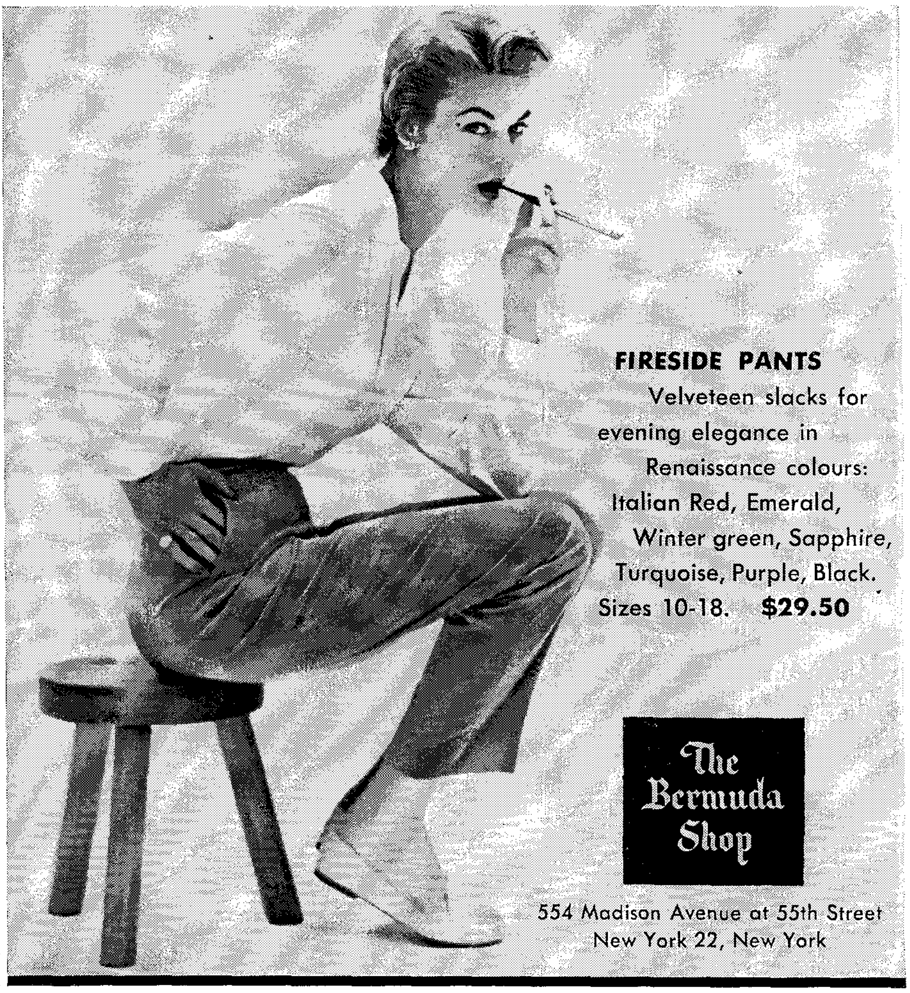

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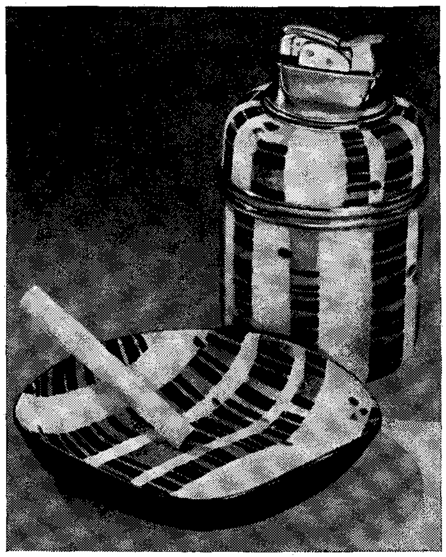

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have completely restored our waning confidence in turkey as the great American dish. The Danbury fowl (chickens as well as turkeys are bred at the Farms) are brought up under the most pleasant living conditions, in which sunlight and cleanliness play an important part, and the conventional diet for fowl is supplemented in their case by such delicacies as buttermilk, raw eggs, extra vitamins, and cottage cheese. Whatever the cause of their superiority, the merits of these birds are recognized in the poultry world as well as in the homes of epicures, and Candlewood Farms walked away with the grand prize for turkeys at this year's Danbury Fair. The Manhattan office of the Farms, at 1737 York Avenue (91st), will take orders, and if you live on any of several uptown delivery routes, between 59th Street and 96th Street east of Central Park, they will be delivered the following day. Deliveries are made every Tuesday to the Gramercy Park and Washington Square neighborhoods. Customers outside these zones who don't find it convenient to pick up their order at the York Avenue office will receive their fowl by parcel post. In any case, the birds, weighing anywhere from eight to thirty pounds and costing seventy-nine cents a pound before the final dressing, arrive without a single hair or even the tiniest pinfeather—literally ready for the oven. Besides its standard Connecticut Whites, the farm raises a smaller Beltsville turkey, which, contrary to our previously held conviction that this breed is lacking in flavor, we found to be delicious when we were served some at the home of the friend who told us about Candlewood Farms. We should also mention that Candlewood specializes in eggs guaranteed to be no more than forty-eight hours old.

WITH all the extravagant foodstuffs crowding the shops at this season, we shall undoubtedly be called crazy when we say that in our book one of the most valuable single products to be had anywhere is the *glace de viande* that has returned to Maison Glass after a long absence. For years, the shop carried this glaze, which, until the demise of the old Ritz, was made in the kitchens of the hotel, under the supervision of M. Louis Diat. Now it is being made somewhere else, under somebody else's supervision, and, lèse-majesté or not, in our considered opinion it is better than ever. Anyway, we know we wouldn't attempt to cook a Christmas dinner—or any other dinner, for that matter—without this concentrated meat juice, which does so much for a gravy or a sauce. Cooks—amateur or professional—who didn't dare risk a dish of braised endive while it was unavailable must surely be happy to learn of its return, at $2.29 a sixteen-ounce jar.

WHAT solid refreshment should go onto the holiday cocktail tray being the preoccupation of so many anguished hostesses, we present with some complacence a list of what we think are unusually pleasing tidbits. Among these is a new pâté (or, more accurately, a purée) de foie gras, made by the Baccara Restaurant, 203 East 45th Street. A rather highly seasoned mixture, this is made of goose livers as smooth as cream and discreetly spiked with brandy and sherry. Since it is packed in a neat open tin—it's covered with an aspic, under which are thin slices of truffle in a pretty pattern—it should be served in its own container, to be spread as eaten. An eight-ounce tin costs $2.

The problem of what this and other such edibles are to be spread *on* brings us to consideration of a new and exceptionally good flat bread, packed under the name of Kavli, which has recently arrived from Norway. These thin wafers are much better when buttered and crisped in the oven, but, owing to the fragility of the bread, you can't achieve this improvement without melted butter and a pastry brush. Kavli costs thirty-four cents a twelve-ounce box at Macy and at Scandinavian Delicacies, 1100 Third Avenue (65th). Scandinavian Delicacies also has the much sturdier homemade flat bread produced in Minnesota, which we have reported on gratefully before. . . . Some new crackers that have a true affinity for cheese, and especially for the blue Cheshire, are Huntley & Palmers Cornish Wafers; a one-pound-nine-ounce tin costs $1.60 at Maison Glass, and Altman is expecting a shipment of these any day.

We now come to an almost sensational smoked fish—fillets of eel from Denmark, packed in oil under the Gubbens label. They have a smoky piquancy that sets the old salivary glands pumping at the first whiff. If all you know of smoked eel is the domestic variety that tastes as if it had been smoked

over a recalcitrant match, you'd better try this Danish product. Served with the same respectful care as the best Nova Scotia salmon—that is, with a squirt of olive oil, some chopped chives, plenty of coarse black pepper, and a few drops of fresh lime juice—this becomes a star among hors d'oeuvres; unadorned, and folded into a soft omelet, it makes a festive breakfast. A three-and-three-quarter-ounce can costs seventy-five cents at Ellen Grey, 800 Madison Avenue (67th), Maison Glass, and Scandinavian Delicacies.

The housekeeper on a budget whose family has acquired a taste for fresh foie gras should be interested to hear that the unsurpassed goose livers imported by Ellen Grey and priced at $18 a pound can be bought in quantities as small as one ounce. One slice of this rich, suave meat (it's flown in from Switzerland) makes a stirring and not inordinately expensive accompaniment to a fine champagne.

We shan't pretend that the Noack brand of Westphalian-style ham imported from Holland is any better than the other Westphalian-style hams that have been on the delicatessen counters for some time, although we think it's just as good, but it is a great convenience to have it on the pantry shelf. It has the same flavor as the real German article, which hasn't been seen here since you know when, and, as it should be, it is sliced paper-thin. A seven-ounce tin costs around $1.50, at Vendôme, Maison Glass, Macy, and Bloomingdale.

Maison Glass has a couple of little items that don't sound like much but do a lot for a round of drinks. One is celery hearts put up in a garlic-and-dill-scented marinade, the other is raw carrot sticks treated the same way. Yes, we know anybody can soak celery and carrots in a piquant dressing, or at least we thought so until we tried to do it ourselves and missed out altogether on the right elusive flavor. Both the carrots and the celery cost sixty cents for an eight-ounce jar. . . . In the same class of unpretentious cocktail provender are the Charleston benne balls, sold by the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), at $1.70 for a box containing thirty-five. These are rich little morsels, like an unsweetened shortbread, that are studded with pungent sesame seeds; for some reason, they go especially well with sherry.

SOMETHING this town has long needed is a really first-rate brioche. We are glad to report that the need has been filled by the appearance, at the shop

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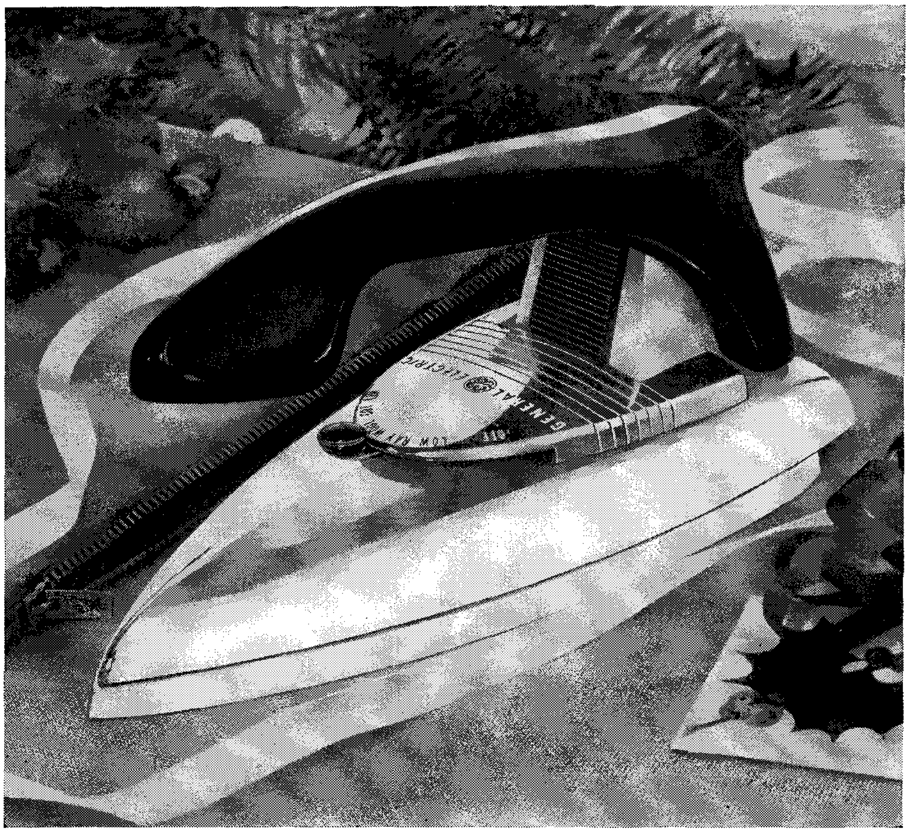

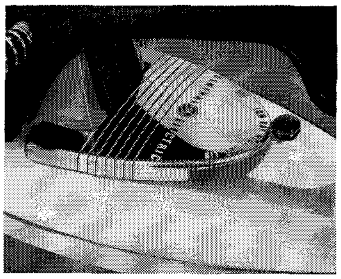

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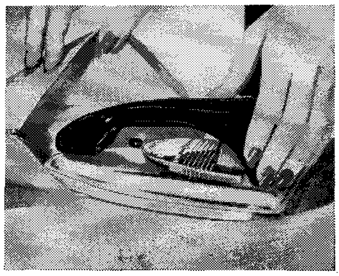

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of Colette Hébert, 1031 Third Avenue (61st), of a delicious one, made of the finest butter, eggs, and so on. Heated in the oven, the brioche should have an enormous success on a Christmas breakfast table, or, for Francophiles who rigidly adhere to traditional *réveillon* fare, it would, of course, be fine at that Christmas Eve repast. The prices are seventy-five cents, for a brioche that will serve four, and eighty-five cents, for one that will serve five.

And, as a final piece of gaiety, you can order from John Lauritzen, 7912 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, a Danish *kransekage*, or ring cake, an exuberant Christmas confection that sets just the right merry note on a holiday buffet. This amazing pastry is made up of a tier of wreaths, of macaroonlike consistency, each slightly smaller than the one it rests upon and the whole forming a pyramid that is filled with hard cookies. That's all there is to it as far as actual food is concerned; it's the decoration that makes it a triumph of cheerful naïveté. There doesn't seem to be any set pattern for the decoration of the *kransekage;* it is trimmed to suit the fancy of the trimmer, and Mr. Lauritzen is an unrestrainedly fanciful one. Danish and American flags, party snappers, and angels are among the ornaments he uses, and the cake, which costs $10, must be ordered at least four or five days in advance. Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, will also take orders for a very handsomely constructed *kransekage* that is suitable for more conventional tables.

Gifts for Men

ALL we can think of to say by way of preface to our dissertation is that we haven't included a single necktie in our list, on the theory that anybody can find a decent necktie without our help. Oh—and all prices include luxury taxes. With that succinct preamble, we take you to the stores.

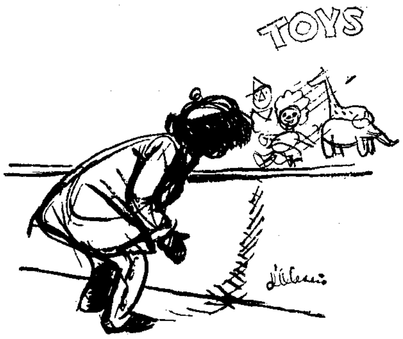
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: For years, of course, the Messrs. A. & F. have had a warm and forthright appreciation of anyone whose idle-hour pastimes require a stout elephant gun or a whippy fly rod, but now they have also given some thought to the diversion of mathematicians, philosophers, engineers, and other powerful-minded fellows who wouldn't go around the corner to shoot an elephant. The result is Space Chess, a game King Solomon never dreamed of. To begin with, it has not one board but eight, set up in an airy little skyscraper whose corner posts are walnut-finished wood and whose floors are transparent glass. Then, it has not only the usual rooks, pawns, and so on but such added starters as hippogriffs, fools, and space knights—a squadron of sixty-four, instead of sixteen, for each player. An instruction book, to no one's surprise, accompanies all this, and we can assure you that it does not start out, "Follow these simple instructions. . . ." The price is $225. For less cerebral types, there's a dartboard with the standard pie-segment target on one side and a slightly different target, called the "201," on the other; $11, with six darts. A fisherman may be your problem. If so, reflect on a mahogany fly chest, a foot and a half square and lined with green billiard cloth, that will hold a hundred and forty flies on permanently charged magnets; $38.50. A smaller box, a trifle under four inches square, accommodates thirty-six flies on a rotating magnetic holder and has a strap for hanging it around the neck; $6.50. If the sportsman you have in mind is more at home standing in front of the pari-mutuel window than wading in hip boots, there's a device for handicapping horses that looks something like a slide rule and works like one when fed data from a form chart; $6.

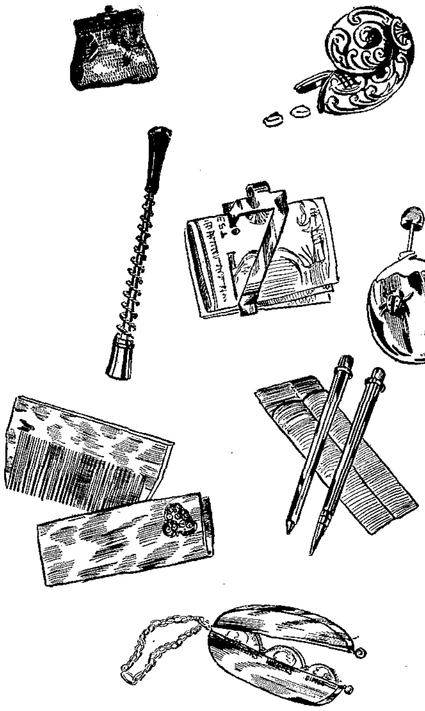
ALTMAN: A mixed lot. First, a heavily ribbed wool sweater from Italy. It's available in half a dozen colors, including black, and has a collar with a crew neck that converts into a turtle neck for skiing, which, as a matter of fact, is what the sweater is intended for; $29.50. A canvas golf bag, capacious enough for fourteen clubs, is not only strong but easy on caddies. It has a ball pocket, a shoe pocket, a hood to cover the clubs, and a base of molded rubber; $10. The leading cowhide attaché case here has a couple of extra conveniences—a removable cardboard filing case and a lapboard that can be used as a desk—along with room for a change of linen; $82.20. A good-size map case for motorists contains, along with other helpful paraphernalia, a gadget that tells the mileage between two points if a steady hand pushes it across the map, missing no zigs or zags; $15. An absolutely stunning porcelain chess set from Austria, with the kings and queens dressed like kings and queens of the eighteenth century, is $200. From Austria, too, come some unusual playing cards. The faces on the honor cards are those of real people: Edward VII is one king, for example, and Disraeli is one jack. Two decks cost $3.

T. ANTHONY, 751 Madison Avenue (65th): The airplane luggage here is made of canvas on light basswood frames, and it fastens with Yale tumbler locks instead of zippers. A great big twenty-six-inch case that opens in the middle, like a Gladstone, holds three suits on each side and costs $90, in brown duck or a dotted woven pattern. A matching case to hold all the linen that goes with six suits costs $54. A wardrobe case that Anthony calls a Flying Taxi Trunk will hold as much as an ordinary wardrobe trunk—twelve suits, by golly—and is light enough for an ordinary man to carry with ease and a porter with insouciance. In leather-bound dotted canvas, it costs $118.20.

BLOOMINGDALE: Having pressed D.D. & Leslie Tillett into service, the men's shop here is offering shirts, dressing gowns, mufflers, braces, belts, and garters in the Tilletts' highly original patterns, colors, and—in some cases—fabrics. To give you an idea, a school of trout, a flock of ducks, or a lot of elks' heads appear on silk or washable flannel shirts, at $17.95; on silk or flannel dressing gowns, at $35; and on suspenders and garters, at $4.95 and $2, respectively. The background colors include tan, gray-blue, ochre, and white, and the prints are in charcoal, red, or brown, among other shades. While we have not always thought much of the efforts of milliners, perfumers, and dressmakers to enliven men's haberdashery, we must report that Christian Dior has designed a good tan capeskin glove, with the thumb cut of one piece of capeskin to keep it from binding; $10. Long woollen stockings from Scotland appear in heathery colors; $5.95.

BROOKS BROTHERS: Synthetic fabrics seem to have penetrated this ancient stronghold. Vicara, which is the only one we'll mention, turns up in many a tartan shirt—the Campbell, the MacPherson, or the Beatrice dress

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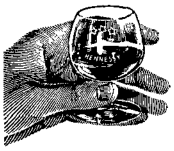

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tartan, for instance—with buttoned-down collar, a single pocket, and buttoned sleeves; $9.50. Lisle pullover shirts with short sleeves and two-button collars, produced by the British firm of Allen Solly, have white and light-blue twin stripes on navy blue, or red and yellow stripes on black; $12.00. A zippered windbreaker of heavy water-repellent cotton (Kodiak, Brooks calls it), with a detachable lining of leather-backed wool, goes for $35. To get back to tartans for a moment, several show up in well-cut drawstring pajamas of Egyptian cotton; $10.50. Then, there's quite a stock of British cowhide suitcases with steel frames. All have straps inside to hold things in place, cotton linings that can be wiped off with a damp cloth, and sturdy brass hardware. They come in seven sizes, from a sixteen-incher ($66) to a twenty-eight incher ($144) that would do for a circumnavigator of the globe.

Mark Cross, 707 Fifth Avenue (55th): Before taking up the travelling gear in this distinguished old baggage room, let's stop off at the shirt counter, where there's a good-looking flannel sports number, made in Denmark of a fifty-fifty combination of Australian wool and Egyptian cotton. It's in small checks—gray or navy with white—and has a two-way collar that gets along with or without a tie; the sleeves are long, and button; the pockets are two in number, and button; and the price is $12.50. Those beautiful turtleneck sweaters knit of a water-shedding wool by women on the Faroe Islands are here again this year, in natural or off-white with Faroe Island designs (not that we expected Parisian designs) in black, gray, or brown; $19.50. Now for the luggage: A brown canvas bag with a tan trim is derived from the B-4 bag that was so popular during the war. It has a section for suits and two zippered compartments for shirts and such; it folds in the middle, like its prototype; and it fastens together at the ends with a couple of straps. It costs $51. A twenty-two-inch overnight case of indomitable butt cowhide, lined with leather that is lightly tooled in gold, is $132; a matching twenty-six-inch case, for long trips, is $150; and a thirty-inch case, the size of a foot locker, is $186. An English kit bag, two feet long and made of leather-lined pigskin, is built on a square frame that stays open

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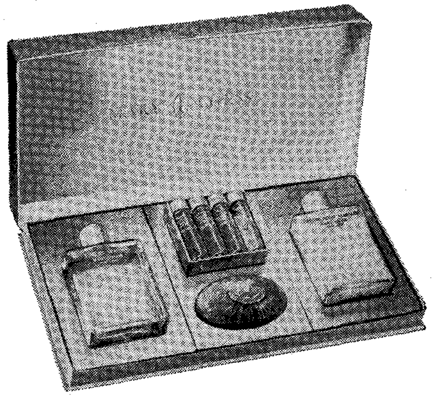
by
MARY CHESS



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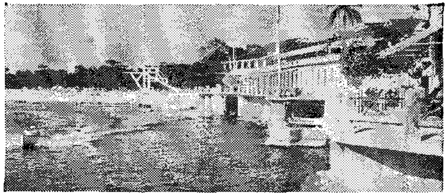

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THE CROW'S-NEST, 475 Fifth Avenue (41st): All nautical stuff. A stove suspended in gimbals, so it will stay right side up in a full gale, occupies only a cubic foot of space and operates either with a Primus unit ($24.95) or on Sterno ($16.95). A folding table, built of mahogany marine plywood for heavy sea duty, has brass fittings and Manila rope trimmings, which also provide a carrying handle. When it's open, it's about the size and height of a card table, and when it's closed, it's two and a half inches thick; $19.95. A sort of hassock made of blue or khaki heavy canvas with a foam-rubber pad not only is nice to sit on but serves as a container for four life preservers; $16.50. The life preservers themselves are covered with brilliant orange canvas; $6.50 apiece. An electronic megaphone that will carry a voice hundreds of yards across the water operates on a battery and is sealed against rust; $49.50, with an extra battery. A seagoing Zippo lighter has a metal ring on its side, so that it can be lashed to a man's belt, or maybe to the mast, in dirty weather; $5.95, engraved with the boat's name and home port. A fine lanyard for it, hand-woven of white fish-net twine, costs $1. A Remington electric razor geared to small-craft voltages (12 or 32) costs $30.50.

DE PINNA: An Orlon raincoat here is completely rainproof, not just water-resistant. It won't stick together when it dries or leak when it's wet, which is a lot to expect of a raincoat; a raglan model, with underarm vents and two-way pockets, weighs twelve ounces and costs $19.95. A lightweight silk sports coat, in a homespun weave and in colors like those of quiet Donegal tweeds, has a notched collar, a center vent, patch pockets, and three buttons; $35, and very tidy. Pleated flannel slacks in a wrinkleproof blend of wool (three parts) and Dacron (one part), and in Oxford or Cambridge gray or brown, cost $25.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, 145 East 57th Street: A chromium plug-in shaving stand that can be adjusted to any height from forty-six inches to six feet has an electric light, a two-sided mirror (one side magnifies), a socket for an electric razor, a tray for odds and ends, and hooks for a towel and a dressing gown; $55. We also liked the look of a table lighter called the Flamingo ($15), which is made of

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black or walnut plastic and resembles a small tobacco jar. You pull out a rod set in the top, and it instantly bursts into flame. Magic, we thought, and were disappointed to hear that four little batteries and a lot of lighter fluid do the trick.

Hammond Maps, 1 East 43rd Street: The 1951 edition of the Italian Touring Club Atlas may well be the most illustrious world atlas in existence, and its index may well be the most comprehensive index outside the Library of Congress. It is here, printed on superb paper and bound in heavy cloth, for $85. Philip's Physical-Political Globe, imported from England, is over a foot in diameter, is mounted on a black Bakelite stand, has seven variations of color for altitudes and six for ocean depths, and shows a good number of shipping, air, and rail routes; $27. Dogs of a hundred and fourteen breeds, along with a thumbnail sketch of each, appear around the border of a world map called, with an ingenuity beyond our reckoning, the Dog Map of the World. The breeds include such rarities as the Komondor, of Hungary; the Lhasa terrier, of Tibet; and the Briard, of France. The paper version is $6.50; a linen one, with wooden rods, is $12; and both are roughly three feet square.

Hoffritz, 331 Madison Avenue (43rd): Brushes, cutlery, and such. A double-edged safety razor has its blade set diagonally, which is supposed to be advantageous and maybe is; anyway, it's different and $5. There's a legend circulating here, whose truth we can't vouch for, that a man who owns an Allegro razor-blade stropping machine can get by on one blade a year; $6 for a stropper that strops double-edged blades, fifty cents more for one that strops single-edged blades. You will also find an impressive assortment of English bath brushes whose bristles were tenderly inserted by hand. A big, strapped hand brush is $6.25, and a short-handled affair with a rounded brush is $7.

Georg Jensen: The clocks here merit your attention. For one, there's a Janus-faced affair by Angelus—an eight-day clock with a fifteen-jewel movement, backed by a barometer. This is $127.50. An electric alarm clock embedded in a block of clear Lucite is $33.60. All the works of an eight-day pendulum clock are visible, for they are in a glass-and-ebony case a foot wide and fifteen inches tall. The only markings on the dial are bold black lines for the quarter hours; $195. The King James Version of the Bible, bound in exquisite scarlet calf, and in a marbleized case with leather edges, costs $47.50.

Lord & Taylor: The Ballantyne mills of Scotland have turned out some lightweight cashmere pullovers with a modest admixture of nylon. The colors are many, including black and light brown, and the price is $23.50 with sleeves, and $16.50 without. There are a couple of very nice silk dressing gowns here—one of cream-colored silk, at $29.50, and the other of finely striped silk broadcloth, in various color combinations, at $45. For a doctor, or anybody else whose life is governed by the minute hand of the clock, there's a leather case, small and flat enough to fit into a breast pocket, that contains an address book and a date book for January with each day marked off in half-hour intervals. With it come date books for the other eleven months; $5 for the works. A methodical man might like a black or dark-brown English pin-seal wallet that has compartments for bills, cards, stamps, and theatre tickets. The methodical man's name, address, and telephone number can be stamped on it in two or three days; $27. A dashing thermos ice bucket of polished ebony and silver has an attached silver top that flips up and flips down; $45.

Macy: Here we'll concentrate on the fresh-air type and on the smoker. On behalf of the first, consider a Hartog bicycle, a faultless three-speed machine from Holland, which has an all-chrome frame, standard twenty-six-inch tires, hand brakes, front and rear lights that run on a generator, a pump, a tool bag with tools in it, a luggage carrier, and

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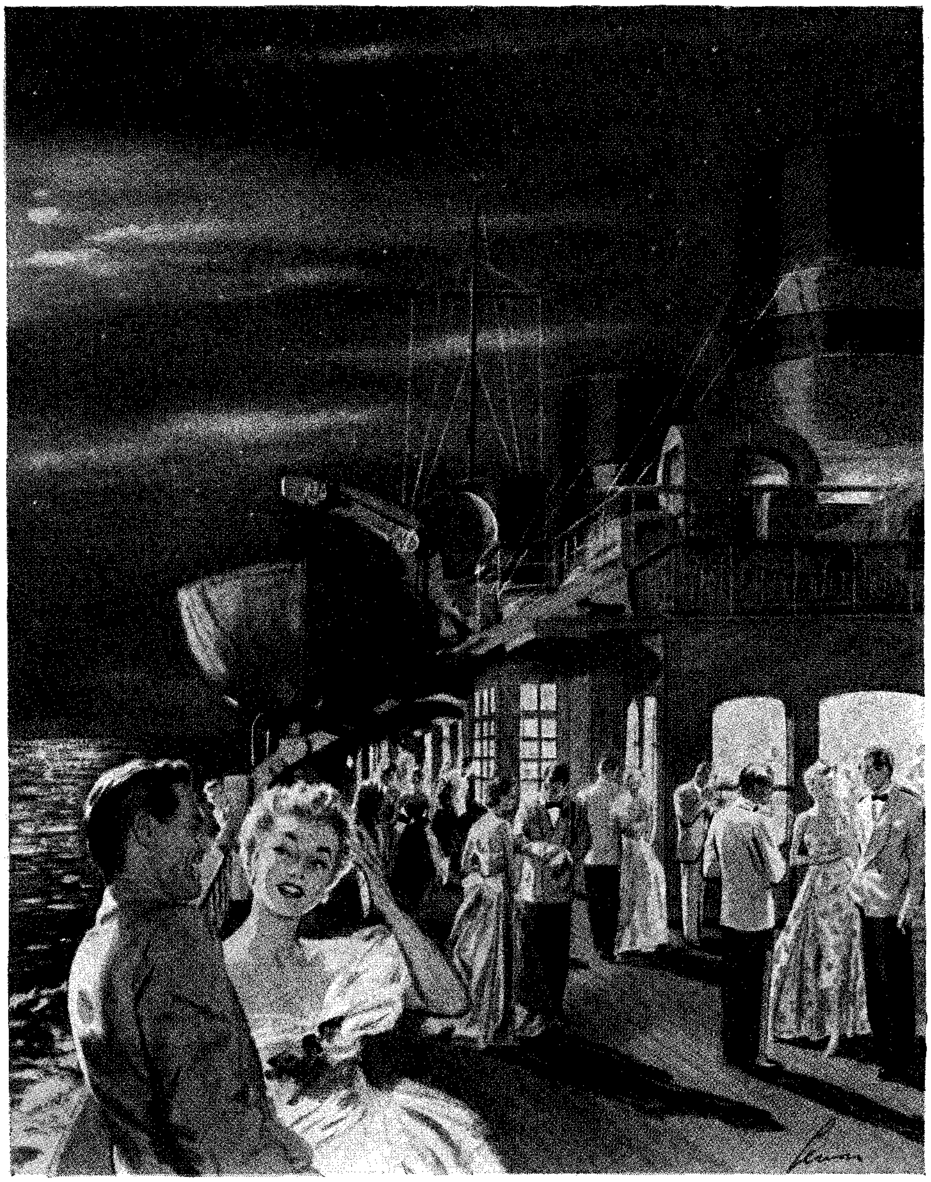
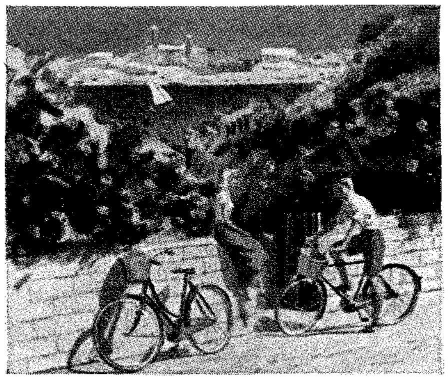
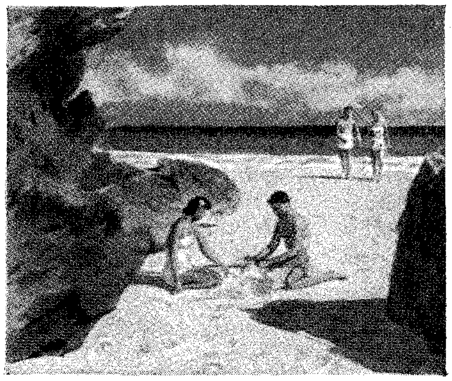


WONDERFUL, HAPPY MOMENTS on a moon-lit deck—before the next dance!



GAYLY CYCLING along the harbour road.



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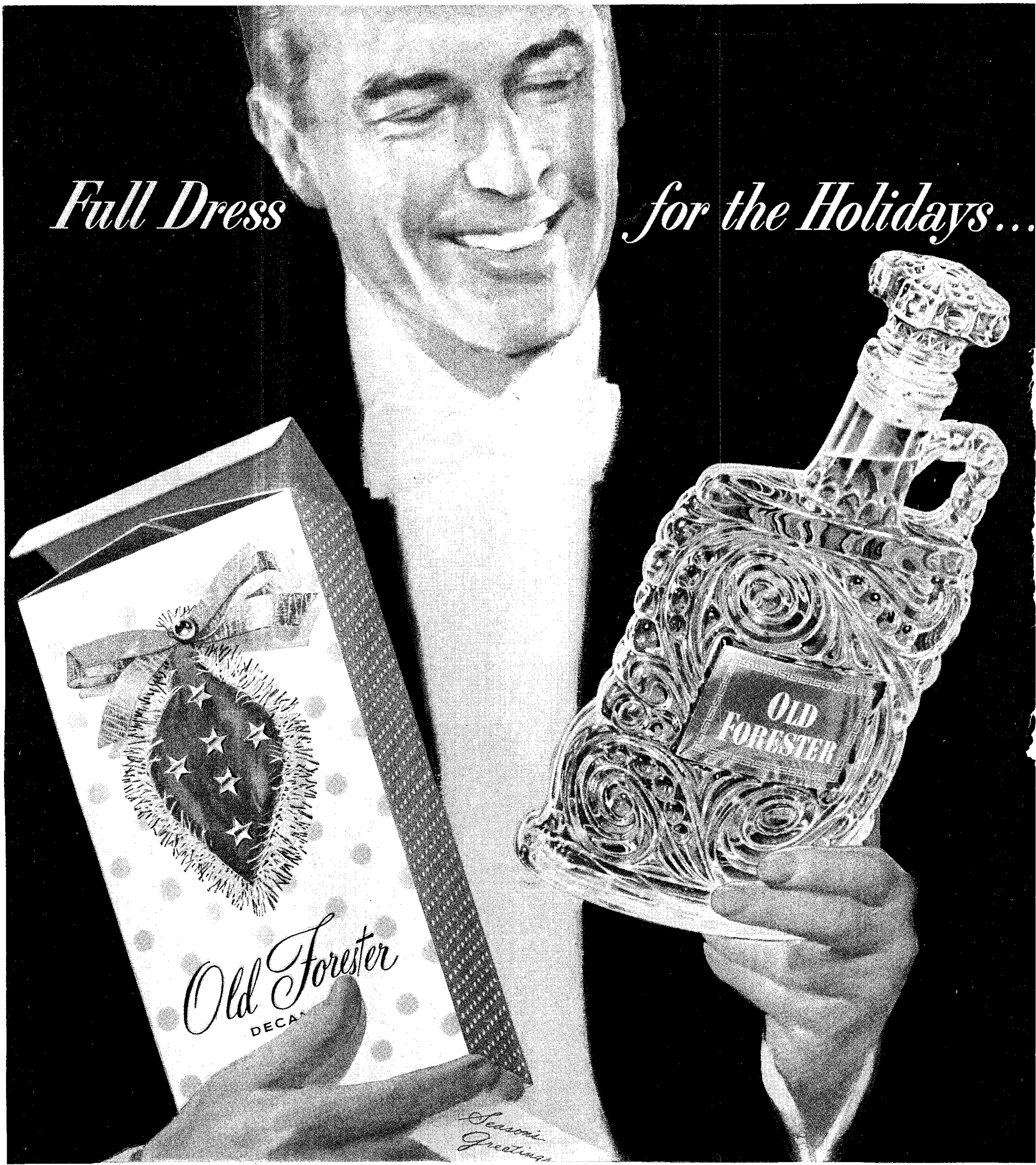
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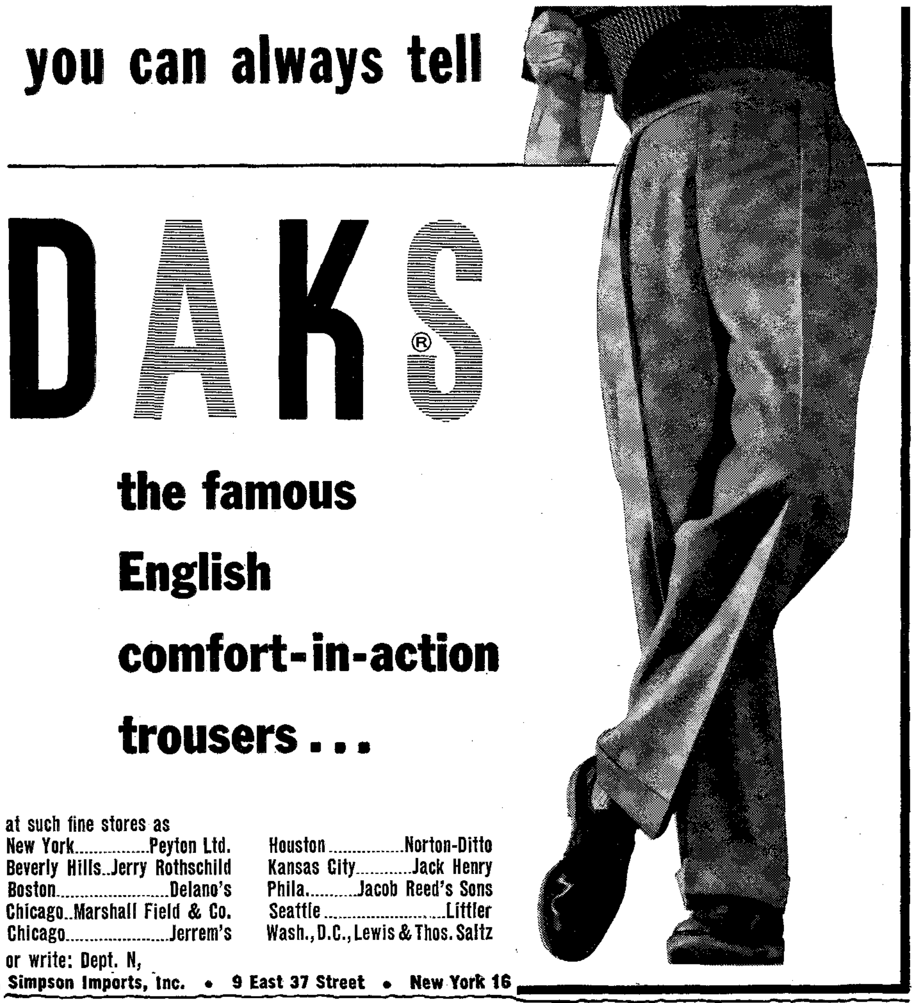
a leather seat; $89.95. Lignum-vitae *boccie* balls, made in Italy, would adapt themselves to any version of bowling on the green a man might dream up; $21.98 for a set of eight balls and a jack. The merits of the Fiberglas ski pole are the subject of disputes that we refuse to enter, but we will report that the one here costs $12. On to tobacco, and to such cigars as Swiss Opals in a stubby shape known as *stumpel* and made of a blend of Havana, Sumatra, and Brazilian tobaccos; a box of fifty is $4.95. From Germany comes Handel's Gold, a pointed cigar made of a similar blend of tobaccos; a box of twenty is $3.64.

E. B. MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): This being a headquarters for optical instruments, we'll start with a three-extension telescope of the Admiral Nelson type, made by Wollensak, with coated lenses and a magnifying power of from fifteen to forty, in a leather case; $33.50. A magnifying glass, just over two inches in diameter, is slightly concave to keep it from getting scratched; it comes in a leather case and costs $10. A man who likes to be his own weather bureau might be glad to get a Stormoguide wall barometer ($12), or a rain gauge that measures rainfall from a hundredth of an inch to six inches ($4.95). An eight-day clock ($138) made by Elliott of London is in a black, red, ivory, or green case lacquered by a Chinese lacquerer, and who lacquers better?

J. PRESS, 341 Madison Avenue (44th): A trench coat of Egyptian-cotton gabardine, imported from Germany, has slash pockets, a double watershed over the back and shoulders, and a change purse built into the left sleeve. But that's not the main thing; it also comes with—or, if you prefer, without—an alpaca-pile liner, which has quilted sleeves and a detachable collar that buttons onto the trench-coat collar. The whole business is $85, and the coat without the liner is $50. Wool waistcoats of solid scarlet, black, or yellow, or in the Black Watch tartan, lined and backed with wool-knit jersey, which, we are told, assures an easy fit, are $16.50. Shetland wool pullovers—gray, straw-colored, tan, or lovat green—are $12.50.

ROGERS PEET: D. and J. Anderson of Scotland have come up with a flannel of mixed wool and cotton, warranted to wash well, that goes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by the name of Dejannel. It appears in sports shirts with two pockets, in any of a half-dozen plain colors ($12.50) or in small checks and plaids ($15). A dressing gown of the Anderson plaid flannel costs $35. A sleeveless sweater of lamb's wool in a small plaid of the Argyle type—two tones against navy blue, black, yellow, or a very good tan—is $18. Socks to match are $4.50, and gloves are $5. Hand-sewn pull-on gloves of suèded calf have backs of braided leather; $15. A good bet for a man who lives in a blustery part of the world is a short coat, and there are some superlative ones here in rugged tweeds with alpaca-pile linings. These are single-breasted, button to the throat, have stormproof cuffs, and cost $85.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: If you want to spend a lot of money on a skier, this is one place to do it. We can point out, for instance, a couple of ski sweaters, both from Italy and both of the very finest lamb's wool. One, in medium blue, dark blue, or black, with raglan shoulders, has a band of bright-colored patterns running around it; $65. The other is plain white or blue and has two slash pockets at the waist; $60. A sports shirt of soft natural chamois with a single pocket and buttoned cuffs that can be worn tight or loose costs $45. We now come to trick hats—notably, a fishing hat with an acetate brim, a nylon mesh crown, a band studded with magnetic fly holders, and a compass built into the side of the crown; $5.95 and quite a sight. A deerstalker, which, in addition to its other merits, keeps rain from running down the back of the neck, appears in tan-and-brown plaid, or red, black, and white checks, at $6.50.

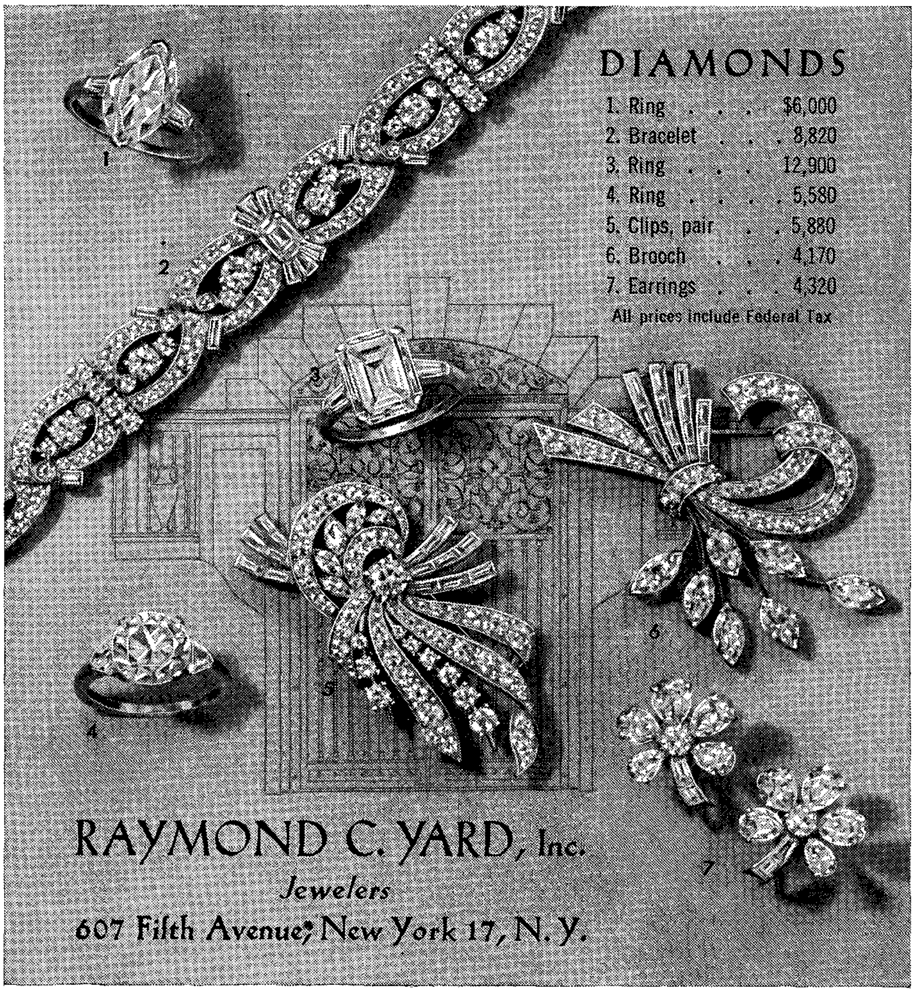
TRIPLER: Warm shirts and sweaters are on practically every shelf here. One long-sleeved alpaca-wool pullover was designed by Henry Cotton, and, as you might guess, is well adapted for golf, since it has wide armholes and is loose through the body but snug at the waist; $27.50, in yellow, tan, light or dark blue, or pale gray. A long, narrow suèded-leather map case that clips to the sun visor of a car has room not only for maps but for a pair of sunglasses, a pencil, and a note pad; $10. We have no intention of going into the question of solitary drinking, but we might as well just mention a cocktail shaker made of some gleaming but anonymous metal that is large enough for about one and a third Martinis; $9.

WE here append a note for anyone whose list includes a hunter, a fisherman, or anybody else who likes to knock about forests. The subject of this note is L. L. Bean, of Freeport, Maine, who for years has been seeing to it that deer are shot by well-dressed hunters and fish caught by impeccably clad fishermen. He pledges to fill orders for any of his products within a few days. The first item is a woollen mackinaw with a red-and-white overplaid on a blue-and-green background, which costs $18.35—postpaid, as all Bean's things are. An unusually lightweight hunting outfit, made of sand-colored windproof, water-repellent cotton poplin, consists of a jacket with double thickness at the back and shoulders, three front pockets, and a rubberized game pocket in the rear, and a pair of pants with double thickness at the seat and the knees, five pockets, and knit cuffs at the ankles; $19. Next is an invention for the preservation of hunters—a sort of half vest, called the Safety Cape, made of a practically incandescent bright-scarlet material that can be seen by competitive hunters for a couple of miles. (Bears, fortunately, are color-blind.) It fits over the shoulders and buttons about halfway down the chest. In medium, large, or extra-large size, it's $1.85. Tanned-elk or brown-cowhide hunting boots that are meant to contend with almost any kind of footing are said to be four ounces lighter than comparable hunting boots, and Bean calculates that a man who walks seven miles in them has been spared lifting 2,310 pounds. No one has calculated what a moose, who has four feet and goes barefoot, has been spared. The boots have split back stays to prevent chafing, and come in half a dozen heights; $19.85 for eighteen-inchers, $11.85 for twelve-inchers.

MISCELLANY: The Museum of Modern Art may solve a Christmas problem for you in a stimulating way. As mentioned elsewhere in this magazine, it lends out paintings and sculptures of various kinds, at from $3 to $35 for two months. Just to give you an idea of what's for hire, there is a mobile by Alexander Calder, an abstraction by Robert Motherwell, and a representational picture by Edward Hopper. If your man decides he wants the piece for keeps, the rental can be applied against the purchase price, which ranges from $25 to $750. . . . At the

Metropolitan Museum of Art, you can find any number of reproductions of sculptures and artifacts, including a three-and-a-half-inch stone-and-plaster copy of a Babylonian bronze of a man with a dog ($3.50), from the seventh century, B. C., and black-enamel versions of porcelain cats produced about three hundred years ago, in the K'ang Hsi period ($12.50 a pair). . . . The Museum of Natural History has carved rosewood, ebony, or wild-olive figures of tribesmen and tribeswomen from Africa. A clue to prices may be had from the fact that a head of a Tanganyika man or woman is $15. . . . The Book Corner at the Hayden Planetarium is selling meteorites that were gathered in Arizona after a meteor shower. Paperweights is the idea, and they cost from $1.25 to $5. A celestial globe showing the stars and the constellations is $12.50. . . . Sea shells? The McArthur Shop, 144 East 61st Street, has a staggering collection of them, from all over the world and at all kinds of prices. The delicate shell of a sea snail, from the Solomon Islands, is fifty cents; the shell of a *Nautilus umbilicus*, also from the Solomon Islands, is $30. Large clamshells, from Zanzibar, make handsome and practical ashtrays; $1.50 to $45. . . . If you have a Scottish piper on your list (well, you *might*), you can outfit him from his plumed Glengarry bonnet down to his kilt and hose for $425 at Scottish Products, 24 East 60th Street. Pipes run from $70 to $150.

We digress for a moment with a short essay within an essay on the subject of how to brighten up the glass cells that pass for offices these days. Wadley & Smythe, 32 East 57th Street, will fill a three-foot box with such flora as bella palms, bromelias, various types of philodendron, big-leaved caladiums with brilliant pink-and-red veining. Dieffenbachia with striking white-and-green leaves, dracaenas, Schaefferia, and such, all of which require nothing more than an occasional sprinkling and all of which can survive steam heat; $60. Smaller jungles are available at $25 and $30. . . . The White Flower Farm, in Litchfield, Connecticut, offers a stupendous amaryllis from an unusually hardy strain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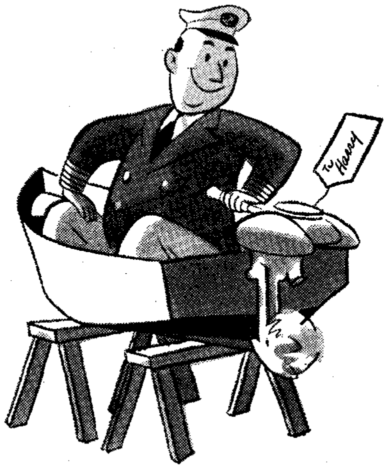

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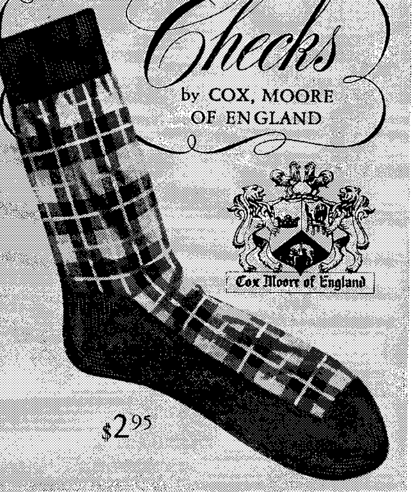

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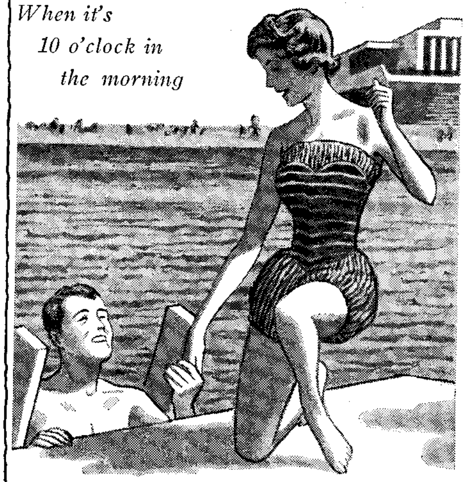
fostered by the House of Warmenhoven, a Dutch floral establishment. The flower may be white ($4.95), scarlet, deep violet, or any of several other colors ($4), in an earthenware pot. A deep-orange-red amaryllis called Agatha is $12.50, and a pure-white one called Everest is $15. Put in a room with southern, western, or eastern exposure, and given reasonable care, these have been known to reach the ripe age of thirty-five, which is a bit above the usual life expectancy of a Christmas present or an office lease. . . . The Anchor Aquarium, 359 East 71st Street, is crammed with glittering tanks populated by guppies, gouramis, neon tetras, angelfish, Siamese fighting fish, and so on, mostly from the warm waters of the East Indies and South America. To be specific, a ten-gallon tank all fixed up with a pump, a filter, and lights and containing a school of neon tetras, along with a few glow-light tetras, costs something like $50.

Back to our odds and ends. If you're wondering about a present for a camper who likes lots of company when he's on bivouac, the Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), has a couple of voluminous copper coffee boilers that might suit him fine—one that will make thirty cups ($22.50), and one that will make three gallons, or forty-eight cups ($25). . . . The shop of Kendall-Smith, 7 East 55th Street, makes key rings out of old coins attached to twisted-silver chains; $15 for a key ring incorporating the octagonal medal struck off by Napoleon to celebrate the founding of the Order of the Iron Crown, $35 for one incorporating an ancient Greek tetradrachma displaying Dionysus, giver of the grape and its wine. . . . Are you concerned about a billiards player? If so, the cues made by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, 73-45 Woodhaven Boulevard, Glendale, Long Island, are worth investigating, particularly a walnut one, inlaid with maple and ivory, that has not only a brass ferrule but the endorsement of Willie Hoppe; $15.95. A leather case for this, with a metal nameplate, which can have a name engraved on it in three days, costs $12.50. The company showroom being in Queens, we suggest a phone call: Twining 6-2900. . . . Maurice Inman, 50 East 50th Street, is a bookdealer who offers a group of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century volumes decorated with fore-edge painting. Such a book looks perfectly ordinary when closed, but when the body of the text is slightly bent, or rolled, a picture emerges on the outer edges of the pages.

When it's 10 o'clock in the morning



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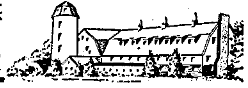

The subject may be the hero, the heroine, one of the scenes, or anything at all. A leather-bound three-volume set of Pope's translation of Homer (1810) shows Chiswick Church, for instance; $150. . . . Black, Starr & Gorham have a magnificent set of alabaster chessmen and an alabaster chessboard with cinnamon and white parquet squares; $200 for the lot. . . . At Norse House, 57 West 46th Street, you'll find the Swiss-made Henke ski boot, which has a widened toe section and a double-stitched reverse welt around the heel; $46.50. . . . Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), is the place for one of those brandy warmers—a balloon glass held in a sort of silver-plate wheelbarrow over an alcohol lamp; $13.50. . . . Something we hadn't seen until recently is an evening shirt for white-tie wear with an attached wing collar, and the place we saw it is Battaglia, 45 East 50th Street. It has a starched piqué bosom on a thin voile body, and it costs $25. . . . Kogei, 23 East 67th Street, has a number of interesting items just off the boat from Japan. For example, big kites, three feet square, made of mulberry-bark paper in deep reds and blues and ornamented with Japanese family crests ($8.50), and *sake* bottles of gray, brown, tan, or pale-blue stoneware, which will hold a litre of *sake* or, for that matter, Chablis ($3 to $7.50). . . . Now for a quick dip into the past. Burton, 65 West 56th Street, can provide the cards bearing pictures of generals, shortstops, and so on, that used to come with cigarettes, at a nickel or a dime apiece; theatre programs from the eighteen-forties, at from fifty cents to $2; and theatre posters advertising such historic presentations as "East Lynne," at $2 or so apiece; stereopticon pictures of landscapes and Presidents, at $7 a hundred; and a bulky library of dime novels at somewhat more than their original prices—a complete set (a hundred and one volumes) of the "Old Sleuth" books, for instance, for $75, and any Horatio Alger, Jr., you can name, for $1. . . . The Museum Silver Shop, 104 East 57th Street, has silver cigarette boxes, made by Garrard's of London, which are fitted with cedar linings and partitions and will, in most cases, hold a hundred gaspers. One with a barleycorn turning costs $150, and one with bold corrugations costs $195. . . . At America House, 32 East 52nd Street, there are fine, large ceramic ash-trays. One black-and-brown mottled affair, which is vaguely triangular in shape and has deep grooves to hold cigarettes, is about eight inches wide

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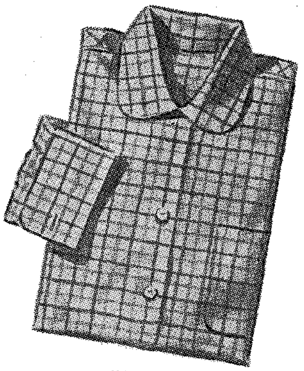

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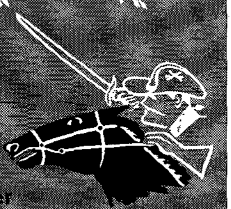
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

"ON THE WAY"
at Grand Central
Rough Rider Room
Cocktail Lounge



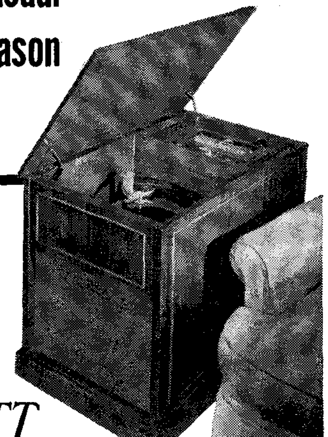
Famous for
"OVERSIZE" COCKTAILS
Luncheon • Dinner
Hotel Late Snacks
ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET

at its widest; $19. . . . Italian Book & Craft, 25 East 54th Street, has enamel-on-copper cylinders, four inches high and three in diameter, for holding pencils, cigarettes, or paint brushes, in green, yellow, blue, red, orange, and many other colors, lined with contrasting enamels; $12.50 each. . . . Felt Tyrolian hats with peaked crowns appear at the Swiss Specialty Shop, 756 Lexington Avenue (59th), in blue, black, brown, or green, at $5.50, with the customary pheasant feather. . . . Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue (54th), has a good pruning tool from England, consisting of a pair of shears and a knife with a curved blade of Sheffield steel, both of which open out of a pocket-knife handle; $12.95. . . . Lewis & Conger have a five-inch cylindrical aluminum desk lighter, with a speckled red or black finish, that goes by the overwhelming name of Injecto Lighter Fuel Filler and holds six ounces of fuel, which is overwhelming, too; $5. . . . At Whitehouse & Hardy, 695 Fifth Avenue (54th), there's a belt of striped silk rep—in various color combinations—terminating in two gold-plated "S"s that interlock to form the buckle ($10). . . . Knize, 24 East 56th Street, displays, among other things, a waist-length buttoned sleeveless sweater in gray, navy-blue, or black cashmere ($29) and a very trim narrow belt of tan French calf that fastens with a tiny hook, instead of the usual tongue ($9.25). . . . Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has come up with a completely reversible waistcoat—lightweight wool barathea or wool taffeta on one side, silk twill on the other—in combinations of lively and solemn colors; $57.50. . . . Newell, 290 Park Avenue (49th), has a reversible sleeveless pullover in such combinations as navy and maroon, brown and gold, and green and gray; $22.50. . . . As for Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street, we liked a long-sleeved, deeply ribbed wool pullover, hand-knit in England, with a high crew neck and a small patch pocket, in sand color with a navy border or white with a black border; $42. . . . Finally, a Charvet shirt—a thin tan, blue, or gray cashmere polo item, knit very much like jersey, that comes with long sleeves ($32.50) or short sleeves ($27.50).

Perfumes and Cosmetics

LIKE many a fashionable parent, the perfumers take advantage of the winter holidays to introduce their bright young newcomers to society, and there are a few of them that should do very nicely with the stag line this season.

An Unusual Gift-Season Value!



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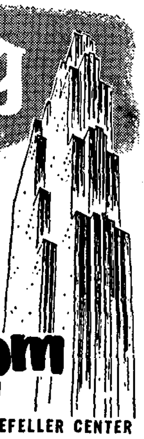

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COCKTAILS • DINNER
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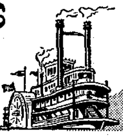
JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
CONRAD JANIS
and his Band



Childs
PARAMOUNT

There are also ingenious and handsome getups for last year's débutantes and for those perennial favorites whose loyal followers want nothing better than the old stuff in new bottles. Before going any further, we will interpolate that most of these perfumes are available practically everywhere—if not, we'll name the store—and that all the prices we cite include federal tax.

Lancôme's Trésor, one of this year's newcomers, worldly and challenging, is presented in a crystal bottle that is shaped and faceted like a diamond and of a size to dwarf the Koh-inoor; an ounce is $48. The purse-size bottle (a quarter of an ounce for $10.80) is a glass teardrop, and it has a gold-plated ring at the top, so that it can also be worn as a pendant. Gourielli's new Fourth Dimension, smoky and sultry, arrives in a three-dimensional bottle caught in the serpentine embrace of a free-form spiral of opaque glass that for all we know represents the fourth dimension; one ounce for $27, two for $54. The purse flacon is $4.20 and doesn't do anything except hold perfume. This year's new floral blends are all jacked up with a little ferniness and a slight aromatic tang, so they won't cloy. D'Orsay's new Fantastique ($22.20 an ounce) and Charbert's Consent ($3 for a dab, $18 for an ounce) are both notable blends on these lines, and the same can be said of Schiaparelli's immodestly titled Succès Fou, in a leaf-shaped green bottle, veined with gold; the purse size is $6 and two ounces are $48. Matchabelli's Wind Song ($6 for a dab, $30 for two ounces) is an ingénue offering in the same field. Like the blends, the single-flower scents are apt to be fairly sharp nowadays, as witness the new La Rose Rouge, by Roger & Gallet; $15 an ounce. Two toilet waters, both of them light and sparkly, are new this year—Lubin's lemony Gin Fizz (a bit under four ounces for $4.50, and a bit over thirteen ounces for $10.50, at Saks) and Cigogne's Vintage Cologne, which comes in a champagne split and smells something like ginger ale at its bubbly best ($3.60 for six ounces and a bit).

Now we take up our old friends among the postdebs. Weil's Zibeline and Cassandra are being bottled in France these days; both perfumes are $18 an ounce, and the toilet waters are from $3.60 (two ounces) to $18 (fourteen ounces). Fabergé's Aphrodisia and Act IV this year emit their fragrance from French bottles shaped like squat flowerpots and are priced at from $9, for three and a half

(Advertisement)

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It's young Master David come home!"

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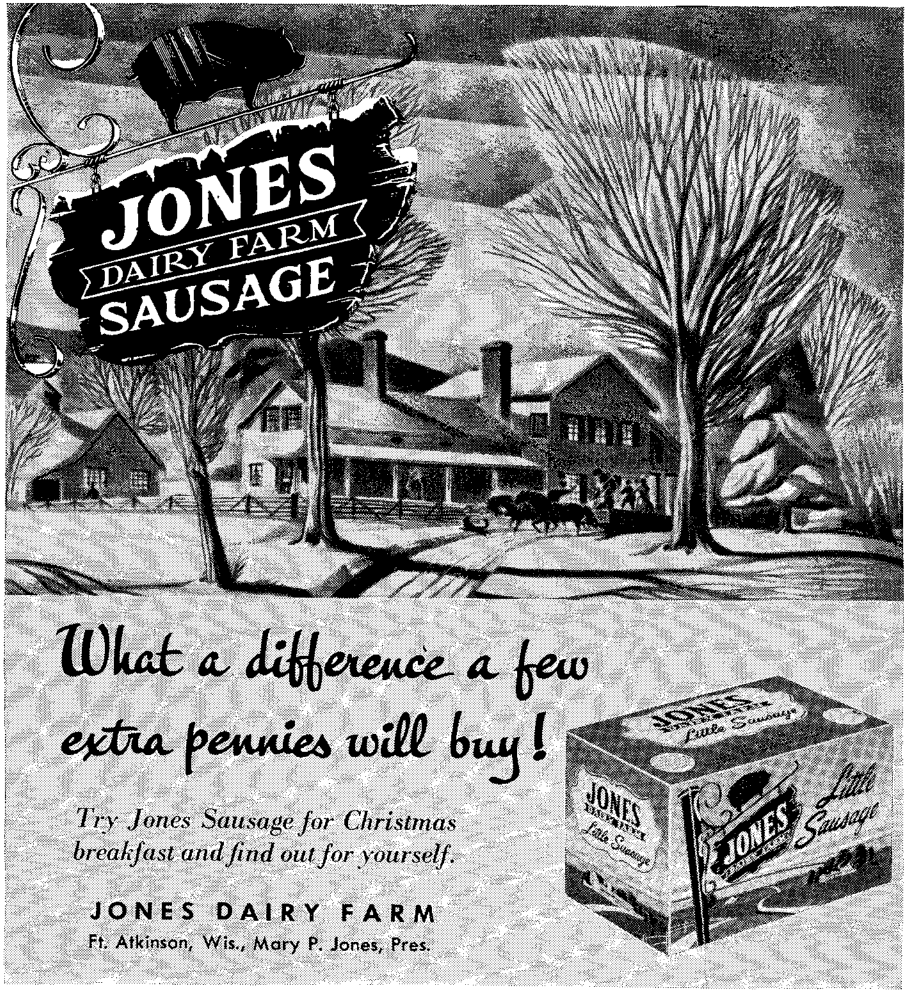

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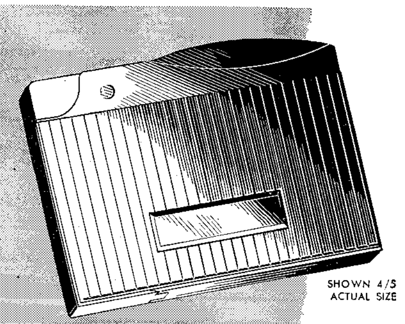

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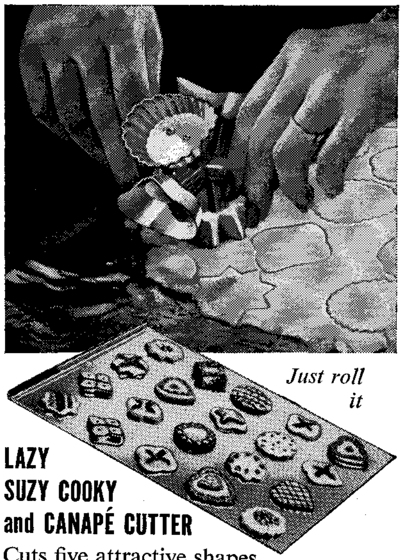
drams, to $60, for twenty-eight drams. Worth's beloved Je Reviens and Dans la Nuit are back on the local counters after an absence of some time; they come from France, too, and a purse-size bottle of either is $6. And Joy, which Patou has long advertised as the costliest of perfumes, is now available in a concentrated toilet water at a mere $21.60 for three ounces.

A WORD about pretty bottles and packages: Lelong's Royal Box displays a majestic bottle (it holds half an ounce of Indiscret) in starring position on a cardboard stage and a pair of boxes in either wing, each box holding a tiny bottle—five Lelong perfumes in all, at $12. Mary Chess favorites come in three-quarter-dram bottles shaped like chess pieces; a set composed of rook, knight, bishop, king, and queen—almost enough for a game—is $6. Nina Ricci has put Fille d'Eve, Cœur Joie, and L'Air du Temps into miniatures of their original Lalique bottles, at $2.40 each. And Guerlain has brought out a miniature of the standard Shalimar bottle; $9.60. Corday's purse flacon of Fame is encased, logically, in a purse of pink-and-blue brocade ($6.60); Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom Time, purse size, is clutched in the paws of a minute plastic squirrel ($2.70); and Lenthéric puts two one-dram bottles of perfume on a pink hobbyhorse ($6). Jean d'Albret's Ecusson comes in urn-shaped bottles this season; a quarter ounce for $10.20, and two ounces for $42. Lubin's Nuit de Longchamps is bottled in a glass candle with an ashtray for its base ($33 for a little over an ounce, at Saks), and Roger & Gallet's Blue Carnation cologne is bottled in a Guardsman who stands in a red-white-and-blue-striped sentry box ($4.20 at Lord & Taylor). Lanvin's queen, Arpège, appears in a toilet-water-and-perfume duo for $6.60. Shelley Marks has miniature wicker laundry baskets filled with French lavender ($5) and fat pomanders filled with her Potpourri ($7). Dior, a practical fellow, has made some plain bottles for Diorama and Miss Dior. Sold with funnels, these are meant to refill the fancy bottles that were, presumably, last year's Christmas present; $9 a quarter ounce and $24 an ounce.

MORE and more women are discovering that bath oils are also useful for perfuming hair, skin, and furs (precautionary note: not good for clothes), and there are some superlative new ones, bearing well-

Clever Gift



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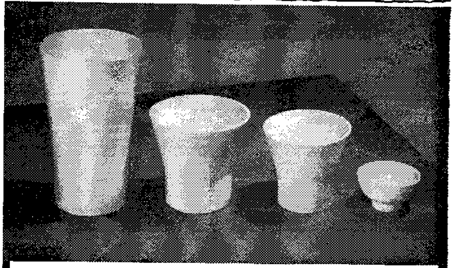

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known names, around: Raphael's Réplique ($3.60 an ounce, $6 for two ounces), Rochas's Femme ($6 for two ounces), and Carven's Ma Griffe (two ounces for $5.70). Matchabelli's famous bath oil Abano is now available in capsule form—one capsule per tub—at $1.20 for twelve. Frances Denney's bath ensemble called Bubbling Over contains ten vials of bubble bath, all scented with her Hope; $3. And Marie Earle packs half a dozen of her bath oils inside a tinselled Magic Wand; $3.

Packages that take in the whole kit and caboodle—stuff for bath, dressing table, purse, and so on—abound. Elizabeth Arden, a master at this sort of thing, has a pearl-studded fuchsia velvet stocking filled with My Love bath powder, toilet water, and perfume; $36. A small felt boot holds Blue Grass perfume, toilet water, and solid cologne, plus an atomizer; $6.60. Dorothy Gray's new Wedgwood wrapping—blue and white, as the name implies—is enchanting, and she uses it to do up all sorts of powder-soap-and-cologne combinations; $6 buys a box of dusting powder and a couple of ounces of cologne. Charles of the Ritz offers an ounce and three-quarters of his Directoire toilet water and a cake of soap inside a snow-covered house, for $3.

The great cosmetic firms like to put out grand fitted cases, which not only serve as a vehicle for the house's products but are extremely useful by themselves. Some of the most impressive of these affairs always come from Arden, and this year she's showing an overnight case in pink, green, or pale-blue cowhide, lined all around the sides with jars and bottles full of her specialties; $114. A similar case covered with a plaid fabric is $51. Dorothy Gray has a knockout hatbox of red or oyster-white plastic whose lid holds her cosmetics ($13.14 and $21.60), and Hudnut has a boxy handbag of plastic alligator fitted with *his* cosmetics ($12, at Altman's). A big pigskin handbag produced by Harriet Hubbard Ayer in a variety of colors contains a compact and a lipstick; $45. And, to wind up, here are two admirable manicure kits: Revlon's, in red leather, at $19.77, and Peggy Sage's, in red or natural-colored leather, at $7.14. Both contain all sorts of implements and plenty of polish.

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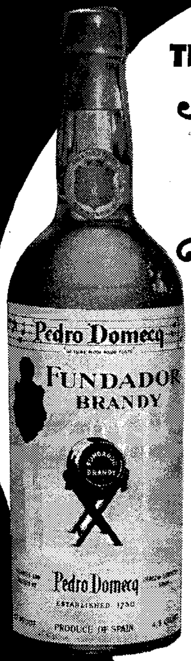

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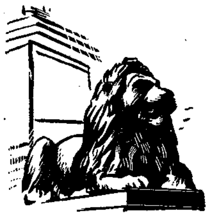


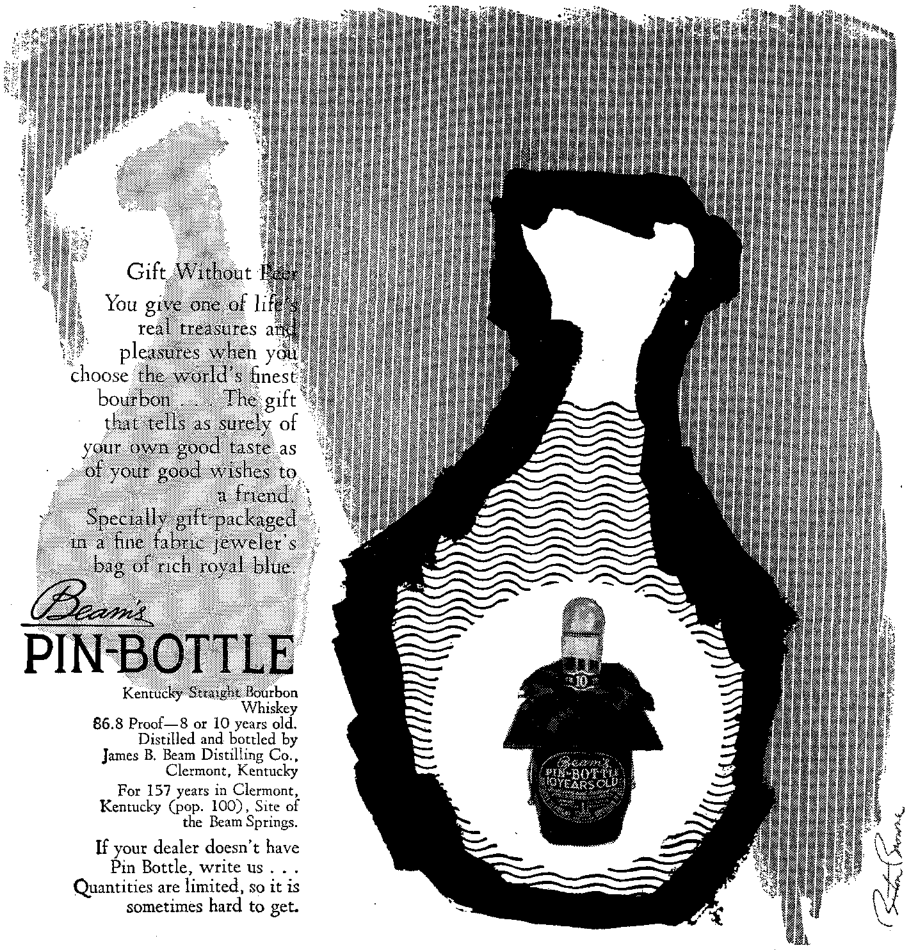
DECEMBER 2

THE battle over advertising or no advertising on British television screens produced an astonishing amount of passion last week in the House of Lords and, what was even more astonishing, the biggest turnout of peers since the American-loan debate in 1946. During the two-day debate on the Government's proposal to allow the establishment of a commercialized television service in competition with the existing uncommercialized monopoly of the B.B.C., there was hardly ever a spare seat on the crimson leather benches. Though many Labour supporters regard the upper house as a mere feudal relic in need of being drastically overhauled, if not discarded, it is hard to deny that it can produce—as it did on this occasion—debates that are better, wittier, and less handicapped by Party considerations than those in the Commons. Also, because among its members are men who have achieved eminence in most branches of professional and public life, its arguments are impressive. As a spectacle for visitors, the Lords is at once more elegant and more relaxed than the Commons. The prevailing color of the chamber is crimson, set off by the glitter of the gilt candelabra and the frescoes above the throne (which is occupied by the sovereign only at the state opening of Parliament and is domestically shrouded betweentimes by a sort of slipcover of maroon linen). Below the throne, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Simonds, in his wig, black gown, black knee breeches, and silver-buckled shoes, sits on the woolsack, which looks like a broad, well-stuffed divan, upholstered in crimson, and any peer who wishes for a word in his ear informally plumps down beside him. The informal atmosphere is heightened by another crimson divan, set at right angles to the woolsack, where peers often sit, and even loll back comfortably on their elbows. When a large number of M.P.s pop in from the Commons to see how things are going in an important debate—as a large number of them did last week—they listen and look on from floor level, squatting casually on the steps of the throne.

It was certainly a highly important debate for the Government, which was facing a good deal of stiff opposition from within its own ranks. The television issue has aroused strong feelings in the press and among the public. Briefly, the Government proposes not a commercially sponsored television service but simply an alternative service—that is, not run by the B.B.C.—to be financed by the inclusion of advertisements. The dispute is between those who feel that if commercials come, vulgarization cannot be far behind, in spite of the promise that advertisers will not influence programs, and those who wrathfully ask why the dickens the B.B.C. should continue as the sole, unchallenged dictator of what British viewers may see on their screens—two million six hundred thousand-odd of them at present, which represents a jump of about eight hundred thousand in a year. Roughly speaking, the Labour and Liberal Parties uphold the first view, and the Conservatives support the second, which means that they appear, somewhat comically, as the champions of the common man's right to a little bit of what he fancies, plus toothpaste ads, while the Opposition stands conservatively for aesthetic principles and the folly of trying to improve on an established system that is doing all right. However, the House of Lords' motion criticizing the Government proposal (while agreeing that an alternative of some sort to the B.B.C. is necessary) was introduced by a Conservative peer, Lord Halifax, and a number of influential Conservatives voted for it, along with Labour, Liberal, and independent peers. The Government won handsomely in the voting, but the result would surely have been less decisively in its favor if it had risked a free vote and had not sent out the Party whip to warn its supporters to turn out in force for the critical occasion.

In the debate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, rising in his fine white lawn sleeves and black cassock from the benches where the lords spiritual sit, spoke against the Government, saying that if people wanted more television, they should stump up for it themselves by paying a license fee of as much as five pounds a year (the present fee for television and radio together is two pounds), which would eliminate the need for revenue from advertising, and he trenchantly stated as his material credo, "I believe in people paying for what amenities they want and doing without those for which they cannot pay." It was mentioned by another speaker that leading educationalists, including the Vice-Chancellors of all the universities, are opposed to commercial television. And several peers asked whether, in view of the fresh warnings from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that Britain is not yet out of the economic woods, this was any time for pursuing consumers right up to their own firesides with salesmen's arguments for parting with their cash. The Manchester *Guardian*, in an editorial on the debate, referred unkindly to the Government's noble supporters as "its herd of dumb, driven cattle," and hoped that the Government would have some wiser second thoughts. It may, too, though the question will pretty certainly result in another Government victory when it comes up soon in the Commons, since no matter how strongly some Conservatives feel on the subject, they are not likely to risk a serious Parliamentary defeat.

THE discovery that the scientists had been fooled by a highly skillful hoaxer, and that the famous skull of the Piltdown man—the "first Englishman," or Dawn man—is that of a modern ape in the jaw and genuine Upper Pleistocene fossil only in the cranium, has caused simple pleasure here to ordinary mortals. The *Times* was the first to break the skull story, and since then every paper has carried yards of columns on how the Natural History Museum's expert Dr. K. P. Oakley, together with Dr. J. S. Weiner and Professor W. E. Le Gros Clark, of Oxford University's Department of Anatomy, this year completed their scientific detective work proving that the apish jawbone (which had long bothered anthropologists because of its incongruity with the human brain case it fitted so neatly) had been artificially stained and the teeth ground down deliberately before the fragments ever got to the East Sussex gravel pit from which they were dug in 1912. Since both Mr. Charles Dawson, an East Sussex solicitor and amateur archeologist, and Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, of the British Museum, who together made the Piltdown discovery, are dead, the identity of Person X, as the British Museum today calls the anonymous anatomist-chemist-geologist-dentist and general cool customer who planted the fake, is likely to remain a mystery. Indignant defenses of the dead men's integrity have been made by scholarly friends, and there have been several triumphant letters in the press, one of them saying, "So the Piltdown man is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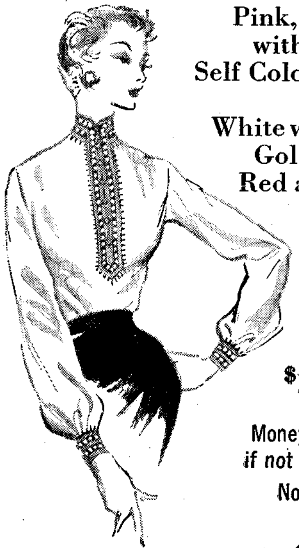

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a hoax! Is not the exposure a step towards complete vindication of those who have unswervingly adhered to the scriptural records of separate human creation?" Actually, the scientists say that it is not, since the Piltdown man was himself an embarrassing swerve on humanity's charted family tree, and his ignominious erasure from it has tidied things up, not complicated them.

The Natural History Museum, in South Kensington, has just put on a strange little special exhibit called "The Piltdown Problem." It includes sections of the chocolate-brown cranium (hitherto kept in the Museum's strong room, away from any possible attacks by outraged fundamentalists armed with hammers), the faked jawbone, and the faked canine tooth, together with accounts of the fluorine and bone-drilling tests that unmasked them. Also included is a contemporary photograph of Dawson and Smith Woodward digging away at the Piltdown site, keenly watched by a large modern goose sitting in the foreground. The Museum says that it cannot explain the goose, either.

THE Oliviers' new show at the Phoenix Theatre, "The Sleeping Prince," is a fairy story by Terence Rattigan that was meant to open during the lighthearted gala week of the Coronation but was postponed because of the illness of Vivien Leigh. It comes off a good deal better than most pieces composed for a special occasion. The critics were generally fairly cool, on the ground that it is a waste of the great acting powers of Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the boorish regent of a mythical Balkan kingdom visiting London for the 1911 Coronation of King George V (you see the tieup?), and that the plot, which consists of whether a pretty American chorus girl (Miss Leigh) should or should not step into the bedroom with him, is thin. It is, however, so expertly written, so adroitly directed by Olivier, and so well acted by all concerned that the result is entirely enchanting. Martita Hunt, as a heavily ospreyed grand duchess, gives a superb baroque performance that seems the distillation of every volume of Edwardian memoirs written by guttural Serene Highnesses.

THE best-selling book of the year here is "The Ascent of Everest," by Sir John Hunt, the expedition's leader, and it deserves to be. It is a classic, written in the soldierly, spare style that

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mountains so often seem to impose on their climbers when they come down to terra firma and a desk. Hunt wrote its hundred thousand words or so in a month, and Hodder & Stoughton published it in three months—a feat of production as efficient, in its way, as the meticulous planning of every tiny detail of the expedition's equipment and tactics, which the book fascinatingly and modestly describes. A film of the Everest climb is still drawing large crowds. A Technicolor record, brilliantly shot by Tom Stobart, with a commentary by Louis MacNeice, it is magnificent and, in the scenes where Edmund Hillary and Tensing return from the summit, immensely moving. Hunt and the rest of the team objected (unsuccessfully, of course) to the film's title, "The Conquest of Everest," insisting that the fact that two little Davids stood on the top of Goliath's head for a short while does not amount to a conquest. MacNeice's commentary quotes the famous observation of George Leigh-Mallory, who disappeared while attempting the final assault in 1924, and it seems the simplest summing up of any. To someone who asked Mallory why he wanted to climb Everest, he answered, "Because it is there."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

When you're visiting him [Arthur Godfrey] at his farm, it's not always easy to remember that he's a very important character around Madison and 52nd, the home of CBS. There are plenty of evidences of his major business around the farm—cables for television lights and cameras looped around the big trees, a ukulele with its electric amplifier where he can get at it handily, a Teletype connecting him with his New York office, a radio mike for his Friday-morning broadcasts, and a steady coming and going of technicians who worry about the engineering end of his shows. Essentially, though, when he's at home, he lives the life of a farmer, and loves it. His place was an old estate in Colonial days. It had changed hands many times in 200 years and was quite a mess when he got it.

—*Look.*

Trees bare of cables, ukuleles with no amplifiers.

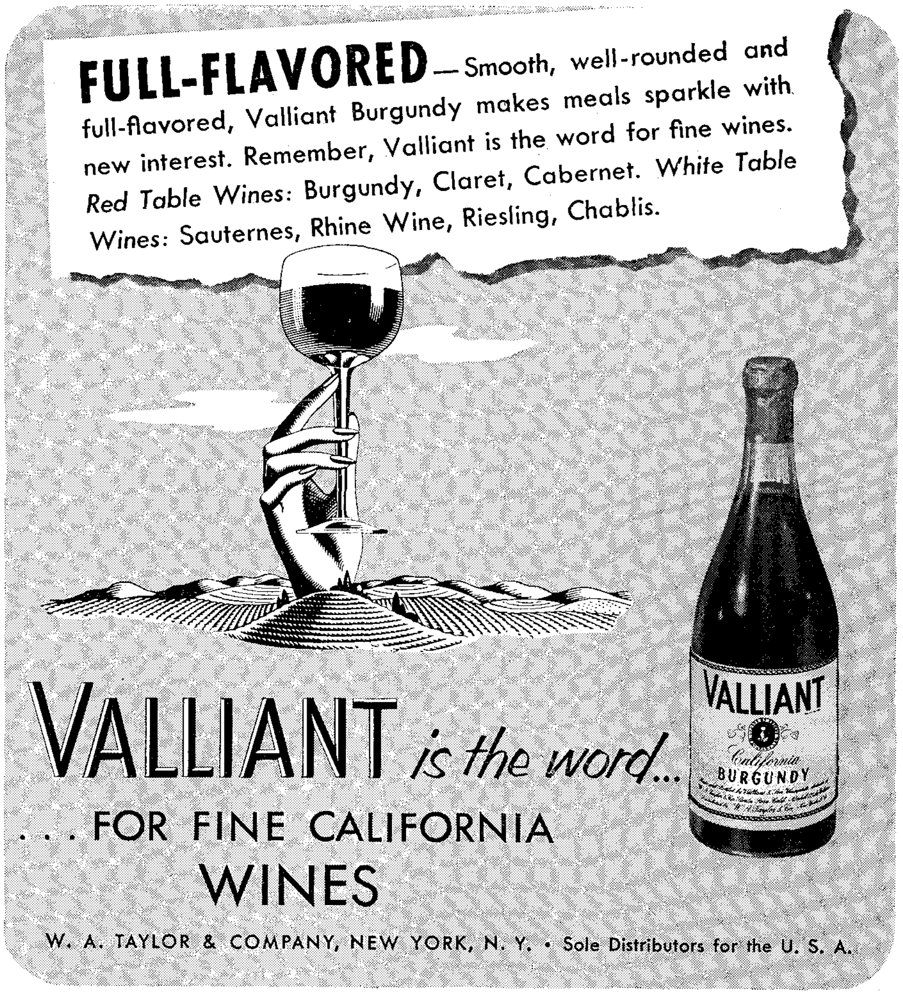
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*]

PITTSFIELD, MASS. (AP)—A blonde girl of 7 walked up to a Salvation Army kettle on a street corner yesterday and dropped into it what appeared to be a $1,000 bill.

She did the same thing a block away with what looked like a $500 bill.



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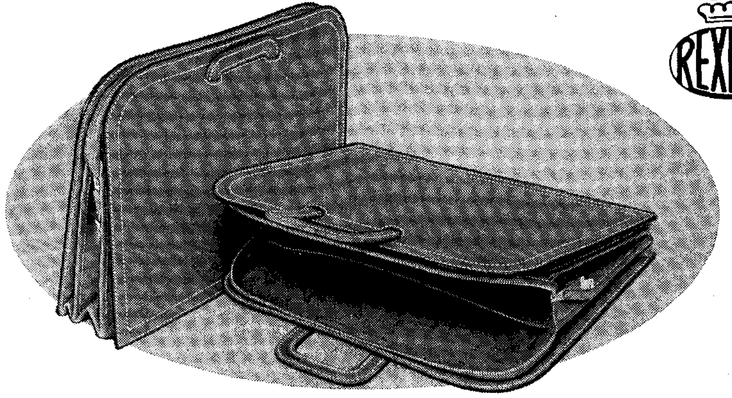

You need not be a financier to own a Rexbilt, (although most financiers do!) Actually, you can have the pleasure of owning traditional Rexbilt quality and construction . . . and you can enjoy giving it as a very special holiday gift . . . at a gratifying modest cost. For instance:

. . . The Top-Zipper Envelope pictured above is in smooth topgrain cowhide, has 3 pockets with a center drop bottom and disappearing handles of French-edged leather. It is fully lined and steel-reinforced throughout and made with a special easy-access top opening and lock-tabbed zipper. Colors: Suntan and Ginger. This one, in 16 inch size, is just $24. Other handsome Rexbilts for as little as $10. Prices subject to 20% Fed. tax.

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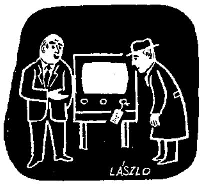
TELEVISION

Crisp! Crisp! Deep! Deep!



A YOUNG man going on seven who boards at my place telephoned me the other day at the office and invited me to come home that evening promptly at six to watch "Superman" with him. He said, in one of his rare moments of generosity, that he wanted to share the program with me. Normally, I can no more break into our television room between five-thirty and six-thirty than I can watch the Duke of Edinburgh shaving, and, touched and honored, I rushed home at the appointed hour. All was in readiness for the great event. A two-year-old, who also boards with us, had likewise received the nod from the big boy, and he was on hand, in a maroon dressing gown and holding a cup of cocoa. "This program is wonderful," said the big boy. "Superman flies into space every Monday. Wait till you see." He twirled the dials with a professional hand to adjust both sight and sound. "Quiet, please!" he called out. "Super-MAN!"

"Superman" opened with a shot of Superman himself, clad in a handsome pair of long drawers and a sweatshirt bearing a large "S." He was a lithe and muscular figure, the prototype of what all good little boys who eat their cereal and don't ruin their eyes watching "Superman" can look forward to being. "He has changed the course of mighty men," intoned an announcer. "He fights a never-ending battle for the truth. . . . Crisp, crisp, crisp, with a deep, deep flavor." We saw a picture of a boy munching breakfast food. "W. K. Kellogg himself thought up the flavor," said the announcer. "Crisp! Crisp! Deep! Deep! Kellogg—the greatest name in cereal!" The commercial behind us, at least for the moment, the title of the evening's episode was flashed onto the screen—"Panic in the Sky." We saw a group of citizens gazing with evident fear into the heavens. A butcher standing in front of Dick's Meat Market turned to a lady beside him and remarked, "It's just a meteor, that's all." There was a buzz among the citizens. Panic was in the air as well as in the sky. We next saw and heard the hard-bitten city editor of the *Planet*. He was telling one of his reporters, Clark Kent, about the phenomenon. (As every man, woman, and child must know by now, Kent's secret is that he is Superman; he gains his strength by removing his glasses, which he requires for his daily tasks on earth, such as typing and crossing streets.) "An asteroid is what the scientists are calling it," said the city editor. "It goes wild all over the solar system. It's five miles and a quarter in diameter."

The scene shifted to an observatory on top of a hill. A man who looked very much like Sigmund Freud was peering into a huge telescope. He seemed extremely agitated. "Superman!" he called out. "Right over here, Professor!" cried a voice. "I'm just looking at it." Sure enough, there was Kent-Superman, long drawers and all, standing on a parapet hard by the telescope, his eye cocked toward the asteroid. Superman calmly allowed that, given the chance, he could knock the asteroid off its course and save the world. "Watch him!" said the elder boarder. "Here he goes!" Off into space went Superman, zooming gracefully and with the greatest of ease—up, up, up, into outer space. "It may cost the world Superman," said Professor Freud dolefully, from below. "Oh, no!" said the big boy. The younger boarder spilled his cocoa. Straight into the asteroid went Superman. There was a mighty crash and a spray of sparks, and the asteroid was deflected from its path. "He did it!" cried Professor Freud.

A moment later, we saw Superman land on a desert somewhere on Earth. He ducked behind a rock and put street clothes on over his telltale longies, emerging a moment later wearing glasses—just another civilian in a desert. A young lady came along in a truck, stopped, and gave him a lift. "Hear the news?" she said. "Superman done it." "Did what?" asked Kent. "Fixed the asteroid," she said. "Superman done it." Kent returned to his home in a state of near collapse. All he wanted now was a little shut-eye, but an agent of the city editor turned up. He asked Kent to find Superman, who, alas, was missing. Kent fainted in the shower and fell through the shower glass, but, strangely, was not cut. A commercial followed.

When the scenario resumed, there was chaos in the offices of the *Planet*. The asteroid was acting up again and behaving like its old perverse self. Superman had done a fine job, but apparently only a temporary one. Word had come that North Africa was suffering the worst tidal wave in its history. Earth was in for heavy weather. Back in the *Planet* office, the city editor's agent reported that Kent was sick. The city edi-

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THE KEY TO FUN
KEYWORD
KW
SEE PAGE 87

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

tor said that he wanted Kent, sick or well, he being the only man who had ever been able to get in touch with Superman. At his home, Kent struggled to regain his strength, groped his way to his closet, and selected a fresh sweatshirt from the dozen or more hanging there, all marked "S." Suddenly, we saw Kent, back in his longies, flexing his muscles in front of a mirror. He removed his glasses, put a fist through a table, splitting it like kindling, and took a dive out the window, headed for the observatory. One can imagine how glad Professor Freud was to see him again. The Professor handed him a small box and told him to make for the asteroid, and fast. "Throw the first switch when you land," said Freud. "Five seconds later, throw the main switch. The atomic-energy people think the asteroid can destroy Earth." Off went Superman into space, one arm extended straight ahead, the other clutching the box. "Doesn't he have any pockets?" asked the big boy. Superman made the asteroid, pulled the switches, blew the damn thing up, headed for Earth, and landed safely. Seconds later, there was old four-eyes, in civvies, back home eating Sugar Smacks. His city editor burst into the room, interrupting his breakfast. "News can't wait, Kent," he said. "Not even for Sugar Smacks." Kent told him that he was all wrong—that, indeed, Sugar Smacks *were* the news. The lovable city editor promptly sat down and dug into the Sugar Smacks. The episode closed on this touching domestic scene.—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

The attic holds the overflow of treasurers she has collected in years of worldwide travel and she loves to spend leisurely days among the loot.—*Akron Beacon Journal.*

Probably has a favorite, too.

•

A gold Waltham watch, lost in Marshalltown thirty-two years ago, was found last week in a driveway at that place.

The case of the watch was in perfect condition without rust or spot, but had stopped for want of winding.—*Digby (N.S.) Courier.*

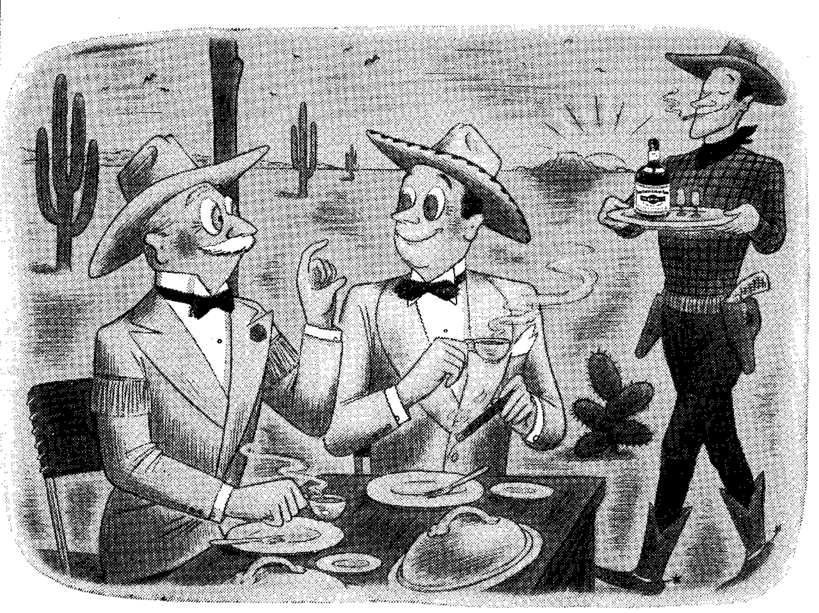
No stamina, eh?

•

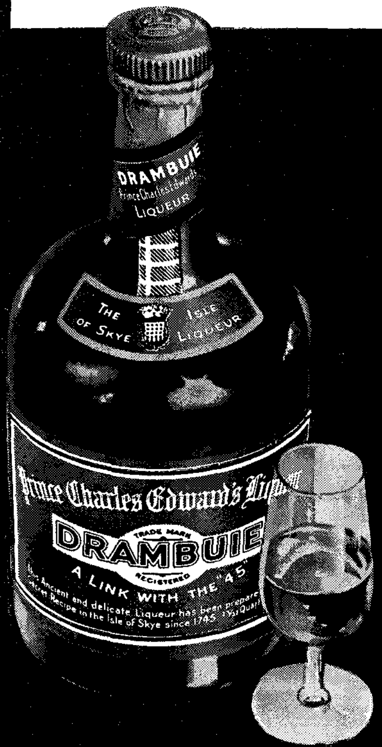
THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[*J. Donald Adams in the Times*]

He [E. M. Forster] had been asked, "Do all your characters have real life models?" He replied, "In no book have I got down more than the people I like, the person whom I think I am, and the people who irritate me."



"No matter where you are—after dinner
there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"



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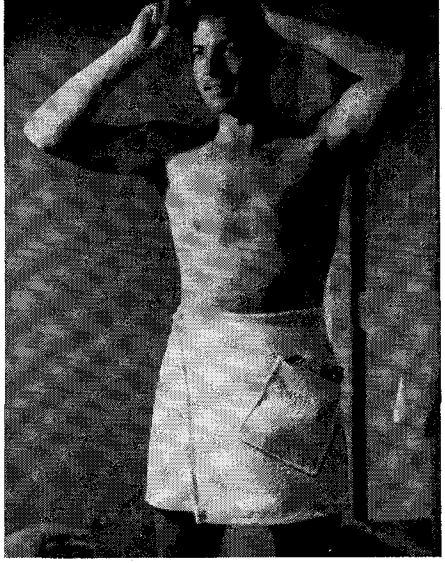

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MR. HARRIS

WHEN I was a boy of eight or nine, at the beginning of the century, I often went with my mother to the offices of a charitable society that looked after the welfare of Jewish immigrants arriving in New York from overseas. The offices were on East Broadway near Pike Street, only a block from the tenement we lived in, at East Broadway and Rutgers Street. The organization always sent its representatives to meet incoming boats. They would circulate among the steerage passengers on the dock, locate those who had not been met by friends or relatives, and take them back to the society's offices. The society would then start tracing their kinsmen or *landsleit* (fellow-townsmen), if they had any in the city. When necessary, it would find them temporary lodgings. It would also lend money to immigrants who wished to send for members of their families. No collateral or interest was required, and the money could be returned in small weekly payments. Several times my mother borrowed money from the society to bring over relatives from the Old World. She would greet them at the pier and install them in our generally overcrowded three-room apartment, where most of them lived for weeks or even months, and one of them for more than a year.

Young as I was, I could appreciate the work of the society (I never knew its full title), and gladly accompanied my mother when she went to its offices to pay the installments on her loans. There we were sure to find sad and bewildered immigrants sitting on dilapidated suitcases and wicker trunks. Sometimes my mother would question one of the more dejected of them and invite him to spend a few days with us. The bemused but grateful guest would shoulder his trunk, and my mother and I would carry what suitcases he had. When we reached home, he would be welcomed by the rest of my family. If, as occasionally happened, we already had visitors and there was no space on the floor for him to lie down at night, my mother would find a place for him with one of our neighbors.

IT was quite natural for my family to do something about the plight of these immigrants, for when I was about six, we, too, had arrived in a strange country, and had been met by an agent of a society who spoke our language and attended to our needs. To help ease the anxieties of our house guests, my mother or my father would often tell them the story of our vicissitudes, frequently with embellishments. When my father was the narrator, he usually began the tale at the point where he and his wife and eight children left Russia on their way to the New World, a world that consisted, for him as for most emigrants, only of the United States. (I was surprised later to learn of the existence of South America and Canada.) But when my mother told the story, she would begin with a description of our life in our native city of Vitebsk, recall her own girlhood and marriage, and lead up, by slow stages, to the moment of our departure. I preferred my mother's sentimental, rambling account, because it evoked many happy memories.

I greatly enjoyed hearing her speak of her father's little farm, outside Vitebsk, where she and her numerous brothers and sisters were brought up, and of her father, a saintly man whom she loved next to her own family. I had loved him, too. Three or four times a year, he would come to town to spend the Sabbath with us. I would be told that he was coming and would be out on the street waiting for him. He always walked the three miles from his farm to our house, and I would catch sight of him in the distance, his tall figure slightly bent. He walked slowly, with the aid of a stick, and carried in his left hand several large apples tied in a colored handkerchief; he invariably gave me the apples. I would run up to him, and he would hand me his stick and handkerchief, put his hands on my head and bless me, and then kiss me, and I would smell the sweet aroma of snuff, which clung to his hands and his long, shiny double-breasted coat. He had the most elaborately curled earlocks of any old man I had ever seen, and a long, thin face, with a prominent nose, a high forehead, and small, twinkling eyes. When he sat in a chair, he always sat bolt upright, his arms rigid and his clenched fists resting on his knees. I have a daguerreotype of him sitting this way, with his eldest son, Solomon, standing behind him. It was taken on the occasion of Solomon's *bar mitzvah*, or coming of age, on his thirteenth birth-

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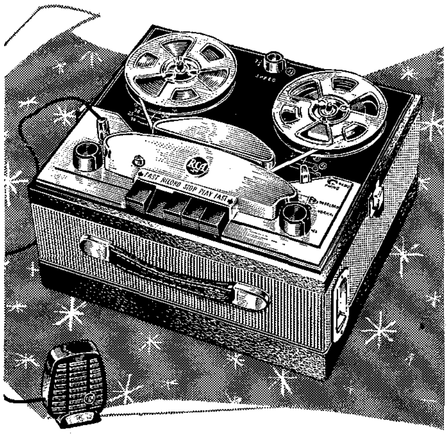

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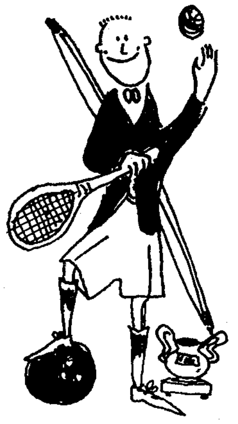
day. At the time we left Russia, my Uncle Solomon was about forty, a well-known rabbi and scholar, with a wife and many children. Even at thirteen, his greatness had been foreshadowed. He had proved himself such an extraordinary scholar that his *bar mitzvah* attracted rabbis from places as distant as Dvinsk, at least a day's trip on the Dvina from Vitebsk. A still finer recognition of his precocity came with my grandfather's announcement, during the long meal that was served after the *bar mitzvah* ceremonies, that the young Solomon was already engaged to the daughter of the Dvinsk rabbi. The marriage would, of course, have to wait until the groom reached the mature age of seventeen, but for a time he was the hero of the neighborhood.

Such detailed bits of family history brightened my mother's story. Before she finished, my father usually became impatient at what seemed to him merely feminine discursiveness and, without apology, he would take over. He sometimes began with a day he and my mother finally made the decision to sell their house and embark for America. It was a very grave decision for all of us. We were poor. Our one-story frame house on Ilyaga Street was on "this side" of the Dvina, the unfashionable side; the town's affluent Jews lived on "the other side." It had taken my father many years to pay for our house out of his small earnings as a teacher in a *cheder*, a Hebrew school. Though the house had five rooms and one of them was rented out to a widowed "onion woman"—so called because she specialized in onions at her stall in the market place—I thought it adequate for our family of ten, which included three older brothers and four older sisters.

The house was pleasant, and generally redolent of twist bread baking in our brick oven, whose cavernous, fiery interior delighted and scared me when my mother opened the heavy iron door and dexterously extracted the loaves with a long, flat wooden shovel. Our house was especially enchanting on Friday evening. In the early morning, when I left it with my father to go to *cheder*, it looked untidy and bedraggled. But at night, when we came back after synagogue, a great change had taken place. The floors glistened with fresh sand. The long dining table was formally set for the Sabbath, and the light from the candles caused the loaves of twist bread, which had a high varnish of egg yolk, to glow brightly. In win-



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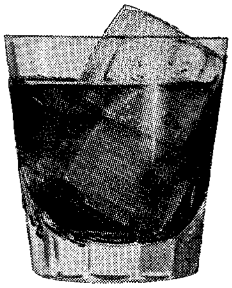

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ter, the house was snug, and the little snowdrifts lying in the corners of the windowpanes gave me a delicious feeling of security and well-being. In the spring and summer, the house was less important to me, except, of course, at night, when it was a solid barrier against distant noises outside, like the baying of dogs or the howling of—for all I knew—wolves. Horrifying rumors of the appearance of wolves, even in places as close to town as my grandfather's farm, were heard constantly. During most of each long summer day, I stayed in our large fenced-in yard; I plucked and ate seeds from the round faces of tall sunflowers growing in a patch of garden where my mother raised carrots and beets, and I drank endless glasses of tea with the older people from a copper samovar that always stood on a rustic table beside the house. The life was to me deeply satisfying.

To be sure, there were disturbing episodes. One night, we were awakened by the police, who made my father dress in a hurry and hustled him off to the police station. They said they had found some irregularity in his identification papers. In the morning, my mother borrowed a ruble from the onion woman, went to the police station, and got my father released by bribing the captain. I later learned that the police made such raids simply to get the bribes. From time to time, soldiers searched our house for revolutionary literature, but we really had nothing to fear. My brothers and sisters and I were too young to take an interest in politics, and my father believed in the divine right of kings—and, indeed, of all rulers—on the ground that God obviously countenanced them or He would have done something about them centuries before. Nevertheless, the mere sight of soldiers or policemen filled us with dread. These episodes, however, were quickly forgotten in joyous events like the band concerts in the town park, to which I was sometimes taken by one of my sisters.

I GATHERED, from overhearing my parents discuss their plans, that their decision to go to America was based solely on their desire to enable their sons to escape eventual conscription. Military service in Russia was not an evil in itself, my father believed, since it was ordained by a monarch who enjoyed the protection of God, but military service for Jews meant the disruption of Jewish ritual life, and in that respect it was irreligious and a thing to be shunned. My father had for some

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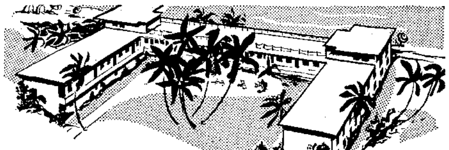

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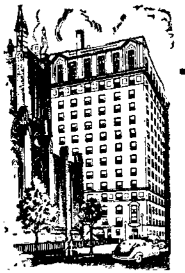

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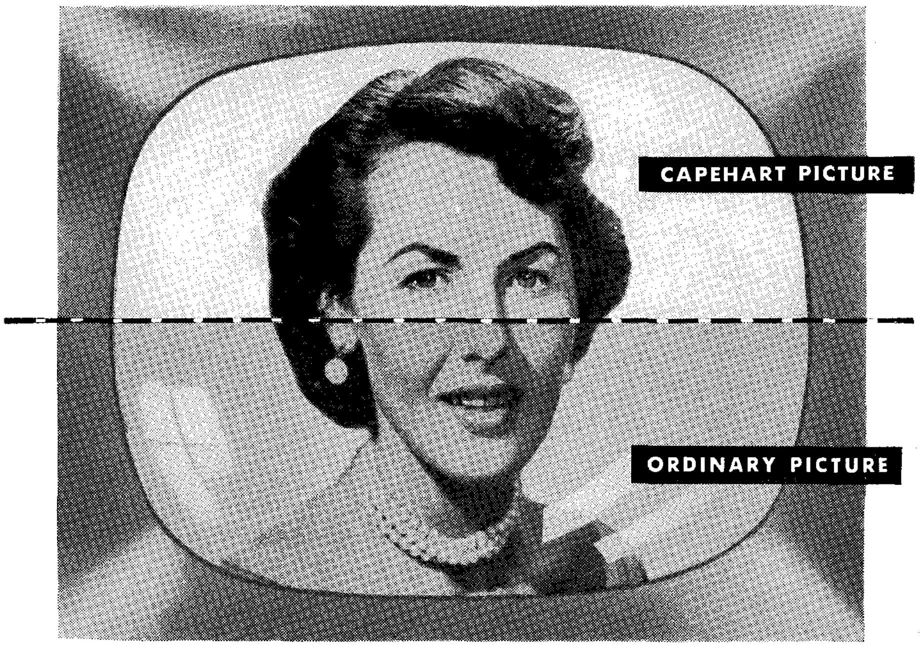
time been corresponding with a second cousin who, like some of our former neighbors, had emigrated to America. This relative was living comfortably in Passaic, New Jersey, a region described in his letters as a veritable Eden. He and his two sons were profitably engaged in the junk business, and as an evidence of his success he had enclosed his business card in one of his letters. The card was a large one and bore, besides the name and address, many words in English, which we couldn't, of course, understand. My father, conjecturing that the words might carry special directions for the Passaic postmen, was most careful to transcribe them when he addressed an envelope to his cousin. Many years later, I discovered the card in an old pocketbook of my father's and saw with astonishment that the words he had so laboriously copied off announced his cousin's instant readiness to call in person, at any hour of the day or evening, on all who wished to dispose of junk at prices, paid instantly in cash, that were far more generous than those of rival dealers in Passaic and even in the entire State of New Jersey.

This cousin urged my father to sell our house and, with the money, buy steamship passage to New York. He was well aware, he wrote, that there would be little money left. But we were not to worry. Once safely across the ocean, we would make our home with him until we could get on our feet. This would not take long, he assured us. America (and Passaic in particular) was the Promised Land. There would be work for my brothers and sisters, and there was even at the moment a rare opportunity for my father to establish a *cheder*. There were many Jewish families in Passaic, and pedagogues were scarce.

After much deliberation, my father sold the house. It was bought by, of all people, the onion woman, whose unsuspected solvency mortified the neighborhood, which had always consigned her to the lowest rung of the social ladder, and treated her with indifference and often with contempt. However, the new owner quickly dispelled any uneasiness the neighborhood might have felt about her social ambitions by saying that she intended to continue to live in her one room, and would rent out the rest of the house.

The news of our decision to emigrate brought to the house strange men—travel agents who vied with one another in offering my family a complete journey from Vitebsk to New York at a price that could not be matched any-



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where else in Russia. When these agents encountered each other, it was plain that they were not on friendly terms, and when one was alone with my father, he'd warn him of the unethical practices of his rivals. My father, after patiently listening to all who appeared, finally closed with the one whose sincerity had impressed him the most.

THE moment came when every detail of our departure had been attended to, even to the baking of hundreds of *kichlach*. These were large, diamond-shaped wafers made of flour, sugar, and water. They were to be our only food for the entire journey, unless our ship should have a bona-fide kosher kitchen, which seemed unlikely. Besides a huge bag of *kichlach*, our baggage consisted of our bedding, a wicker trunk containing our surplus clothes, and a large box of household utensils, including two brass candlesticks and a copper teakettle. There was to be a farewell family dinner at my grandfather's farm on the last day, and I was sent there the day before, so that I wouldn't be in anyone's way while the packing was going on. Early the next morning, uncles, aunts, and cousins, with all their children, began to arrive, and at last a wagon drew up with my father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and all our baggage, for late that afternoon we were to board a paddle boat on the Dvina at a landing only a mile from my grandfather's house, for the first stage of our trip to America.

My mother sat next to her father at the dinner, which began about noon and lasted for several hours. He was sad and mostly silent during the meal. When the time came for us to leave the table, he began to speak rapidly about his sorrow and approaching loneliness and the inscrutable intentions of Providence. He spoke in long, rolling sentences and interpolated Biblical quotations, some of which I had myself come across in the Book of Genesis when I was studying it in *cheder*. I can remember snatches of some of his sentences: "The Almighty will guide them safely over the great waters. . . . Lord, take them under Your mighty wing. . . . These dim eyes will not see them again. . . . But the Eternal, the Ever-Watchful will not let them out of his sight."

We then left for the wharf on foot, our baggage having gone ahead by cart. We had said goodbye to everyone, but my grandfather insisted on accompanying us, and his slow pace held us back. I was impatient to see the paddle boat

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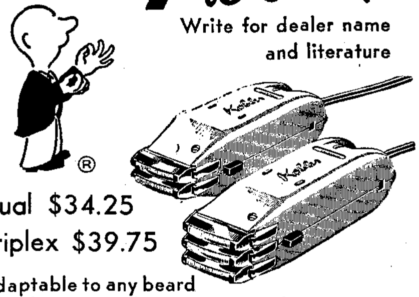

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that was to bear us away forever, and would have run ahead if my mother had not held my hand firmly. It seemed a long time before we sighted the boat with its enormous, gaily painted paddle wheel. When we reached the pier, my mother suddenly flung her arms around my grandfather and clung to him, weeping, for an embarrassingly long time. Then she as suddenly let go, and, without once looking back or waving, walked to the boat and disappeared inside. The rest of us followed, but we remained on deck and waved to the old man, who stood rooted to the spot where my mother had left him; he was oblivious of us, for he did not wave back. The whistle blew and the gangplank was removed. There was a towpath that ran parallel with the river for some miles. When the boat began to move, my grandfather abruptly came to life. He started walking along the path, and as the boat picked up speed, he ran, trying to keep us in view as long as he could. I watched the hurrying, stumbling figure grow smaller and smaller and at last dwindle away.

We paddled leisurely down the Dvina and reached Riga the afternoon of the third day. There we transferred to a fairly small boat that would take us to Stettin, in Germany. As we boarded it, we had our last look at our native land, for, to my surprise, all of us were immediately escorted below decks and locked into a storage room for coal, next to the ship's engines. My father explained that he had been told beforehand that we would be hidden during the brief period when the police came on board to make their routine inspection of the passengers' passports. We had no passports (few, if any, Jews, as far as I know, were able to get them at that time), and so we were to remain in the bunker until the police had gone and the boat had put out to sea. Silent and fearful, we sat on the dusty floor for a long time. At last we heard the engines start up, and presently we knew, from the creaking all around us, that we were under way. It must have been about dusk, for my father now signalled my brothers to evening prayers. (It was not customary for women and small children to pray in the same room with men.) My father and brothers all stood up, turned to the wall, and began to pray, swaying back and forth and beating their breasts softly. A moment later, the boat pitched headlong into turbulent water. The coal shifted toward us, the floor dropped from under us, and my father and

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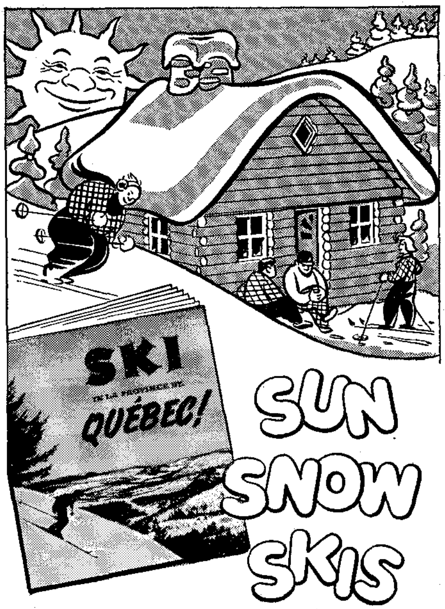
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brothers wavered and fell. I was seized with a dreadful nausea, and retched and vomited until, half dead, I fell into a sleep that was like a coma. Some time later, we were released and helped up onto the deck. And there we spent that night and the next one—on the floor, on stools, or on pieces of luggage—for nothing could induce any of us to brave the airless terrors of the hold.

We reached Stettin on the second morning and went on board a German boat for the final stage of our journey. This boat was disappointingly small—not very much larger than the one we had quitted. There were any number of big ships tied up at the piers and anchored in the bay, and I presumed they were bound for more distant places than New York. I remembered the vision of "great waters" my grandfather had conjured up, and I wondered if our modest vessel could make a dignified showing in them. We were given a small cabin with a porthole; three tiers of bunks lined the walls. Our baggage had already been dumped in the middle of the room, and my mother extricated the canvas bag containing the *kichlach*. But our boat ran into heavy seas soon after we sailed, and we left the *kichlach* untouched. We crawled into our bunks and stayed there, fully dressed, for two days, groaning, vomiting, dozing, and taking no nourishment except some oranges a solicitous sailor brought us each morning. On the third day, the sea began to quiet down, though rain beat against the porthole. We felt better, and climbed out of our bunks. My mother was just handing around the *kichlach* when two sailors appeared, conveyed to us, in German and in dumb show, that we were about to land, and then left us.

It seemed hardly possible that we had made the crossing so quickly. However, there was no time for speculation, for some of our luggage had to be repacked. By now, the porthole showed not only rain but the dim outlines of buildings. The motion of the vessel subsided. The two sailors reappeared and began gathering up our belongings. We followed them out to the deck, down a gangplank, and onto a large, roofless wharf. The rain had slackened to a misty drizzle. Our luggage was piled in one heap. I clambered up and perched on top of it, and the rest of the family grouped themselves around it. Other passengers had disembarked with us, and carrying valises in their hands or wicker trunks on their shoulders, they walked rapidly past us. A whistle sounded, the gangplank was raised, and the ship moved

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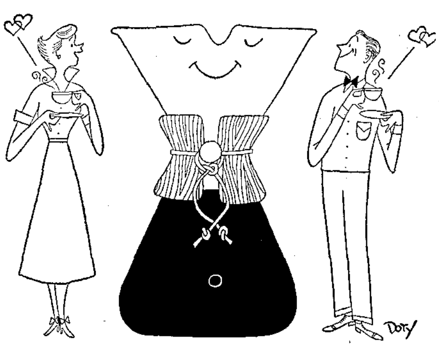

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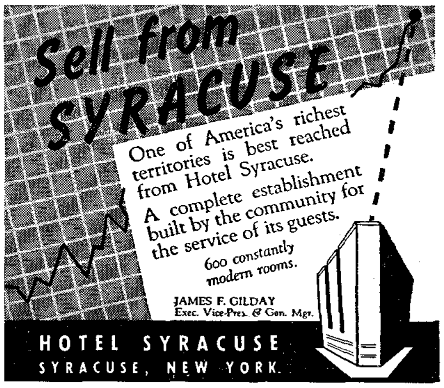
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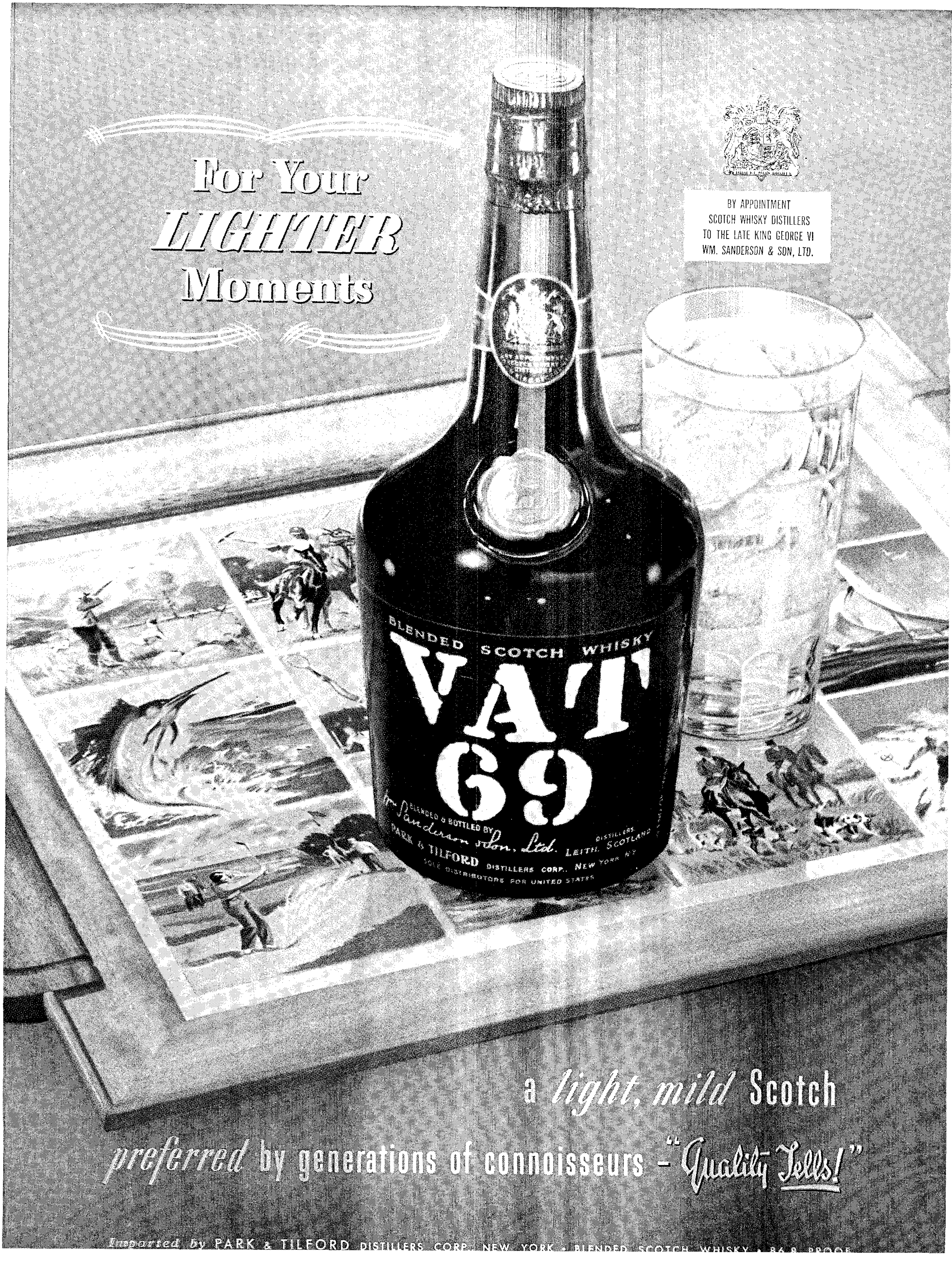
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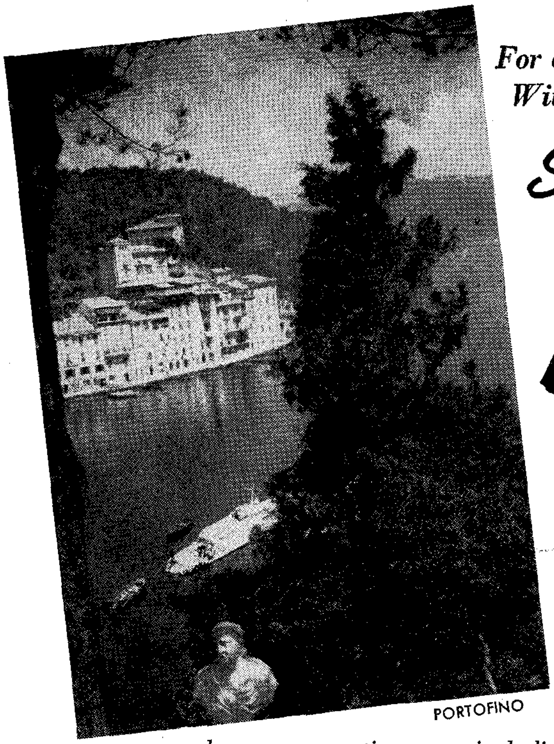
slowly away and soon melted into the mist. We were quite alone.

THIS, then, was America! At the moment, it was decidedly disappointing. And where was my father's cousin from Passaic? Perhaps he had not heard about our swift crossing. But presumably he *had* heard, for a man with an open umbrella in his hand suddenly emerged from the gloom and came toward us. My father ran to meet him, and the rest of us waited breathlessly. Strangely enough, when they met, they did not embrace but talked earnestly. At length, my father turned and walked slowly back to us, with the man right behind him. My father's face was white. "This is *not* America!" he said. "We are in *London!*"

This disclosure greatly shocked my mother. Unexpected happenings always threw her into a "state," in which she wept and lamented loudly. But she had a practical nature, and it always reasserted itself quickly. So I was not surprised to see her, a moment after she had extravagantly given way to her feelings, brush my father aside and begin to question the stranger. For myself, I was old enough to realize we were in a predicament. I knew that my father had only a few rubles left when we sailed from Russia and that most of these had been spent by the time we boarded the ship at Stettin. I could also enjoy the mystery surrounding us, for though I was very familiar with the name of New York, I had never heard of London. To be in unknown London was, in its way, as exciting as to be in the dark interior of Africa, of which I *had* heard. I sensed the possibility of adventure in London as, unmindful of the drizzle, I sat on the top of our baggage and listened to my mother's inquiries.

The man, who spoke in Yiddish, had introduced himself as a representative of a British immigrant-aid society whose purpose was to help friendless Jews arriving from foreign ports. He showed no surprise at our situation. He told us that we were the victims of an unscrupulous Russian travel agent, who had sold us tickets to London while charging us for passage to New York. Ours was not an unusual case, and his society was prepared to look after us temporarily. He asked if we knew anyone in London, and my father said we didn't. The man then left us, but he soon returned with another man, who was trundling a pushcart. Our belongings were loaded on the cart, and, led



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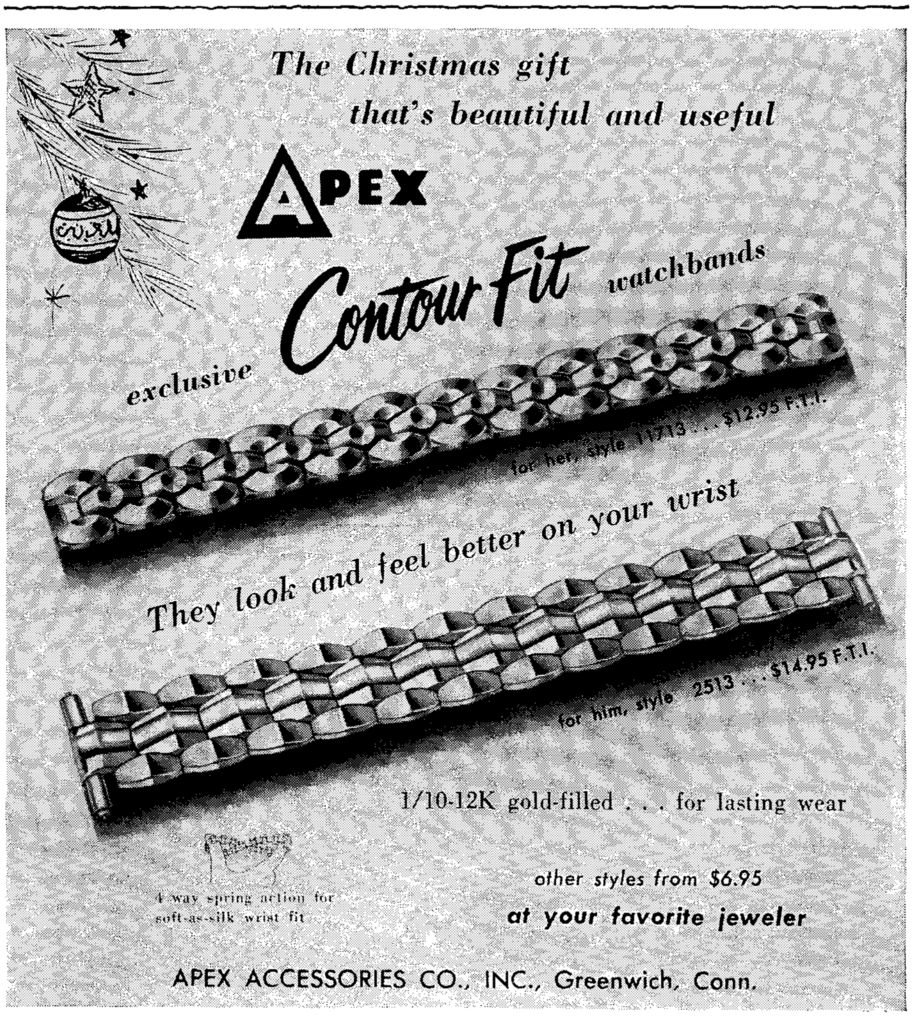

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by the Samaritan, we all left the wharf. (It was Tilbury Dock, I learned later.)

AFTER walking through miles of ghostly streets, we stopped in front of a dingy old two-story house in a dead-end street off Commercial Road, in Whitechapel, and were shown into two rooms on the second floor. Some rickety chairs, a table, a couple of iron cots, an oil lamp, and a small kerosene stove were the only furnishings. Before the man from the society left us, he explained the British monetary system to my mother and then put ten shillings in her hand. This sum, he assured her, would take care of us for a week in a section of London where food could be bought cheaply on the streets, practically at one's doorstep. Indeed, our dead-end street, as well as the entire district around it, proved to be one great outdoor market. My mother, after putting away our things, went out shopping, and returned with bread, herring, sugar, tea, and cottage cheese, and with doubts about the astuteness of our benefactor, whose evaluation of the cost of living in a London ghetto she had discovered to be highly optimistic. Things were, in fact, twice as dear as they were "at home." From then on, to the end of their lives, "home" was Vitebsk to my parents.

Our situation was very depressing. That night, when I was supposed to be asleep, I heard my father and mother in the next room talking long and seriously. My father had little to suggest. He spoke a good deal about "home," contrasting its joys with our bleak, hopeless prospect. But my mother, as usual, put her whole mind to considering how to improve our lot.

"We can't just sit here, talking of home and waiting for something to happen," she said. "We must do *something*. Are you *sure* we don't know anyone in London?" When my father didn't answer, she cried, "Don't tell me *nobody!* There must be *somebody!* They say London is the largest city in the world, much bigger than New York. I don't know how many thousands live in London. So there must be somebody here from Vitebsk. Think hard—maybe you'll remember. There must have been somebody who went—*not* to America!"

After a long silence, my father said hesitatingly, "I seem to remember—I'm not sure—Aunt Rivka's son-in-law's brother. But you wouldn't know him. It was years before we were married. Yes, now I recall. He left Vitebsk about twenty-five years ago."

My mother's voice sounded tense as

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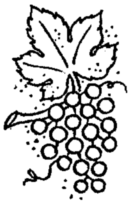

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she asked, "Did he go to London?"

My father was not sure.

"Well, did he go to America?" my mother persisted.

On that point my father was certain. He distinctly remembered that America was definitely the place the man had not gone to.

"Well, then," my mother said triumphantly, "if he didn't go to America, where else *could* he have gone to?"

"Africa, maybe?" my father suggested.

"And *what* would he be doing in Africa?" my mother asked scornfully. (Africa symbolized for her the extreme of strangeness and remoteness. "Africa," she would say, by way of putting the finishing touch to a picture of faraway desolation, "where pepper grows!" For many years, I believed that pepper could flourish only in some isolated area of that continent.) "Well," my mother went on, "there can be no doubt about it, Rivka's cousin, or whatever he was, *must* have gone to London. The question is how to find him. What was his name?"

My father thought for a long time before he answered. "I think it was—Was it? Yes, of course. Now it comes back to me. Horowitz? That's it—Horowitz. His name was Horowitz!"

"Well!" my mother cried with elation. "Now we must *find* Horowitz. Didn't he have a first name?"

My father couldn't remember it, and he wanted to know how she proposed to locate Mr. Horowitz in a city the size of London. My mother said that the man from the immigrant-aid society would help us, of course.

Within a few days he came to see how we were getting along, and she told him the little she knew about Mr. Horowitz. He said that he would do what he could. Several days later he reported to her that none of the Horowitzes he had been able to locate was the one she wanted. That evening, I again overheard her and Father engaging in deep discussion.

"Let's see," she began. "You said Mr. Horowitz left Vitebsk about twenty-five years ago, didn't you? How old could he have been then?"

My father thought he might have been about twenty-three or twenty-five years old.

"That would make him—now, let's see—about forty-eight or fifty, wouldn't it? What did he look like? But, of course, he'd be quite changed after all these years. Was he heavy-like? Thin? What color hair? Eyes?"

My father was vague on all these

No Christmas for Nikolaos

Christmas will be just another day in the year for Nikolaos, aged 10. Home is a hut . . . light comes through the doorway. His bed is the earthen floor on which dirty rags are spread at night. There will be no festive board, no father to grace the table, no holiday cheer. His Christmas dinner may be a scrap of bread.

Nikolaos is the eldest of three children whose father was killed in the fighting in Greece. His mother, ill, forages for food in the hills to feed her children. It's hard to believe that in the Year of Our Lord, 1953, children like Nikolaos will not know the spirit of Christmas. To him, Christmas is just another day—and every day means deepest despair.

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"Your" child is told that you are the Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and thus a sense of belonging is created.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea. It is registered under No. VFA-019 with the Voluntary Foreign Aid of the U.S. Government.

How much brighter your Holiday Season will be this year knowing that you have brought the spirit of Christmas into another child's life. Your help—be it individual, or club project—is vital to some child struggling for life itself. Your help can mean and do so much. Won't you let some child love you.

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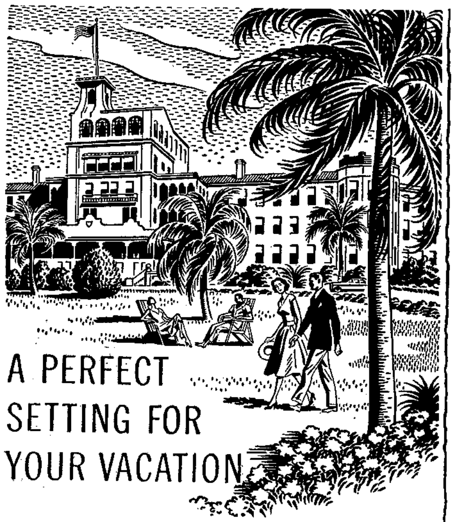

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points, but that didn't faze my mother. "It doesn't matter," she declared, "and anyway it can't be helped. Now, let's see. What did Mr. Horowitz do in Vitebsk?"

Mr. Horowitz had worked at odd jobs in Vitebsk. No clue there.

"Did he have any money?"

It appeared he couldn't have had.

"Well, then," my mother said, "since he had no money when he came here, he must have been obliged to go to work!"

At this juncture, my father advanced the dreadful possibility that, for all he knew, Mr. Horowitz might be dead.

My mother ignored this. "Now," she said, "as a Jew, Horowitz would naturally live and work among Jews, wouldn't he?" My father agreed, and then my mother pushed on to a plan she had evidently been formulating. "People go to work in the early morning and they return home in the evening, don't they? Now, if Mr. Horowitz is alive—of *course* he's alive, a man of fifty—and if he is working—you agree that he *is* working—then he will be going to work tomorrow morning somewhere in this very part of London, and at night he will be returning to his home somewhere around here!"

I heard her stride firmly across the room, as if she had completely disposed of the vexing question of our future in London. "And now let's get some sleep," she said.

MY mother spent the next day exploring the Whitechapel district, asking questions of storekeepers, watching the flow of pedestrian traffic in the larger thoroughfares, and noting when and where it was heaviest. That night, she told my father what she had done, and on the following morning at seven they took up positions on either side of Commercial Road at its junction with Leman Street.

"Watch out for men who look about fifty—a little younger or a little older," my mother had instructed my father.

I accompanied them just for a lark, because the discovery of Mr. Horowitz seemed, even to me, a very slender possibility. When, an hour later, the stream of pedestrians had thinned out to a trickle and my father crossed the street to join my mother for their return home, I felt that her plan was a failure. Both my father and my mother, it seemed, had accosted a number of middle-aged men, but none of them was named Horowitz. We walked home in silence. Toward nightfall, as I played in our street, I saw my parents

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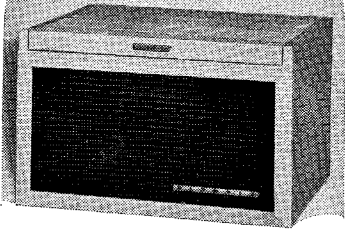

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leave the house and walk toward Whitechapel. I followed them. At the corner of Commercial Road and Leman Street, they again took up their positions, and again for an hour they scrutinized the hurrying passersby and spoke to some of them—again without success. Once, I saw my mother run after a middle-aged man, catch him by his sleeve, and say, "Excuse me—you look so familiar. Did you ever live in Russia?"

The man, obviously astonished, stopped, and, looking my mother over, said, "Why, yes."

My mother then led him aside. "Your name isn't *Horowitz?*" The man shook his head and asked why, and when my mother had told him briefly, he went on his way. At eight o'clock, we again went home. My mother prepared our evening meal while my father read his Talmud.

DAYS, and then weeks, went by. Each Monday, the man from the aid society appeared and, saying that he still hadn't found the right Mr. Horowitz, placed ten shillings in my mother's hand. Our meals seemed never to vary. They always consisted of herring, potatoes, bread, cheese, and tea. No one in the family made any effort to get a job, because my father considered our stay in London very temporary, and felt that any day we would somehow be embarking for America. He had found himself a synagogue, where he went three times a day, and my mother was endlessly engaged in shopping, cooking, scrubbing, and washing. But every morning and evening, except Saturday and Sunday, they would both be at their posts, patiently scanning the figures and faces of men going by, occasionally stopping one and, after a short colloquy, turning away. I soon lost all interest in the game and joined my parents only when I had nothing better to do.

A letter had been sent to our cousin in Passaic, telling him of our plight, and a reply came back containing sympathy but little else. Indeed, it was unlikely that our cousin would, if he could, ever part with a sum large enough to pay our passage to America; his kinship to us wasn't close enough for that. There were certain things one could reasonably expect of a first cousin, but not of a second. He did, however, urge us to "look around" and keep him posted. His offer of a temporary home in Passaic still stood.

As my mother grew more familiar with the neighborhood she was search-

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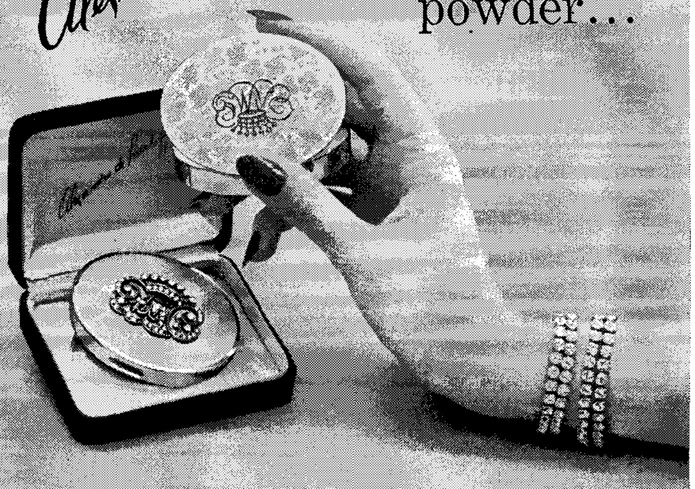

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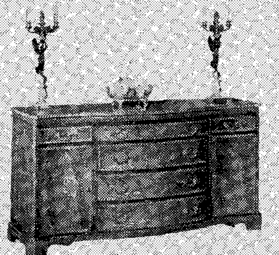
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ing, she shifted her operations to adjoining streets and avenues. She was "working" one of these side streets one evening about six weeks after our arrival in London. I had gone with her for the walk. The crowds had tapered off, and my father was signalling us from the opposite corner that it was time to go home. At that moment, a middle-aged man in a gray bowler brushed past us. My mother looked at him and put out her hand. I had seen her do this many times during the past few weeks, and I tugged at her skirts, impatient to be off.

The man had stopped, and in answer to my mother's routine question he replied, "Yes, I come from Russia. Why do you ask?"

My mother pulled her skirt from my hand and went very close to the man. "Excuse me," she said. "Perhaps—from Vitebsk?"

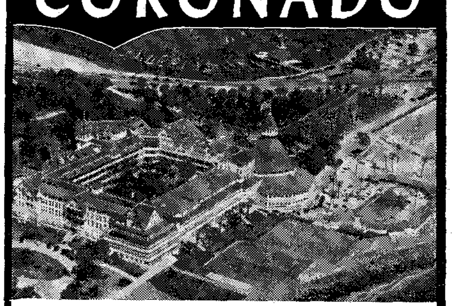
The man looked at her curiously. "Why, yes," he said. "I come from Vitebsk."

This was certainly progress, and I began to share the excitement that I read in my mother's face. Many men she had questioned had said they were born in Russia, but none had ever spoken the magic name of our native city. Still, any number of Vitebsk men might be living in London. Why should this man in the bowler be the one man we were seeking? Before I could wonder about him any further, my mother had breathlessly put to him her final question.

"Why no," he answered quickly, "my name is Harris." He started on, but after a few steps, he suddenly turned and came back to her. "As a matter of fact," he said slowly, "it *was* Horowitz. But that was a long time ago, in Vitebsk. When I came to London, I changed it to Harris. Why do you ask?"

Without a word, my mother clutched him to her heart. The man endured the embrace with equanimity, for my mother was then in her early thirties and quite handsome. My father now ran across the street and, shoving my mother aside, he in turn embraced Mr. Harris. I raced home alone to be the first to tell the good news to my brothers and sisters. A few minutes later, my parents arrived with the now radiant Mr. Harris. For Mr. Harris, on learning the nature and extent of the hunt that had been conducted for him, marvelled at my mother's ingenuity and persistence, and said he was very pleased to find himself so suddenly provided with a set of kinsfolk, "ready-to-wear."

After listening to a long and detailed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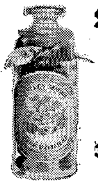
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recital of our unfortunate history since we had left Russia, Mr. Harris, at my mother's urging, told us of his life in London. Over a glass of tea, he began his story with his five-shillings-a-week apprenticeship in a hat factory off Whitechapel Road twenty-five years before and finished it with his present ownership of the establishment, now doubled in size and importance. He was a widower and childless, and it was only because he had no home ties that he kept workmen's hours. Otherwise, he said, the chances of his being on the streets during the morning and evening rush hours would have been slim indeed. He added modestly that he was well off and in a position to retire. He then said he considered the evening's encounter providential for us all, but more especially for him, because while he had many friends in London, he had so far not discovered any relations.

Before another hour had gone by, Mr. Harris had planned our immediate future. My brothers would be employed in his hat factory, he would find jobs for my two oldest sisters, and the younger children, including me, would be sent to school. As for my father, Mr. Harris said he thought the family income would be sufficient to enable him to continue to devote himself to his religious studies. Mr. Harris also said he would find an apartment large enough for our family, and my mother was to inform the aid society that we would henceforth be self-supporting. Then Mr. Harris said he wanted to show the menfolk his factory, which was nearby. I begged to go along, and after our frugal supper, which Mr. Harris appeared, much to our surprise, to enjoy, the five males of our family followed him out of the house and through a maze of streets and alleys to his plant.

This was an impressive structure, two stories high. It was closed, but Mr. Harris rang a bell and a night watchman let us in. On the first floor, we were led through rooms full of sewing machines, and then into Mr. Harris's private office, a large room with a magnificent roll-top desk and a showcase with glass doors, which contained an almost bewildering variety of caps and hats. Mr. Harris smiled when he saw us smile at this sight, and he insisted on giving each of us the cap or hat he preferred. My father and brothers chose top hats—stovepipes, as Mr. Harris jokingly called them. My father urged me to take a velvet cap with ear muffs to match, and, indeed, it looked so rich and sleek that I was tempted by it. But my desire to be considered grown up was

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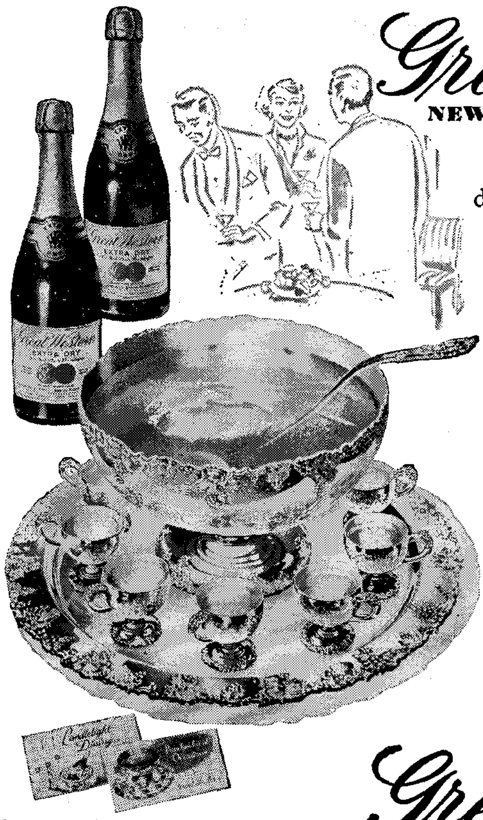

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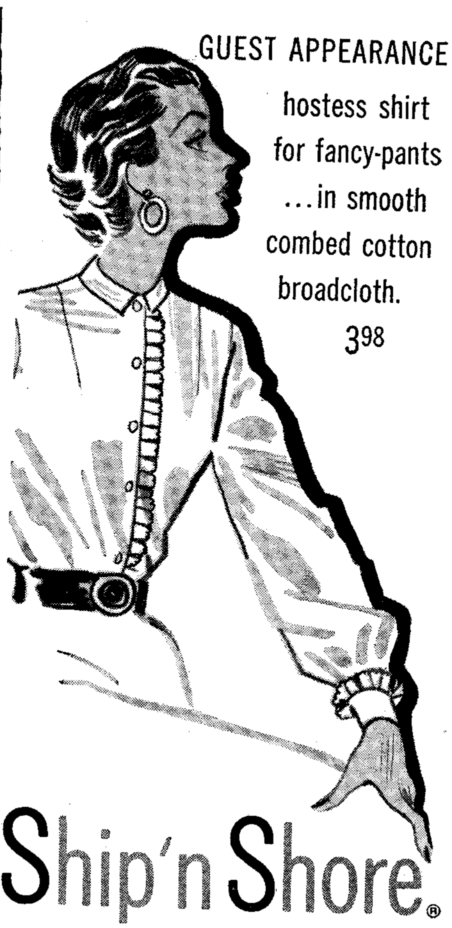
very strong, and I pleaded hard for a stovepipe—so hard that my father at last gave in. Mr. Harris was unable to fit me, as the smallest stovepipe in the shop was still too large, but he gave it to me, and, though I could have felt more comfortable, I could not have felt prouder. We left Mr. Harris, and on our way home, people stopped to stare at us, and as we turned in to our street, I prayed that my mother and sisters would be looking out the windows and would see us as we marched in single file down the narrow sidewalk. Sure enough, they *were* looking out of the windows, and their eyes widened when they saw us.

Mr. Harris did all he had said he would do. A few days after our memorable meeting, he moved us into a fine four-room apartment that had gaslight and running water. My brothers were employed in the hat factory, and my two oldest sisters were put to work in a tobacconist's shop nearby, where, with the aid of a little machine, they made cigarettes. The other children, including me, were sent to school. Every Sunday, we all dined in Mr. Harris's sumptuous quarters, on the fifth, and top, story of a vast apartment building. It was great fun for me to rush up the iron stairways and wait on the top landing for the rest of the family; my parents climbed slowly and had to pause for breath at each landing. Mr. Harris made my father and mother take the head and foot of the table, and behaved as if he were a guest. We were waited on by an oldish woman in a flowered apron, who carried the dishes around to each of us in turn, and we were expected to help ourselves, using a large spoon and fork that had been placed on every dish.

Our family prospered. Every payday, those who had jobs brought their pay envelopes, unopened, to my mother, and the kitchen table would be covered with shillings and pence. New denominations, like florins and crowns, began to appear, and sometimes a banknote. My mother and we children would have been content to remain permanently in London. I had acquired a number of playmates, and we roamed the Whitechapel district and on one occasion even penetrated the dazzlingly spotless West End, and walked on London Bridge. Another time, we followed a monster parade for many hours. There were brass bands and gorgeously costumed men on horseback, and the streets were lined for miles with people who applauded the parade and especially an



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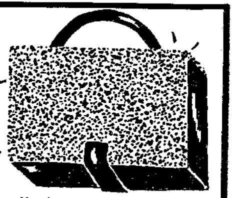

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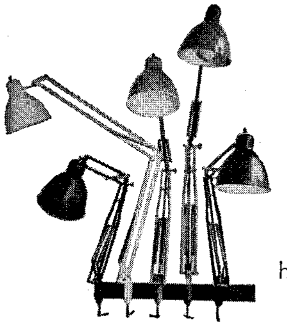

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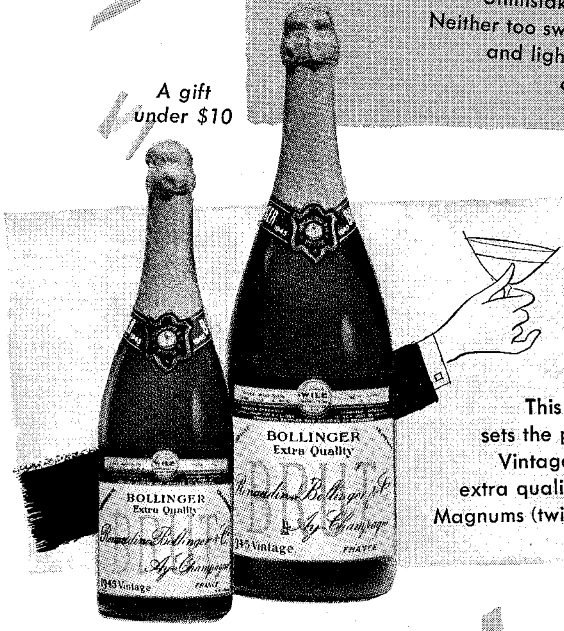
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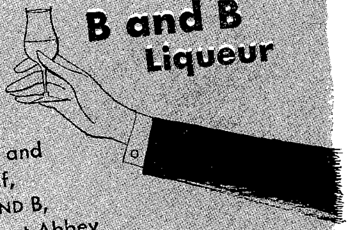

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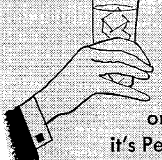

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open carriage in which sat a plump old lady. Could she have been Queen Victoria, and the event part of the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee?

My father, as I've said, felt that London was only a way station to America. When we had spent nearly a year in the city, his feeling grew stronger, because of the effect of the fogs on his health. My mother became alarmed. She consulted Mr. Harris, and he told her, with regret, that we might be wise to leave, and said that he would help us. Any move we made, in fact, would depend on him. From the first, my father had impressed on my mother the need to save a good part of the family's earnings, which he gave each week to Mr. Harris for safekeeping. But the amount, while sizable, was not enough to pay for the journey to New York. Without waiting to be asked, Mr. Harris offered a loan to make up the difference. And to see to it that there would be no chicanery of the kind that had set us down in London, he himself bought the steamship tickets. At the same time, he assured us that such double-dealing was foreign to the nature of the English.

SO a little over a year after we left Russia, we sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. St. Paul, a vessel I thought was imposing enough to negotiate the "great waters" my grandfather had poetically feared. Mr. Harris accompanied us on the train from London, saw to our baggage, and gave us a parting gift of a large basket of fruit tied with bright-colored silk ribbons. We all stood at the steerage-deck rail as the steamer pulled away. My mother's eyes were full of tears as she waved her handkerchief to Mr. Harris. My father, my brothers, and I waved our toppers.

—SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Champaign-Urbana* (*Ill.*) *Courier*]

A birthday party for "A.R.P.," the car that Alice Patterson, 310 E. Daniels St., used for the first time a year ago at the Champaign-Urbana football game, is to be held Friday evening in Alice's home. Forty guests are expected for the turkey dinner, which will precede this year's football game.

Invitations to the party were small cars with a verse inviting the guest to bring the car to help celebrate this first birthday of "A.R.P.," a name derived from Alice's initials.

The 40 guests will be seated in the recreation room for dinner, where the center of interest was the huge roast turkey is made to resemble a car with doughnut wheels and even a windshield.

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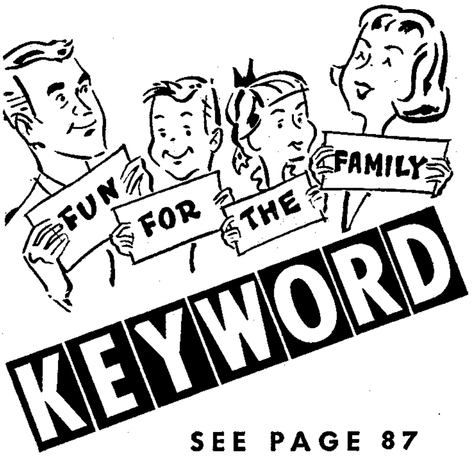

SEE PAGE 87

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

MUSICAL EVENTS

Finding a Needle

CHRISTMAS
SUSAN

I AM getting more and more convinced that the music of the past forty years will look to future historians like a great, egocentric orgy, in which composers tended to forget that the purpose of their art is to convey moods and emotions to other people. Even now, the period looks a little like the literary one that occurred some time ago in Paris under the auspices of the late Gertrude Stein and the editors of *transition*, but it has unfortunately lasted a good deal longer. The emphasis of the whole era has been on technique, and by this I mean, of course, emphasis not on the thing said but on the manner of saying it. Aesthetic discussions have carefully bypassed the emotional aspects of music and have concerned themselves with abstract and rather professorial theories of form and method. Composers have ransacked every possible way in which notes can be put together, meanwhile ignoring the rather pertinent question of why they are being put together at all. Technique, today, is the most commonplace, overworked, and boring aspect of music. None of the technique one hears from contemporary composers in concert halls and opera houses is any longer new, and none of it is of more than academic interest. It is like looking for a needle in a haystack to search the current musical scene for works that contain anything besides this interminable and tedious display of ingenuity.

Last week, in Carnegie Hall, I found a small, serviceable needle in Dmitri Kabalevsky's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, which was given its first local performance by the Boston Symphony, under Charles Münch. It is not a work that is likely to save the world, or even astonish it very much. The thing that distinguishes it from most contemporary music is the modest integrity of its aims. Its technique, I am thankful to note, is almost unnoticeable, which is as it should be. Instead of clothing himself in cleverness, Mr. Kabalevsky has had the remarkable courage to appear quite naked, as it were, and let his auditors share what simple poetic and emotional ideas he has. While these are not, perhaps, overwhelming, they are straightforward, understandable, and altogether engaging. The result is a pleasing composition that makes you like the cello, the orchestra, and Mr. Kabalevsky, and that is, as far as I am aware, the most effective work written for the cello in nearly half a century. Mr. Münch conducted it with the scrupulous care that is characteristic of him, and an able cellist named Samuel Mayes played the solo part with considerable distinction.

A FEW other compositions of moderate interest turned up during the week. The once rather volcanic Ernest Bloch was represented on Mr. Münch's program by his recent Concerto Grosso No. 2 for String Orchestra and at Monday night's Town Hall concert of the Little Orchestra Society by his earlier Suite for Viola and Orchestra. I liked the latter work much better. It dates from 1919 and is an example of Bloch's most original style, in which unabashed passion and a distinct, personal feeling for sensuous effects combine to produce music of some individuality. The Concerto Grosso, on the other hand, struck me as somewhat dull, mainly because in it Bloch seems to have exchanged his old-time fervor for a sort of neoclassical technique that sounds like warmed-over Bach and Brahms. The Little Orchestra Society also trotted out a Suite for Violin and Orchestra by the young Frenchman Jean Françaix, a cute little trick of a work, which was all manner and technique but was wholly delightful because you couldn't conceivably take it seriously. M. Françaix's talents are no more profound than those of a particularly gifted pastry cook, and the secret of his charm lies in his accurate knowledge of his own limitations. His suite, the solo part of which was played with amazing smoothness and dexterity by Jan Tomasow, the orchestra's concertmaster, reminded one here and there of the music of Offenbach, and its neat, lightweight burlesque produced some genuine giggles from the audience.

THE rest of the musical happenings I was present at during the week were more conventional. George Szell returned to conduct the Philharmonic, in Carnegie Hall on Thursday night, in a program devoted to Brahms, and did so with such eloquence that the undertaking seemed eminently worth while. Under his capable direction, the orchestra sounded better than it had at any other time this season, and the interpretations he offered were by far the most inspired of their kind that I have heard recently. After a fine, sober, and conservative performance of the Second Symphony, he presented the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2, with the New York pianist Eugene Istomin as soloist. Mr. Istomin, a stocky, dark-haired young man, played the work with tremendous vigor, pounding a little too hard occasionally but demonstrating that he is one of the most gifted and interesting of the current crop of youthful virtuosos.

On Wednesday night, I attended most of the performance of "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan—a benefit given for Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Free Milk Fund for Babies. I am afraid it was a rather bad evening for nearly everybody. Zinka Milanov sang out of tune; Kurt Baum sang out of tune; Fausto Cleva conducted as if his only object was the unassuming one of keeping his singers and orchestra from getting out of step. The best things about the evening were the lusty singing of Robert Merrill and Jean Madeira, as the Count di Luna and Azucena, respectively. But they were not enough to save "Il Trovatore" from the sort of punishment it usually receives only in second-rate opera houses.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

The Rake Again

IGOR STRAVINSKY'S Mozartean opera "The Rake's Progress," which was given its first presentation in this country by the Metropolitan Opera last season, has now been issued by Columbia on three long-playing records, and I find the performance even more rewarding than the one I heard—and greatly admired—in the opera house. The cast is the same, but the conductor is Stravinsky himself, instead of Fritz Reiner, and that makes all the difference; the reading is truer and the intimate nature of the work is more clearly revealed. Stravinsky accomplishes these things mainly by using the harpsichord and small orchestra the work is scored for; Reiner, with a huge auditorium to worry about, used a piano and an augmented orchestra. (Even so, it was smaller than the regular Met orchestra.)

The score, in which the elegance and fleetness characteristic of Mozart's music are combined with the corrosiveness characteristic of Stravinsky's, has a fresh and fascinating sound, unlike anything else I can remember hearing in opera. It is an exceptionally versatile score, too,

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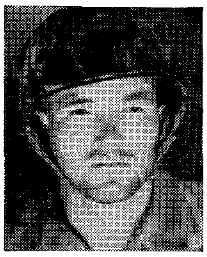

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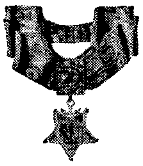

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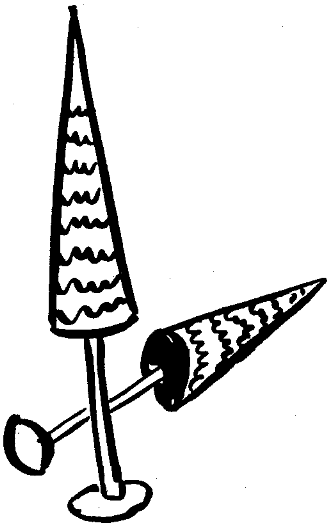
chock-full of ornate and leisurely solos and, at the same time, brilliantly quick in establishing atmosphere. Even in the somewhat confused and lurid second act, in which the librettists seem to have lost all control over their imaginations, Stravinsky is never at a loss; he continues to enrich each scene in a masterly manner. To my way of thinking, though, his most inspired work is in the first and third acts, particularly in the curiously haunting brothel scene, the terrifying scene in the graveyard, and the touching final scene, set in Bedlam. Eugene Conley, Hilde Gueden, Mack Harrell, and Blanche Thebom have the leading parts, and handle them capably.

Kirsten Flagstad, the preëminent Isolde of our time, can be heard again in this role in a new Victor album of five long-playing records that were made in England last year and constitute what seems to be the first complete recording of "Tristan und Isolde." (The set also offers the most dreadful example of cover art I've encountered in some time; Victor commissioned the painting, and puts an extra print of it inside the album.) Unhappily, it is not one of the most persuasive renderings ever given this long score, and there are moments when Miss Flagstad's singing has a labored sound. The tenor, Ludwig Suthaus, is rather colorless; the entire performance, which was conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler in Kingsway Hall, London, is a bit slack; and the tone of the recording is slightly heavy. Nevertheless, Miss Flagstad is the only singer I know of whose voice has the size, beauty, and endurance necessary to make the part of Isolde—and the opera itself—convincing, and since her singing has, with the exception noted, its familiar but almost unbelievable glory,



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KEYWORD

IT'S TOPS FOR FUN

SEE PAGE 87

I suppose we must all be grateful that this document, however flawed, exists as a fairly permanent attestation to her prowess in the part.

ANOTHER noteworthy British recording, of quite a different sort, gives us a thorough presentation, in German, of the musical numbers and some of the dialogue from Franz Lehar's "The Merry Widow." It's a long-playing set, one of a whole batch of handsome albums introducing a new label, Angel, which is an outlet in this country for Columbia Graphophone, of England, and Pathé-Marconi, of France. I hope the others are as good. The singers in the leading roles—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Erich Kunz, Emmy Loose, and Nicolai Gedda—are of a much higher calibre than we are used to hearing in works of this sort, and they all display an easy familiarity with the special humors of Lehar's masterpiece. The interpretation may occasionally surprise you; I know it surprised me when, for example, I heard Kunz deliver the jaunty piece about Maxim's in an extremely confidential manner. Someone has seen fit to start the album off with a long and undistinguished overture Lehar concocted for a performance of the operetta in 1940, in Vienna; the best I can say for it is that it is based on some of the prettier melodies.

AN entertaining, if rather trifling, collection of short vocal and instrumental pieces by Francis Poulenc is neatly set forth by the baritone Warren Galjour and a chamber group on a long-playing Esoteric record. As you probably know, Poulenc was one of Les Six, a company of French composers who, shortly after World War I, joined forces in disavowing musical romanticism, Impressionism, and, in fact, all the going schools of musical thought, in favor of the extreme simplicity of style established a few years earlier by a fellow-Frenchman, Erik Satie. Subsequently, most of the rebellious composers went their individual ways, but Poulenc has stuck pretty close to their original idea. It is scarcely to be wondered at that such a philosophy should result now and then in a glorification of the trivial, and a good deal of Poulenc's music has just this quality. The present example is "Le Bal Masqué," a cycle of six numbers for baritone (or mezzo-soprano) and chamber orchestra. Four of them are nonsensical poems set to music; the others have no vocal part. Thanks to Poulenc's skill as a

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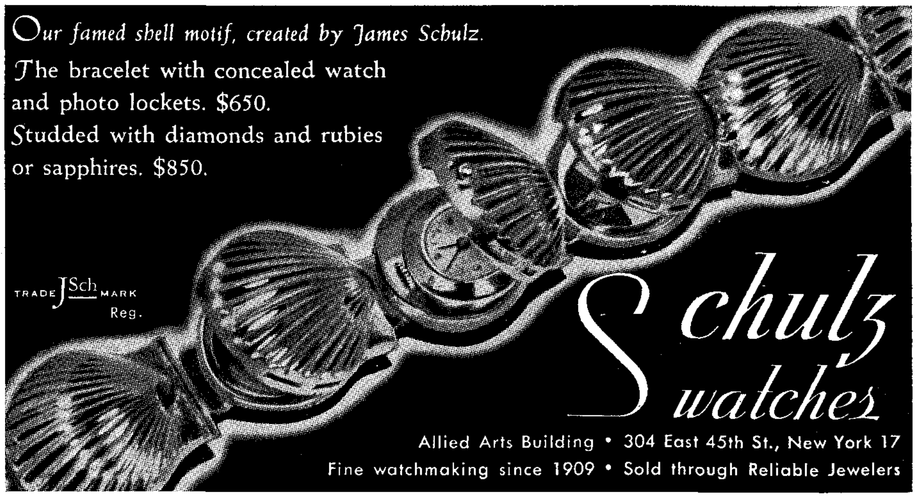
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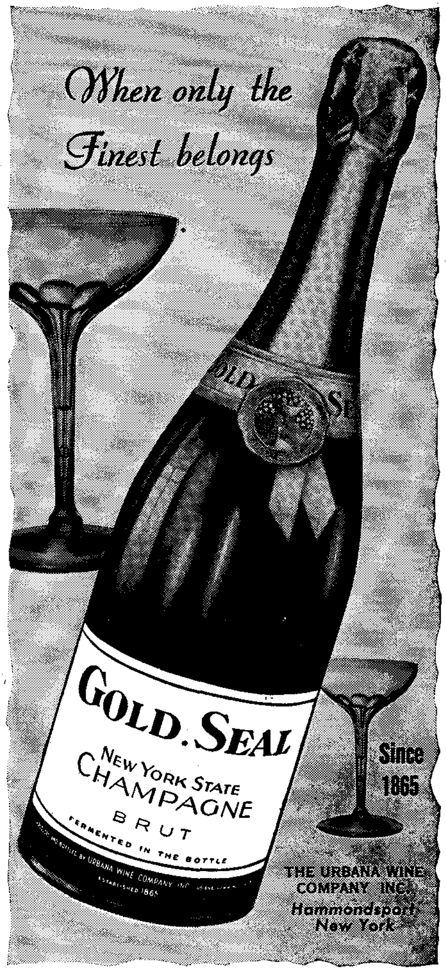

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KEYWORD
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songwriter, the pieces are sprightly, and, thanks to his highly refined sentimental streak, they are rather charming. The other side of this record is taken up with a tiresome instrumental sextet written by Jean Françaix and entitled, for reasons I won't inflict on you, "Serenade B-E-A."

MORTON GOULD's "Tap Dance Concerto," offered on a new Columbia record, is an agreeable composition in four movements, done in a style that is strongly suggestive of Prokofiev's. Unfortunately, its main shortcoming is its solo part, which is scored for a tap-dancer. Gould never really lets him get going, permitting him some latitude in the fast opening and closing movements but restricting him to vaguely audible shuffling sounds in the middle sections, which are slow. This, come to think of it, is a rather sad circumstance for a tap-dancer. On a stage he is apt to be the whole show while he's in action, but on a record he is little more than a meaningless adjunct to a musical composition. Danny Daniels does the dancing and Gould conducts the Rochester Pops Orchestra, which is also heard, on the other side of the record, in Gould's expert and slickly appealing suite "Family Album."

THERE are two new albums devoted to songs by Jussi Bjoerling (Victor) and Richard Tucker (Columbia). Neither singer is in his best voice, but since the two men are among the sturdiest and most accomplished tenors of the day, they are worth listening to, even at their second-best. Bjoerling, accompanied by a piano, offers a long program of German, Scandinavian, Italian, and English songs; Tucker, with orchestra, gets off nine celebrated tenor arias. . . . George London, a bass-baritone, sings eight Mozart pieces, five of them from "The Marriage of Figaro," on a new Columbia record. He does a good job of it, too, but it happens that Ezio Pinza's infinitely more experienced and expressive interpretations of two of them, "Non più andrai" and "Se vuol ballare," have just been released by Victor, in a long-playing record presenting him in arias by both Verdi and Mozart.

—D. W.

•

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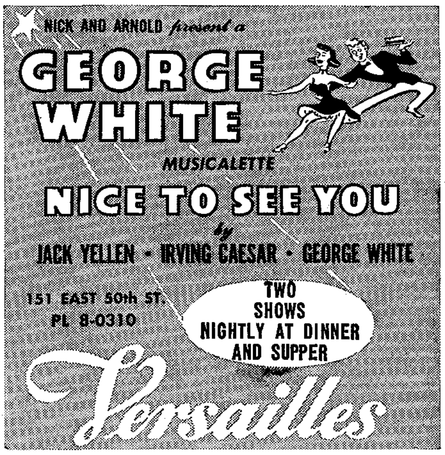

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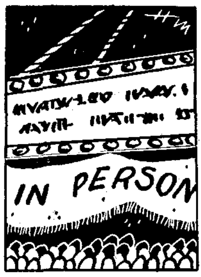

"THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST" and "Annapurna" are two fine films about assaults on Himalayan mountains. The first is a detailed and utterly fascinating account of how the British reached the highest altitude any man will ever reach on foot; the second is a stirring description of a French expedition that had the satisfaction of conquering, on its first attempt, one of the twelve tallest peaks in the Himalayas. (Annapurna is 26,493 feet, and Everest 29,002.) Of the two films, "The Conquest of Everest" is far and away the more skillfully arranged; indeed, it is unlikely that any picture about mountain climbing will ever use a camera more imaginatively to make it clear why heights have such an awful attraction for so many people. But while the British go about subduing Everest with monumental calm, courage, and efficiency, the French attack on Annapurna is conducted with incredible *élan*, and, at the truly bitter end, becomes the heartbreaking story of a dashing team cut to ribbons after a teasing moment of triumph. The British, as you know, reached the summit of Everest on May 29th of this year; the French scaled Annapurna on June 3, 1950. Owing to calamities of various kinds, the French lost a good deal of the film they shot. The British cameramen, on the other hand, succeeded in bringing back a complete record of their group's advance, taking their cameras almost to the very crest of Everest, and to their achievement has been added a superb commentary written by Louis MacNeice.

While enormous credit for realizing the old mountain-climbing dream of standing on the peak of the highest mountain in the world must go to Brigadier Sir John Hunt, who had the harrying task of supervising the British expedition, the heroes of the pictorial record are Tom Stobart, the photographer, and George W. Lowe, the schoolmaster and climber who assisted him. Mr. Stobart follows his expedition from the laboratories in London where the gear was tested, on the long approach marches in India and Nepal, and up the slopes of Everest to the unbelievable height of 27,350 feet. He has caught views of the Himalayas that belittle every other geographical feature of the earth and that must have an overwhelming impact on any observer. Even victims of acrophobia should, I think, find some sort of aesthetic satisfaction in looking at walls and caves of ice that make Xanadu a reality, and even those whose most objective power of reasoning cannot pin down the motive behind mountain climbing should now be able to appreciate the impulse that makes a man want to stand higher than man has ever stood before.

The pictorial description of the planning and initial maneuvers of the Everest expedition are duplicated, to a certain extent, in the film about Annapurna. And while the French picture never manages to convey all the frightful majesty of the mountains it is concerned with, it does reveal what may happen to men in these mountains if they are even fleetingly unwary. Having met the challenge of Annapurna, Maurice Herzog, the leader of the French team, and his associate Louis Lachenal encountered monstrous weather on their descent. Since Herzog had lost his gloves and Lachenal his boots, both were so badly frostbitten by the time they arrived at a base camp that Herzog's fingers and toes and Lachenal's toes had to be amputated. On sleds and on the backs of Sherpas, the two were finally brought down to the lowlands, and the film records their agonizing travels through Nepal to India.

Both these pictures give one a compelling realization of how much teamwork is necessary to put a man five or six miles above sea level, and both underline the frivolousness of the question of who got to the top of Mount Everest first—Hillary or the Sherpa Tensing. Maybe it was just man himself who reached the top of the world.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Mrs. Robert Lee Brown of Ithaca was organist, playing "Clair de Lune," "At Dawning," "On Don Tino" and "To a Wild Rose."—*Ithaca (Mich.) Gratiot County Herald.*

"On Don Tino" is by that fellow Ali Grotto.

•

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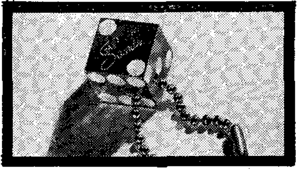

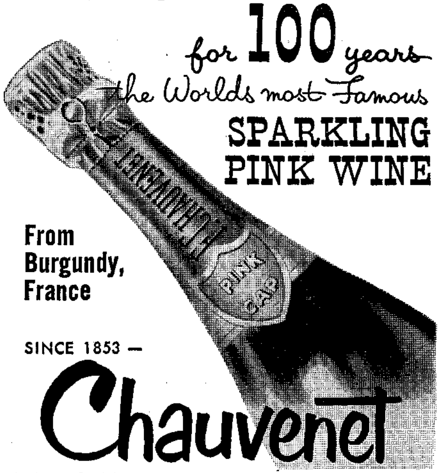

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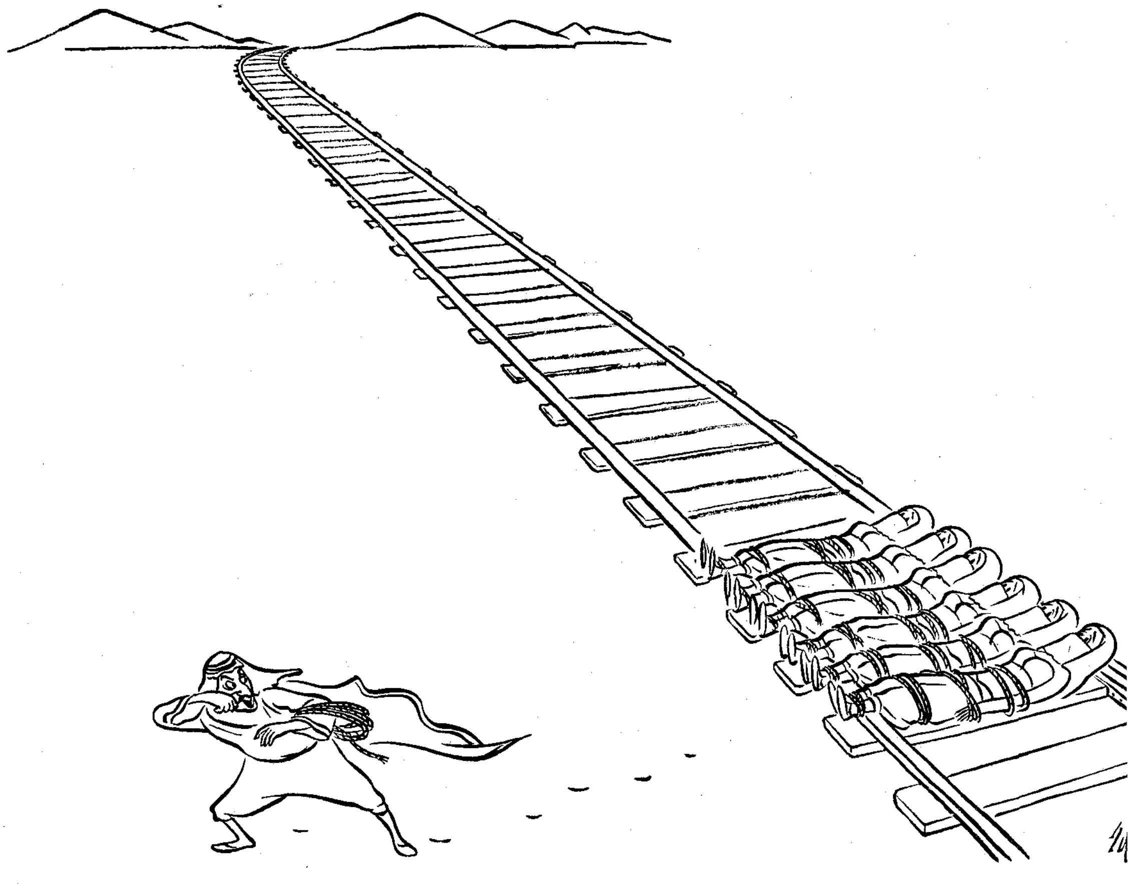
BOOKS

A City and a Woman

IN the past three hundred years, this island and its environs have been mapped, drawn, painted, and photographed no telling how many thousands of times. Not the least striking aspect of all these likenesses of a single subject is how different from one another they are. The face is familiar and yet it is never the same face. Such unlike likenesses are they, indeed, that in poring over them we wonder which can have changed more from year to year and perhaps even from moment to moment—the place, or man's way of looking at the place. To pose that question and then to provide us with the means of answering it, Mr. John Kouwenhoven, professor of English at Barnard and a descendant in the eleventh generation of one of the founders of the first permanent white settlement here, has put together a book of nine hundred superb pictures, accompanied by a modicum of lively and instructive text. He calls it "The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York." Designed and printed to perfection and published by Doubleday as "an essay in graphic history in honor of the Tricentennial of New York City and the Bicentennial of Columbia University," it sells for twenty-one dollars and is worth every penny of the price. Nobody who lives, has lived, is going to live, wishes he lived, or would hate to live in but is glad to visit our lofty, smoggy, tonic, and exhausting city should be without this vade mecum. As for those arch-lovers of Manhattan who contrive to moon over her in her hottest suns, her coldest rains, they will find the "Portrait" worthy of their beloved. It is by far the closest that anyone has come to fitting between the covers of one volume the most stupendous city that has ever existed. (Mr. Kouwenhoven is, as scholars must be, a guarded lover and describes New York as "the greatest city to develop since the Renaissance." But the folly of caution in making love to so dazzling and blowzy a paramour! She is everything or nothing.) To turn the pages of the "Portrait" is to stalk these streets not merely from chivying river to river but from century to century, back from asphalt to granite to cobbles to dust and at last to no streets—to the sandy paths and oyster middens and all but unbroken hush of a tiny island on the coast of an immense, unlooked-for, about-to-be-discovered continent. Here in these clustered images of past and present is where we and our predecessors have lived and how we have lived and what we have lived for. Here is what we possess and are possessed by. It is much to confront and much to celebrate.

Mr. Kouwenhoven is always at pains to show us that if that first face of Manhattan, with its fretted shores, its ponds and meadows, its toy mountains of bald stone, its valleys dark with hemlocks and towered over by oaks and tulip trees, has long since vanished, so has the point of view of the men who bulwarked the shores, drained the ponds, plowed the meadows, levelled the mountains, and cleared and filled in the shadowy valleys. He lets us see what those first Dutch sailors and farmers saw and lets us see it with their longings and intentions as well as with their eyes. Take, for example, the earliest known engraving of Manhattan. It is thought to have been made in 1626, by Cryn Fredericksz, an engineer sent over from Holland the year before to lay out a town and fort for the Dutch West India Company. On the blunt tip of the island are thirty-odd houses, a grist mill with latticed vanes, Fredericksz's proposed fort, and, in the waters off what is to become the Battery, a double-prowed dugout manned by five befeathered savages. How snug the houses are, how noble the red men! (The fort will serve to repel less noble savages from the wilds of Conittekock. Perhaps, too, it will repel those curious English, some of whom preach nothing but the world to come, others of whom are out to grab as much of this world as they dare.) Lured by exuberant maps, drawings, and stories, backed by funds from home, the settlers arrive. By 1639, on a copy of a map of "Manhattan Lying on the North River," we note in what is now the Bronx the "recently begun" bouwery of the eponymous Jonas Bronck,



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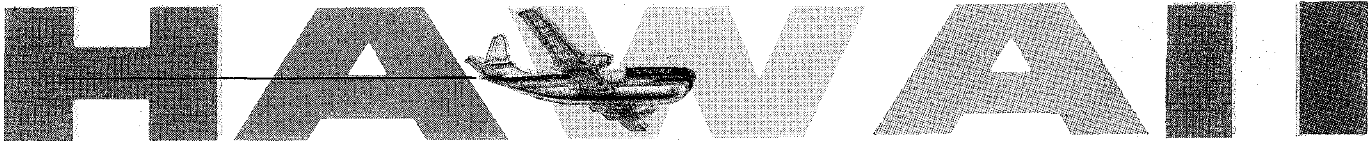

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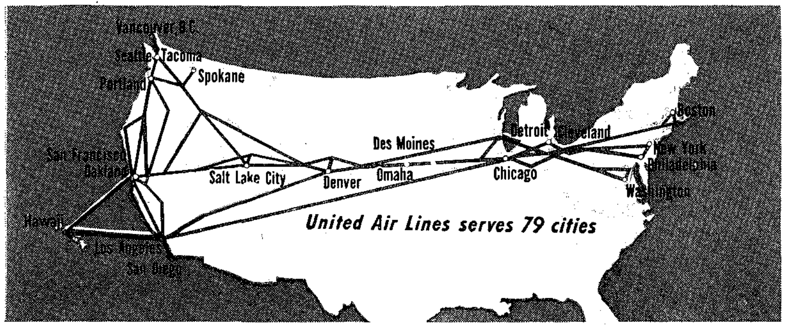
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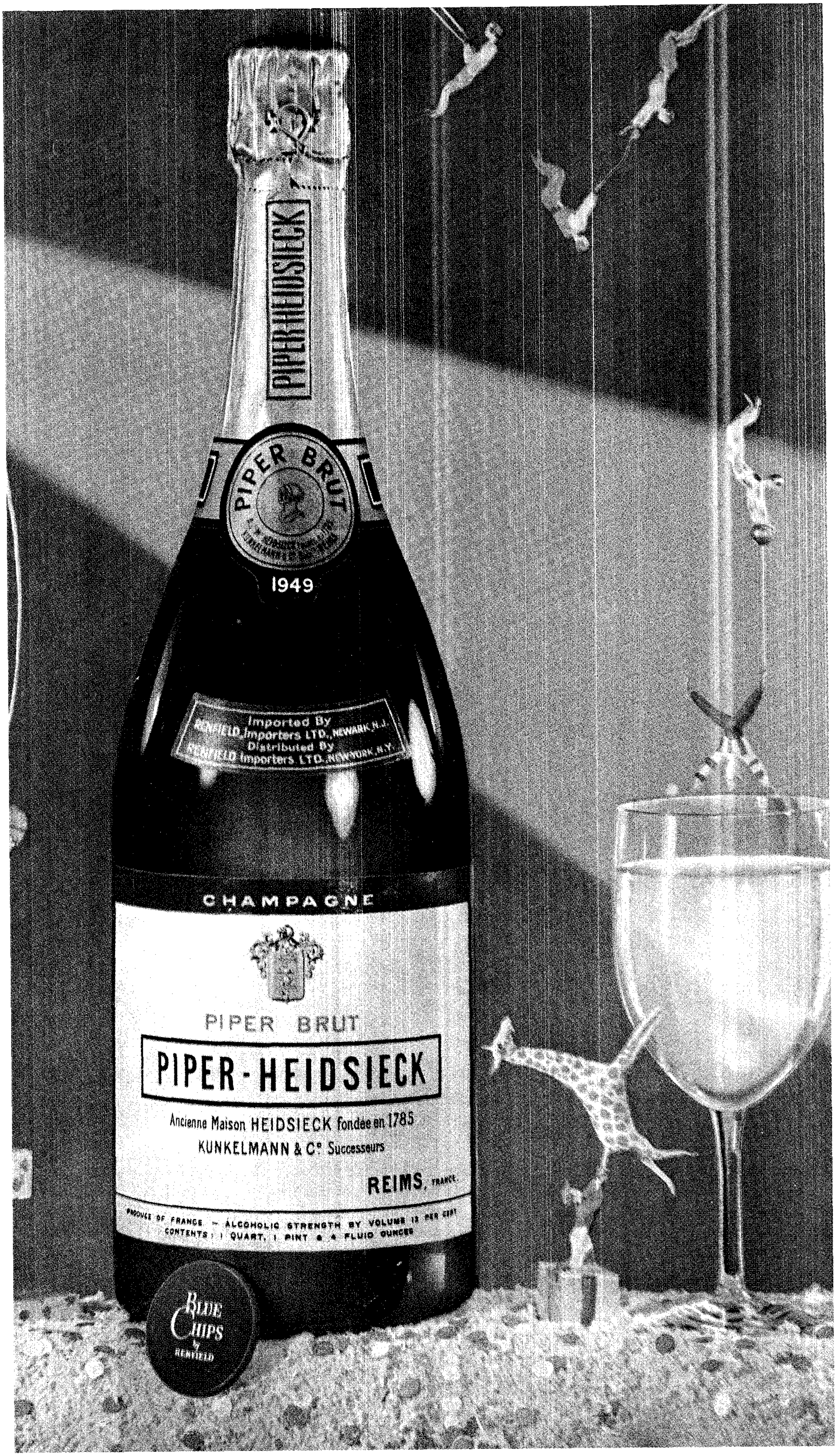
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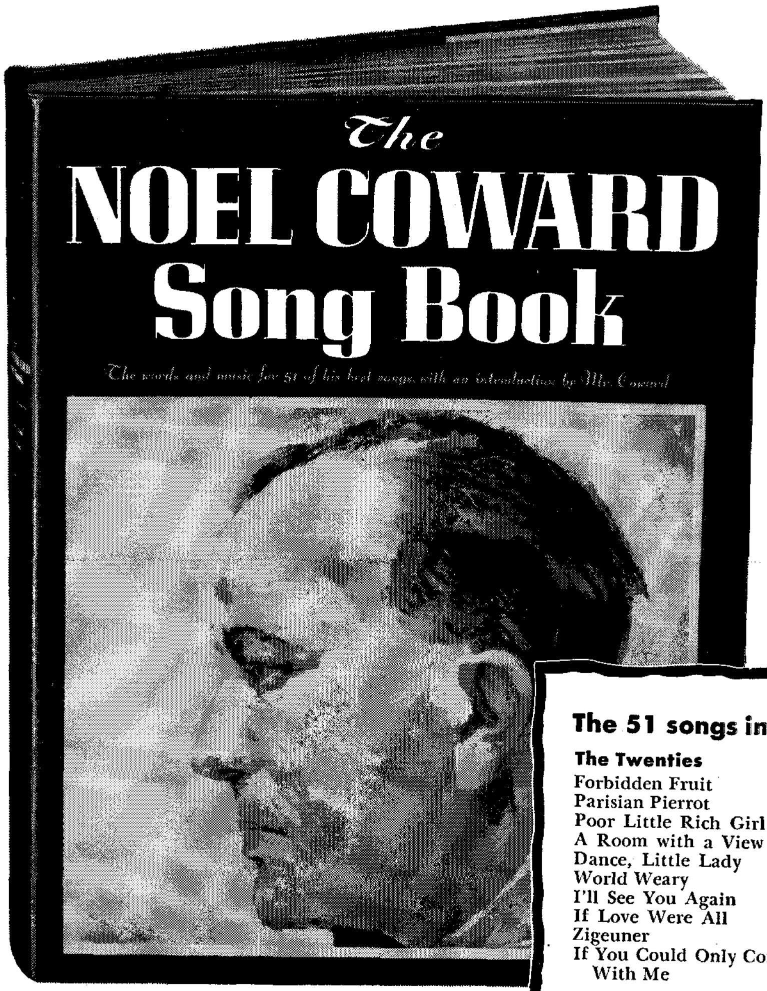
while in present-day Brooklyn what should we spy but Conyné Eylant, the spelling of whose name has altered far more than its pronunciation. The settlement becomes a town, the town will soon be a city.

In the beginning, the views of Manhattan are invariably from sea to land; the eyes of the artists and mapmakers are European eyes. Within a few decades, however, the prospect changes, the eyes come ashore. Now we look down streets, past countless high-pitched roofs and long wharves and bristling ships, to the tireless commerce of the bay. And commerce is the local sacred word, for, unlike many of its contemporaries in the New World, New Amsterdam was founded to promote commerce and has proved faithful to that ideal. (No wonder Columbia is a mere two hundred years old: what, the burghers must have asked, is book learning to ships' ladings?) Money talks and, as the "Portrait" demonstrates, has always been at its most eloquent here. See how from page to page this old bawd of a city grows richer and richer, dirtier and dirtier, daily more crowded and noisy and self-satisfied. See how she preens and gorges and puts on airs. But then see how, to the astonishment even of those who love her, she grows daily more beautiful and more worth cherishing, and tell us what we can do but yield to her terrible embrace.

"MISIA AND THE MUSES" (John Day) is a book of recollections by a gallant, arbitrary, intelligent, and invincibly scatterbrained Parisian lady. They were written toward the end of her long and remarkable life, but age has nothing to do with her scattered brains, for the Misia of the title lets us understand that she was never very young or very old. She was, instead, an undammable torrent of feelings and perceptions, abruptly turned on, allowed to bubble and cascade over Europe for a certain number of decades, and then no less abruptly turned off. The full name of this egregious embodiment of the life force was Misia Godebska Sert. (The painter José María Sert was her third husband and the great love of her life.) Of course she fails to give us the date of her birth—what are dates to a torrent?—but when she died, in 1949, she was supposed by her friends to be in her late seventies. She tells us that her father was a Polish artist and that her mother was the daughter of a famous Belgian violinist who had married into the Russian aristocracy. The mother died immediately after Misia's birth, of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I'll See You Again
If Love Were All
Zigeuner
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The Thirties
Some Day I'll Find You
Mirabelle
Twentieth Century Blues
Half Caste Woman
Any Little Fish
I Travel Alone
Mrs. Worthington
Mad Dogs and Englishmen
Mad About the Boy
Let's Say Good-bye
The Party's Over Now
I'll Follow My Secret Heart
Nevermore
Regency Rakes
We Were Dancing
You Were There
Play, Orchestra, Play
Dearest Love
Where Are the Songs We Sung?
The Stately Homes of England
Never Again
I Went to a Marvellous Party

The Forties
London Pride
Could You Please Oblige Us with a Bren Gun?
There Have Been Songs in England
Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans
Sigh No More
Matelot
Nina
I Wonder What Happened to Him
That is the End of the News
This is a Changing World
His Excellency Regrets
Bright Was the Day

The Fifties
Why Does Love Get in the Way?
Sail Away
Josephine
Chase Me Charlie
I Like America
Don't Make Fun of the Fair
Three Juvenile Delinquents

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Enormous Radio, by John Cheever (*Funk & Wagnalls, $3.50*).

Fourteen short stories, mostly about people who have had to learn, through one painful lesson or another, to get along somehow without the privileges and the substantial incomes and the clearly defined moral and social values that sustained their fathers and mothers.

The Legendary Mizners, by Alva Johnston (*Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.75*).

A rearrangement of the late Alva Johnston's Profiles of Wilson Mizner, the professional amateur of literature, sports, low life, and high living, and his brother Addison, the self-taught architect, both of whom died in 1933 after spending their lives prospecting for gold, first in the Klondike and later, in separate and unorthodox ways, in New York, Palm Beach, and Hollywood. The book is perhaps the definitive anthology of Mizner anecdotes and wit. Illustrations by Reginald Marsh.

Dreams of Glory, by William Steig (*Knopf, $2.95*).

The larger part of this collection of drawings is given over to small-fry fantasies—some heroic, others lachrymose. The artist has also included studies of the park playground, the birthday party, the nursery school, and other aspects of this tender but hardly tender-minded milieu.

Nine Stories, by J. D. Salinger (*Little, Brown, $3.00*).

Nine studies in purity—not of morals but of heart, motive, and personality—by a writer with a partiality for children and adolescents. Mr. Salinger's adults, though not in anything like the same state of grace as his children, are no less real.

The Night the Old Nostalgia Burned Down, by Frank Sullivan (*Little, Brown, $3.00*).

Parodies and humorous pieces, including three samples of Mr. Arbuthnot's always enlightening testimony as to the current state of the cliché, and that scholarly diagram of the Bach family tree, which the author simultaneously clarifies and puts forever beyond hope of clarification.

Someone Like You, by Roald Dahl (*Knopf, $3.50*).

Eighteen tales, usually tall and told with a straight face, by an English author who gives special attention to the workings of chance and the well-deserved comeuppance.

Children Are Bored on Sunday, by Jean Stafford (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.00*).

A collection of short stories, most of them concerned with some instance of what at first appears to be ordinary human behavior but turns out to be not only strange and particular in itself but also evidence of how strange and particular all human behavior is.

The Honest Rainmaker, by A. J. Liebling (*Doubleday, $3.50*).

The life, much of it revealed in his own conversation, of James A. Macdonald, a specialist in human credulity, who, under the pseudonym Colonel John R. Stingo, writes a column on horse racing for the New York *Enquirer* and has been engaged in (though in no sense confined by) journalism for the past sixty years or so. Mr. Liebling has added a great deal of new material to his Profile of Colonel Stingo that appeared in this magazine last year.

Thurber Country, by James Thurber (*Simon & Schuster, $3.75*).

Short stories, satires, and casual and reminiscent essays, in which the author describes some further skirmishes in the War Between the Sexes and continues his research into the anatomy of muddle. With pictures by the author.

The Private Dining Room, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $3.00*).

Some of Mr. Nash's recent light verses—cautionary, indignant, personal, literary, and so forth—in which common sense and verbal prestidigitation succeed in lying down together.

a broken heart brought on by the discovery that her husband was having an affair with his aunt and had, indeed, imprudently had a child by her. Misia comments, with characteristic bluff mysticism, that her mother's death under such circumstances left "a deep mark on my destiny."

Whatever her birth date, Misia was born early enough in the nineteenth century and survived late enough into the twentieth to know many of the greatest figures in both. She recalls, for instance, a summer at her grandparents' villa outside Brussels when "the guests of honour . . . were Franz Liszt, with a lady dressed as a man, and the first husband of Cosima, Hans von Bülow, whom she had just left to go and live with Wagner." There you have a sample not only of what Misia has to say but of the reckless and winning prose she says it in. Names and relations are hurled at us higgledy-piggledy, and two minutes later we will be hard pressed to recall who was dressed as what or has left whom for whom. From one sentence to the next, we are far out but never dangerously at sea. Alexandre Dumas has come to Misia's grandmother's house and has met there the young Russian actress Julia Féguine. Another sentence, and poor Mlle. Féguine is shooting herself in her bath, not for love of Dumas but for love of the Prince de Sagan, whom we haven't heard of before and are not to hear of again. Late in her recollections, Mme. Sert speaks of "the horrible disorder of papers that pure chance has left in my drawers," but pure chance has been her benefactor. It has encouraged her to follow her bent—to leap, as she was born to do, from thought to thought, from person to person, from place to place. Here is Alphonse Daudet, suffering from palsy, and the child Misia laughing at him as he tries to descend stairs. Here is Ibsen, a vain old man in Christiania, combing his hair as he peers into a mirror fixed to the inside of his hat. Here is Mallarmé, who "invented wonderful stories for the pleasure of making me laugh;" Lautrec, whose drawings on Misia's dinner menus the servants threw away with the crumbs; and Debussy, playing his "Pelléas" for the first time. Misia bursts into tears; she and Debussy embrace. And here is Caruso, a guest on Misia's houseboat. She tells him that his constant singing annoys her. The singer is stunned. Verlaine composes a sonnet to explain how like a rose his Misia is and Renoir paints her seven or eight times, scolding her for not letting him see and

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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Open Letter to Cosmic Busybodies

THIS MESSAGE is addressed to a special sort of layman. He loves science in all its forms. He collects knowledge of stars, volcanoes, chromosomes, thinking machines, viruses — *all* kinds of subjects—and he relates this knowledge to humanity, of which he is an active member.

ONE of his characteristic precepts is that a bird in the bush may be much more important than two in the hand. And he believes that the sky is not the limit, but rather a stepping-off place into such matters as the shape of a galaxy and the wherefore of starlight. He is a cosmic busybody, inquisitively regarding every cranny of the universe as part of his bailiwick.

IF you are such a reader, you will want to know that the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN READER** has just been published. It contains 626 pages of the most important articles from the celebrated *Scientific American* magazine. The principle which guided the editors in their selection was to give the reader a comprehensive view of the major frontiers of today's scientific investigation from astonishing new facts about bees to our troublesome new servant, electronics.

WE are confident that you will want to own this book. To exalt you, it records the drama of man subduing gigantic, almost unimaginable forces; and to keep you humble, it considers the rather embarrassing state of affairs between science and the common cold. Altogether the book is solid gratification for the reader and a superb contribution to the story of the expanding universe of the human mind.

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paint more of her fine body. She fears that Proust is slightly shocked by "my health, my laughter, my gaiety." Oh, but they have good times, Sert and she, with Vuillard, Bonnard, Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Cocteau, Picasso, and the rest! These extraordinary men give Misia's book much of its life, but we sense that the bargain is a fair one, for Misia gave them much of hers. We have reason to be grateful that, Sert dead and herself going blind, she found strength to set down her memories and, like some indomitable heroine out of a novel by her friend Colette, was able, as she waited for the end, to repeat a maxim that the poet Reverdy had written her thirty years before: "Time that passes, dear Misia, is not to be compared with time that lasts."

—BRENDAN GILL

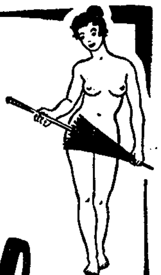
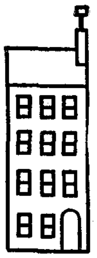
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DARK ENCHANTMENT, by Dorothy Macardle (Doubleday). A comfortable, romantic, and gently frightening tale of a young English girl, Juliet, on a working vacation in a charming inn in southern France, and of the beautiful and mysterious witch who from time to time comes down from her lair in the woods above the inn to terrorize the young couple who are Juliet's employers as well as her friends.

GENERAL

THE TEMPER OF WESTERN EUROPE, by Crane Brinton (Harvard). This is a little book of reflections on Western Europe, written after a trip the author took last year through some of the Continental countries. Professor Brinton says he expected to see evidences of the decay, moral disintegration, spiritual bankruptcy, and intellectual stagnation that have so often been charged to postwar Europe, and was agreeably surprised to see nothing of the kind. He concedes that there is poverty, intellectual irresolution, and political unrest, as there was before the war, but he also found a ferment of activity, an unprecedented amount of wealth and physical comfort, and a Babel of conflicting ideas and ideologies—which is hardly intellectual stagnation, whatever else it may be. He is careful to avoid large generalizations, and his book is more like the informed but relaxed dinner-table conversation of a returned traveller than a sober sociological survey. It is writ-

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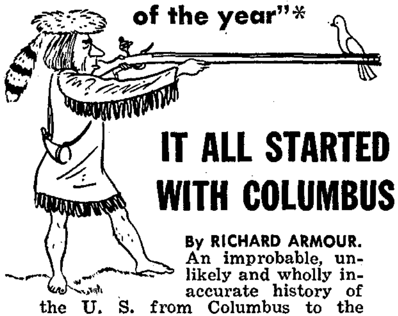

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McGRAW-HILL

ten with Professor Brinton's customary wit and awareness of the contemporary world and the history that lies behind it.

America Day by Day, by Simone de Beauvoir, translated by Patrick Dudley (Grove). Mlle. de Beauvoir has made one visit to the United States. She arrived here in January of some recent but unnamed year, remained for approximately four months, and then hurried back to Paris, her head swimming with the impressions that comprise this latter-day "Domestic Manners of the Americans." In common with Mrs. Trollope, she covered a lot of ground—New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Reno, New Orleans, Houston, Santa Fe. Also in common with Mrs. Trollope, she didn't like any of it very much, and—although no two women could be less alike—for largely the same reasons.

The Adventures of John Wetherell, edited and with an introduction by C. S. Forester (Doubleday). The first appearance of a recently disinterred and uncommonly interesting old diary. Its author, a son of an English whaling captain, was born in Yorkshire in 1780 and died, Mr. Forester tells us, "sometime after 1834," probably in New York City. Like his father, Wetherell was a sailor, and like most men who followed the sea in the early nineteenth century, he had his share of hard times and tight fixes. In this volume, which contains about a third of his salvaged journals, he recounts, with an easy colloquial candor and a very true sense of drama, some of his more withering experiences. These include a shanghaied hitch in the Royal Navy under a captain of almost maniacal caprice and cruelty, a near mutiny and a bumbling shipwreck in the Bay of Biscay, and eleven monstrously varied years in a Napoleonic prison. In addition to being a writer of natural talent, Wetherell was also something of a painter, and eight attractively detailed water colors by him are reproduced to illustrate his story.

Jungle Lore, by Jim Corbett (Oxford). A new chapter in Colonel Corbett's happily unending and engagingly goreless chronicle of tiger hunts, deer stalks, and bird shoots in the Himalayan foothills and elsewhere. This time, however, his hand is less often on the trigger than raised to direct our attention to a distant animal cry, a just perceptible move-

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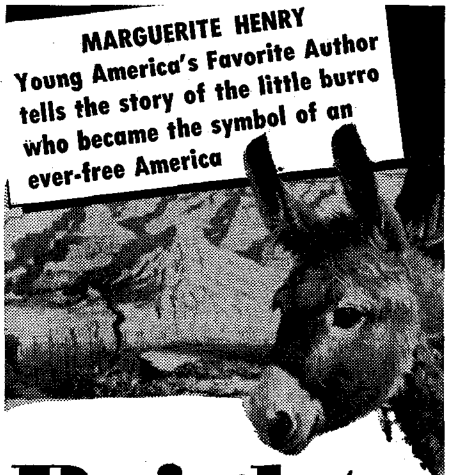
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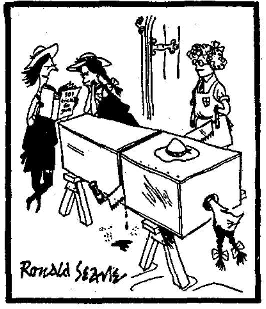

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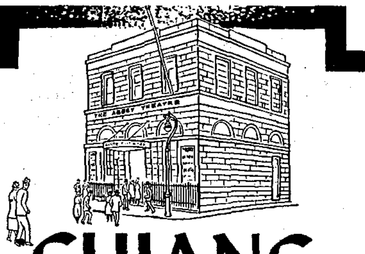
ment in a nearby thicket, a pug mark on a creek bank, and other phenomena whose prompt appreciation is essential to both a safe and a satisfying outing in the jungle. As might be supposed, this makes for a somewhat quieter evening than some we have passed in the Colonel's company, but since he is every bit as compelling a teacher as he is a tale spinner, it is a most enjoyable one. Photographs.

THE GREAT CORINTHIAN, by Doris Leslie (Oxford). A study of the Regency in England, centering on the beefy person of "the first gentleman of Europe"—George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales. Miss Leslie, one of the deftest and most spirited popular biographers writing today, has here chosen a period and an assortment of personalities that are perfectly designed to display her talents. There is "Prinny," whom we follow from his coddled childhood to his coronation in 1821; there are the ladies with whom he passed his spare time, and his incredible consort, Princess Caroline, who scandalized not only England but all Europe; there is his charmingly arrogant and tragic daughter, Princess Charlotte; and, of course, there are Byron, Beau Brummell, Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and the rest. Writing the familiar story pretty much on one level, Miss Leslie has made no attempt at serious social history, although she does have a try at exploring the sources of the Prince Regent's defects of character. This is historical writing for amusement's sake, and it is of a high order. Illustrated.

THE BIG TREE OF MEXICO, by John Skeaping (Indiana University Press). A brilliantly lighted memoir of a year in Mexico, by the well-known English artist and sculptor. The author went to Mexico four years ago with the idea of living among the Indian potters of Oaxaca—considered by many people the finest in the world—and learning something about their methods by working with them. Although it took some doing, he gained their confidence, and before the end of his stay he achieved the unprecedented distinction of being named "padrino," or godfather, to a young Indian girl. He learned the Indian potters' secrets, after promising not to divulge them, and developed techniques that, he says, have enriched his own art. His book has one discordant note in it—a continuous, petulant carping at modern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civilization—but even that cannot spoil its sunniness, its humor, or its charm. Drawings and photographs.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH TALK, edited by James Sutherland (Oxford). Anthologies of short prose extracts are likely to be unsatisfactory, but this one is a glowing success. Mr. Sutherland has tried to find out how the English have talked over a period extending from the early fifteenth century to the middle of our own, and while he has sometimes resorted to novels or plays when their dialogue seems authentic, he has mostly explored non-literary, or not very literary, memoirs, reports of trials, public speeches, and radio broadcasts. But the book is something more than a museum. There runs through it a definite conception of English personality and character that gives it a remarkable unity. You have specimens of English vagueness and specimens of English brutality, as well as of banality and malice, but the note that is repeatedly struck is one of forthrightness and independence, whether by Raleigh, or by King Charles on trial for his life, or by Protestant women of the sixteenth century facing death at the stake for their faith, or by an eighteenth-century vicar standing out against the witch-hunting hysteria, or by John Betjeman, at a town meeting, defending the rights of the people of a little village against the government planners. An interesting social document that makes one of the most readable of anthologies.

ACCENTS ON OPERA, by Boris Goldovsky (Farrar, Straus & Young). During the Saturday-afternoon broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Goldovsky fills in one of the intermissions—twelve minutes or so—with "Opera News on the Air," a brief chat about one aspect or another of the opera being presented. Thirty-seven of these chats are collected in this book, which appears with the blessing of the Metropolitan Opera Guild. There are, in addition, notes on opera premières, supplied by Mary Ellis Peltz, and photographs of opera performances. The book is relaxed, informative, and directed toward the layman, and anyone who has heard Mr. Goldovsky's talks knows whether it's his cup of tea.

MUSIC AS AN ART, by Herbert Weinstock (Harcourt, Brace). A handy substitute for a music-appreciation survey course, this book starts off

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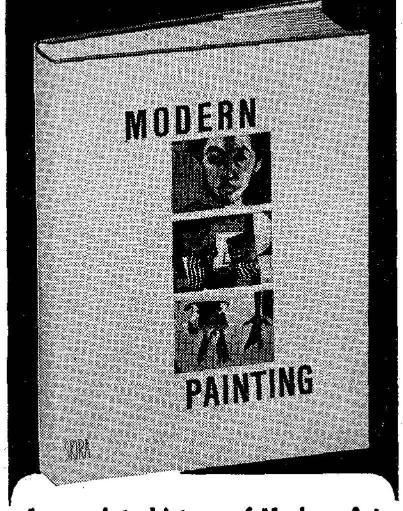

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CURTAIN TIME, by Lloyd Morris (Random House). A historical but not very serious-minded survey of the American theatre from 1820 on down to Rodgers and Hammerstein. Mr. Morris, a historian who admits that he has been stage-struck for as long as he can remember, amassed a great deal of factual material and then, apparently, let the book write itself. As a result, it is overpacked, so that a lot of interesting people and stories are given standing room only. He deals with developments in theatrical architecture, the business methods of managers, changes in the public's attitude toward the stage and its people, mutations in the art of acting, and the lives of actors and actresses. Thus we have four or five books in one long, breathless catalogue. The illustrations are very fine.

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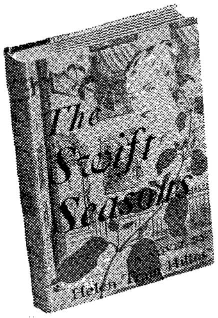

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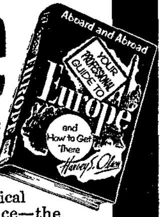

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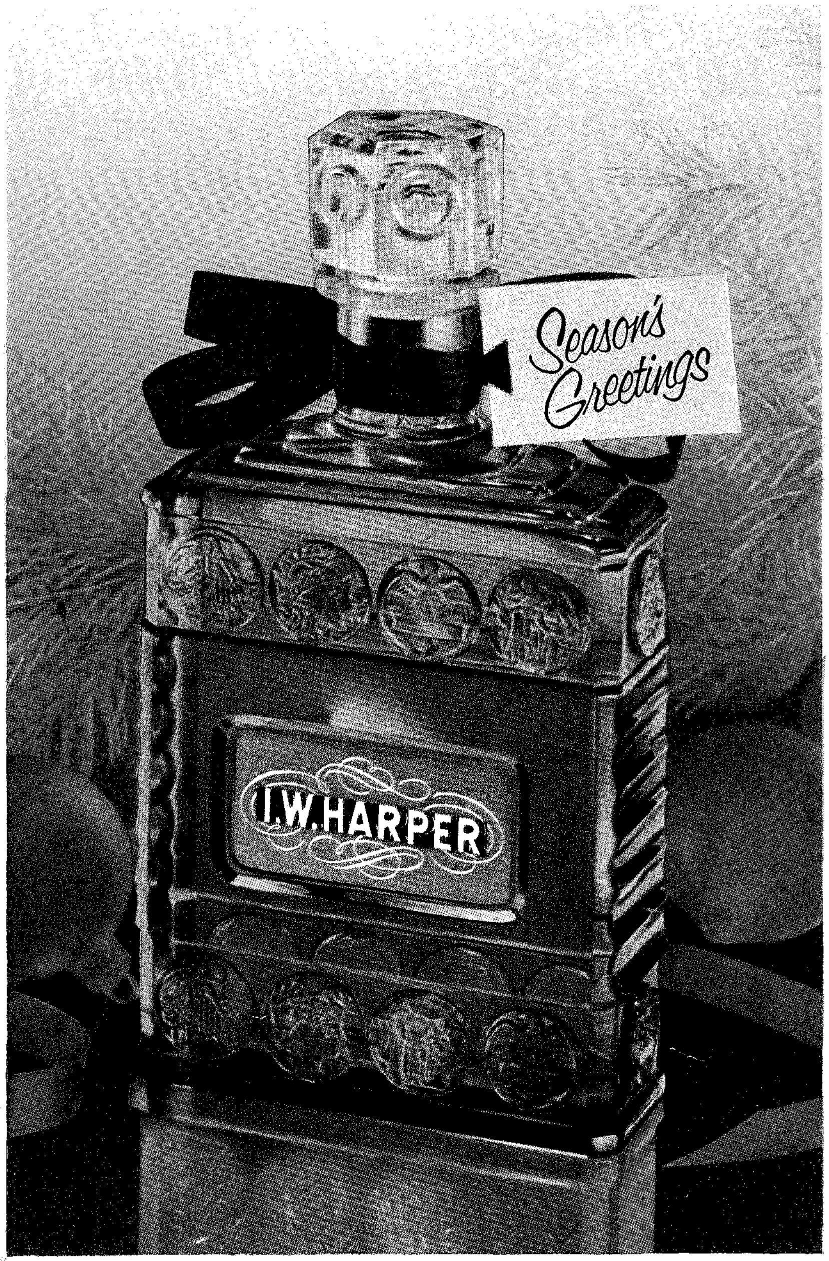
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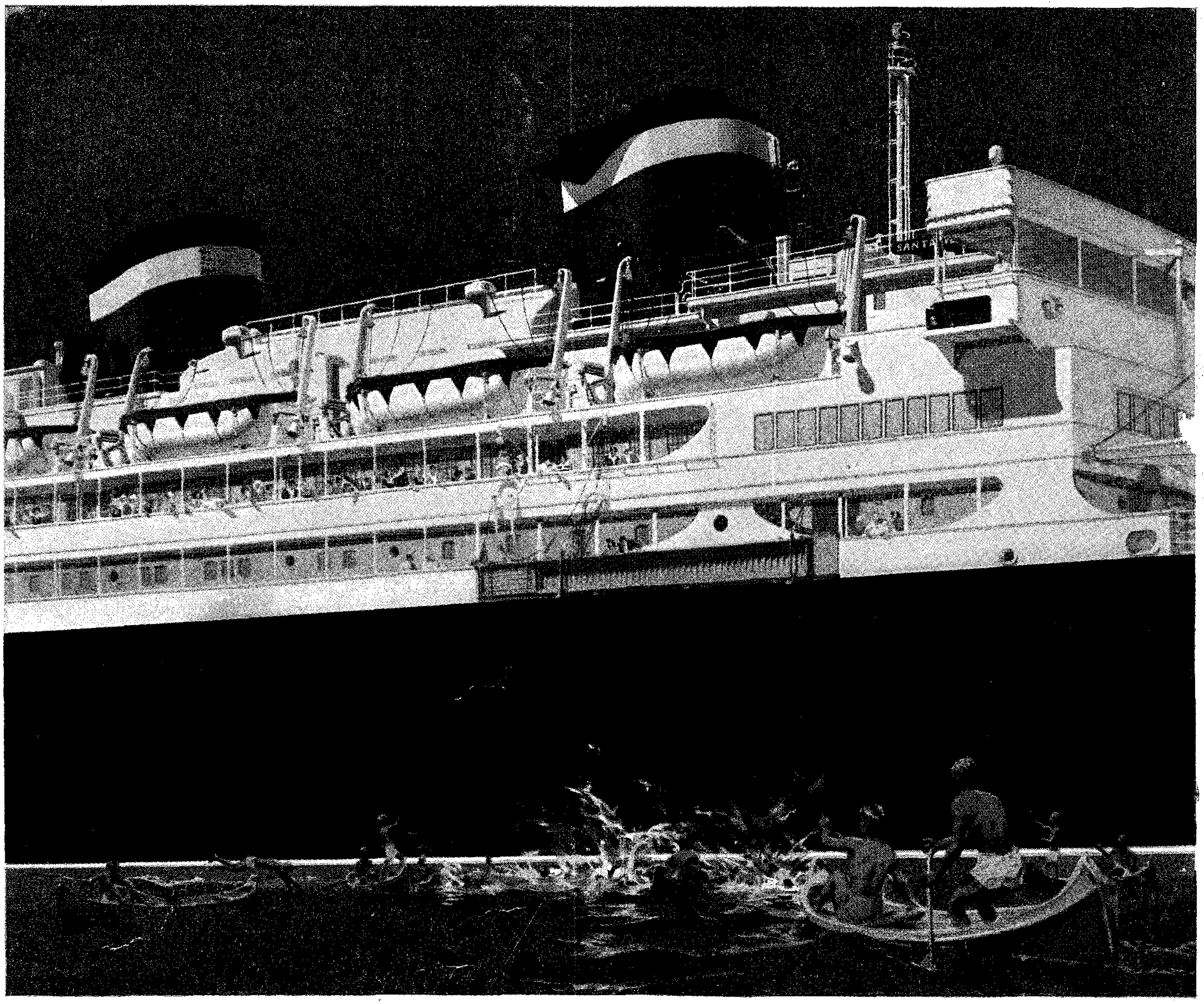

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